Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

AUGUST, 1915

"AMERICA FIRST!"

"SUIT THE ACTION TO THE WORD"

BY THE EDITOR

Our whole duty, for the present at any rate, is summed up in the motto: "America First!"—President Wilson to the Associated Press on April 20, 1915.

If I have in any degree forgotten what America was intended for, I will thank God if you will remind me.—President Wilson to first voters in Philadelphia on May 10, 1915.

We trust that the day will never come when it may seem necessary to remind a President of the United States of what America stands for or of his own responsibility as the chosen conservator of the rights and liberties of her citizens. But there do come times when it is advisable to clear away the mists of logomachy and take a fresh perspective, to the end that there shall be no obscuration of the straight line of duty. To our mind this is one of those times because—and too great stress cannot be put upon the vital fact—our nation is now at the parting of the ways. One path points to honor and self-respect, the other to obloquy and shame; one to maintenance of free democracy, the other to craven submission to arrogant monarchy; one to *America First* in reality as well as in words, the other to *Americans Last* in the consideration of their own Government.

Copyright, 1915, by North American Review Corporation. All Rights Reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We are not of those who would evade responsibility or avert criticism by shouting vaguely, "Stand by the President"; that is a course befitting subjects, not citizens; but in fact, as our readers well know, we have upheld him consistently in this crucial instance, not because he was President, but because he was right. We hope to continue to support him for the same reason. What we wish to make certain is that he recognizes the need of a change, not of policy, but of method. Words having borne no fruit, recourse must be had to acts which shall speak so loud that their meaning cannot be wilfully misunderstood or safely ignored. As we write, response has not been made to the insulting German Note; we assume that it will be reiterative of demands and exemplary in form; our interest is not great; academic discussion palls in the face of vital things. It is not what the President is going to say, but what he is going to do, that concerns us as a nation desirous of peace but neither too weak nor "too proud" to fight if driven to the hateful necessity.

"My interest in the neutrality of the United States," said the President on April 20, "is not the petty desire to keep out of trouble. . . . I am interested in neutrality because there is something so much greater to do than fight; there is a distinction waiting for this nation that no nation has ever yet got. That is the distinction of absolute control and self-mastery. Whom do you admire most among your friends? The irritable man? The man who will fight at the drop of the hat, whether he knows what the hat is dropped for or not? Don't you admire and don't you fear, if you have to contest with him, the self-mastered man who watches you with calm eye and comes on only when you have carried the thing so far that you must be disposed of? That is the man you respect. That is the man who, you know, has at bottom a much more fundamental and terrible courage than the irritable, fighting man. Now, I covet for America this splendid courage of reserve moral force."

"It sounds well," once remarked Grover Cleveland, reflectively, of an address by a college professor; "what do you suppose he means?" So, too, this, in common with the official declarations which we have commended so highly, has a fine ring, but what we want to know is how much further the disdainful Kaiser must carry this particular thing before the self-mastered man with the calm eye will "come on."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lest we forget:

On February 4 Germany, in brazen violation of international law and usage, declared the waters surrounding the British Isles a "war zone" and threatened to destroy every enemy merchant ship "without its being always possible to avert the dangers threatening the crews and passengers on that account."

On February 19 the United States protested against the abridgment of the "*acknowledged rights*" of American citizens on the high seas and declared that she would not only hold the German Government to a "*strict accountability*" for any such infringement but would "*take any steps that might be necessary*" to safeguard American lives.

Germany wasted no words in reply; she answered with an act unparalleled for barbarity in modern history. On May 7—nearly three months ago—she sank the *Lusitania* and murdered more than a thousand unoffending men, women and children, including more than one hundred Americans, without giving them so much as a chance to save their lives.

On May 13 the United States expressed a "confident expectation" that Germany would "disavow" an act "so obviously subversive of the principles of warfare" and firmly declared her intention "not to omit *any word or act* necessary to the performance of its sacred duty of maintaining the rights" of her citizens.

So far from "disavowing" the dastardly performance of her naval officers, Germany gloried in their achievement. A holiday for general rejoicing was decreed by municipalities, and press dispatches from Denmark recorded that "*the Kaiser bestowed upon Lieutenant Hersing, commander of the U-21, the decoration of the order Pour le Merite, in recognition of the torpedoing of the Lusitania.*"

Again Germany's actions spoke louder than words, but there were words, too, many of them, shuffling, irrelevant and false. With crocodile tears, simultaneously with her official festivities, Germany expressed "deep regret to neutrals concerned that nationals of those countries lost their lives," through the skill of Lieutenant Hersing, decorated by the Kaiser. "According to reports here [in Berlin]," the answer of May 28 continued, "the *Lusitania* when she left New York had guns aboard which were mounted under deck and masked", and "lastly"—this without qualification—"the *Imperial Government* must especially point out

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that on her last trip the *Lusitania* had Canadian troops aboard." Both of these statements were false.

Again—on June 10—the President patiently submitted proofs to the German Government that it had been "misinformed," reiterated his understanding that Germany accepts "as established beyond question the principle that the lives of non-combatants cannot lawfully nor rightfully be put in jeopardy by the destruction of a non-resisting merchantman", and sought "assurances" that this principle be put into practice.

On July 9—four weeks later and two months after having assassinated one hundred American men, women and children—Germany responded to the President's frank and considerate representations with a contemptuous sneer.

> The Imperial Government learned with satisfaction from the note how earnestly the Government of the United States is concerned in seeing the principles of humanity realized in the present war. Also this appeal finds ready echo in Germany, and the Imperial Government is quite willing to permit its statements and decisions in the present case to be governed by the principles of humanity just as it has done always.

Whether this opening sentence was designed to be ironical is a matter of opinion; we neither know nor care; let it pass. Nor does the grandiloquent condescension of the *Imperial Government,* in permitting its "statements and decisions" to be "governed" by the principles of humanity, merit even passing attention. We asked respectfully that their deeds, not their words, be made to conform to humane principles; and to this request they make no response.

> The Imperial Government welcomed with gratitude when the American Government, in the note of May 15, itself recalled that Germany had always permitted itself to be governed by the principles of progress and humanity in dealing with the law of maritime war.

The *Imperial Government,* in turn, is welcome to whatever gratification it can derive from contrasting its honorable past with its shameful present.

> Since the time when Frederick the Great negotiated with John Adams, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson the Treaty of Friendship and Commerce of September 9, 1785, between Prussia and the Republic of the West, German and American statesmen have, in fact, always stood together in the struggle for the freedom of the seas and for the protection of peaceable trade.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are they standing together now? Read this from the ancient treaty between Prussia and the United States which is still in force:

If one of the contracting parties should be engaged in war with another Power, the free intercourse and commerce of the subjects or citizens of the party remaining neutral with the belligerent Power shall not be interrupted.

It is this explicitly guaranteed right to engage in free intercourse and commerce with other nations that we contend for and *all* that we have contended for; it is, moreover, this self-same privilege which Germany denies to us and whose abridgment she demands. What impudence to talk of "freedom of the seas" and "protection of peaceable trade" while simultaneously designating illegal "war zones" and torpedoing merchant ships indiscriminately!

Germany likewise has been always tenacious of the principle that war should be conducted against the armed and organized forces of an enemy country, but that the enemy civilian population must be spared as far as possible from the measures of war.

Conceding that the sinking of the *Lusitania* was a wanton massacre and not a "measure of war," the most striking example of Germany's tenacity in sparing civilians is afforded by Belgium.

The case of the *Lusitania* shows with horrible clearness to what jeopardizing of human lives the manner of conducting war employed by our adversaries leads.

One might infer that England sank her own ship. Or perhaps it was France or San Marino. But no!

If the commander of the *German submarine* which destroyed the *Lusitania* had caused the crew and passengers to take to the boats before firing a torpedo this would have meant the sure destruction of his own vessel.

One way to have obviated the "sure (?) destruction of his own vessel" was to refrain from slaughtering innocents, even at the risk of not winning the decoration of the order *Pour le Merite* for glorious assassination. In any case—

After the experiences in sinking much smaller and less seaworthy vessels it was to be expected that a mighty ship like the *Lusitania* would remain above water long enough, even after the torpedoing, to permit passengers to enter the ship's boats.

So really no harm to anybody was intended; the outcome was unfortunate, to be sure, but how else could the gallant

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lieutenant Hersing have got his medal and the school-children of Germany have obtained their holiday? Besides——

In addition it may be pointed out that if the *Lusitania* had been spared thousands of cases of munitions would have been sent to Germany's enemies and thereby thousands of German mothers and children robbed of bread winners.

How much wiser to rob American mothers and children at home of bread-winners and to kill the American mothers and children aboard the *Lusitania,* thereby conserving the interests of superwomen as well as of supermen!

The American Government will also understand and appreciate that in the fight for existence, which has been forced upon Germany by its adversaries and announced by them, it is the sacred duty of the Imperial Government to do all within its power to protect and save the lives of German subjects. If the Imperial Government were derelict in these duties it would be guilty before God and history of the violation of those principles of highest humanity which are the foundation of every national existence.

It may, indeed, prove to be a fight for existence; but "*forced upon Germany*"? Then it was England, not Germany, that was fully armed and equipped and ready to spring at a moment's notice! And it was France, not Germany, that tore up the "scrap of paper" and made the irresistible drive through brave little Belgium, devastating her fields, burning her villages, shooting her old men, violating her women; France, rushing on and on in a mad fury to the very gates of Berlin until—why, until the unoffending Germans drawn hurriedly from all parts of the Empire to defend the firesides of the Fatherland managed to gather in sufficient numbers to crowd back the overreaching invaders; of course; and, of course, too, we understand—"understand and appreciate"—that in such circumstances it is indeed "the sacred duty of the *Imperial Government* to do all within its power to protect and save the lives of German subjects," even though despised Americans and other helpless neutrals do perish in the process. Of what consequence are their paltry lives—the lives of men like Frohman and Pearson and Hubbard and of mere American women and children when contrasted with a possibility of the *Imperial Government* finding themselves "guilty before God and history"—history especially—"of violating principles of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

highest humanity"? But there is no need to indulge in a contemplation so horrifying. The Almighty, in common with ourselves, we assume, is duly informed that——

> If in the present war the principles which should be the ideal of the future have been traversed more and more, the longer its duration, the German Government has no guilt therein.

From which two inferences are obvious: (1) That humane principles *have been* traversed in the past and (2) that they *will be* traversed "more and more" as the war continues. So the *Imperial Government* absolve themselves in advance. *Me* (positively) *und Gott* (reservedly) can do no wrong. And the United States of America and her President, her Congress, and her people can go to hell.

For that is what Germany says to us; just that; nothing more and nothing less. She disavows none of her crimes; she makes no suggestion of reparation; she recognizes no rights of neutrals; she reiterates her repudiation of all treaties and of all laws, whether among nations or of civilization and humanity, which may conflict with her own conception of military necessity; she apologizes for nothing; she concedes nothing; she acknowledges nothing; she seeks only to secure our approval of her lawless practices through our acquiescence in her proposal that we waive our unquestioned rights upon the high seas and sail so many of our ships as she may permit, under her surveillance and subject to her dictation; having injured us, she would wrong us; having insulted us, she would humiliate us; that is all there is of this insolent declaration.

Not one of our moderate demands is accorded even the courtesy of frank recognition; all are in effect denied; each and every one is either tacitly spurned or impudently ignored.

Never before has this country and seldom, if ever, has any country been treated so contemptuously. Why is this? What has happened to convince even a truculent autocracy that this Republic can be flouted with impunity? Surely history warrants no such assumption. Tripoli at the outset was taught her lesson by Jefferson, England first by Madison and again by Cleveland, Mexico by Polk, France by Lincoln, Spain by McKinley, and Japan, more decisively than is commonly understood, by Roosevelt. What now induces Germany to believe that President Wilson does not mean what he says? That "strict accountability" signifies nothing?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That definite and solemn pledges to "take any steps that may be necessary" to enforce American rights are but empty phrases?

Is "watchful waiting" largely responsible for a misapprehension that may prove to be fateful? It is a natural inference. The facts cannot have escaped the attention of Germany that in Mexico we have permitted our treaties to be ignored, our flag to be spat upon, hundreds of American citizens to be murdered, and hundreds of millions of Americans' property to be destroyed; that we have bullied and cajoled to so little effect as to evoke only derision from common bandits; that after sacrificing the lives of a score of our own sailors and killing hundreds of Mexicans in the name of "humanity," we backed away from the anarchy which we had substituted for a Government and calmly announced that after all it was "none of our business" and that there should be no further interference during the period of the present Administration. That the *Imperial Government* should reason that the Kaiser is surely as awe-inspiring as Carranza or Zapata and that flat refusal to protect American lives and property on land warranted full expectation of like conduct respecting outrages upon the seas is readily understood.

But obviously there is another and more insidious cause back of the *Imperial Government's* insolence,— nothing less than a fixed belief that the sentiment of this country is not only divided but is veering in their direction. "Feeling in the United States," placidly remarks the inspired *Morgen Post* of Berlin, "is changed from what it was at the time of the *Lusitania* sinking and President Wilson will have to satisfy this new feeling in considering and answering the present note. That the note will meet unrestrained approval at the hands of a large part of Americans is certain." For this impression undoubtedly, as we foresaw, the resignation of Bryan, supplemented by the traitorous utterances of hyphenated editors who write as Germans, not as Americans, is directly responsible. And it is because of this conviction beyond question that the *Imperial Government's* address was in no sense, categorical or otherwise, a response to the American Government; it was a stump speech to the American people; not an answer to the President, but an appreciation of Bryan.

Germany's misconception of our real attitude may be at-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tributable to her stupidity or to her wilfulness; it matters little. The important fact is that President Wilson's mind harbours no illusions. Speaking in New York on April 20, he said:

> Men are saying that if we go to war upon either side there would be a divided America—an abominable libel of ignorance! America is not all of it vocal just now. It is vocal in spots, but I, for one, have a complete and abiding faith in that great silent body of Americans who are not standing up and shouting and expressing their opinions just now, but are waiting to find out and support the duty of America. I am just as sure of their solidity and of their loyalty and of their unanimity, if we act justly, as I am that the history of this country has at every crisis and turning point illustrated this great lesson.

It was well that the President should voice his faith in his countrymen in return for the splendid confidence which they had manifested in him. And, happily, there has been no change on either side. But three long months have passed since the most damnable outrage we have ever known was inflicted upon American citizens, and we are still waiting, not now to "find out," but to "*support*," the duty of America. Following the lead of our President, we have acted more than justly; while he was showing, as he should have shown, the utmost consideration, we have proved our patience, our long suffering, our sincere devotion to peace. But we can go no further along a road which leads nowhere; nor can our guide, if he would keep the faith; a new way, an effective way, must be found to uphold the dignity and maintain the honor of the Republic. Reasoning has proved futile, pleading has been spurned; no course is left but to *suit the action to the word*. There is no question of an "ultimatum"; every American Note has contained the ultimatum that our rights and the rights of all neutrals are inviolable and must be recognized in theory and in practice. We confidently anticipate a yet more emphatic and a *final* expression in the reply which, as we write, is in the making.

And then—if, as we foresee, no adequate response shall be forthcoming *immediately*—but one thing will remain to be done. We can no longer humiliate our envoys by compelling them to represent in other capitals a Power which defies and derides their own country. We can no longer retain in Berlin an Ambassador personating a National sovereignty which is contemned by the *Imperial Government*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to which he is accredited. We can no longer extend our hospitality to the obnoxious Minister of a disdainful Prince. We can no longer recognize in any way a Power which by its own deliberate, flagrant and sinful practices has constituted itself an outlaw among nations.

Would action to this end mean war? That would be for Germany, not for us, to determine. Nor would we turn a feather to influence her decision. If so be it that the great issue between Autocracy and Democracy is in the crucible. while only that long, thin line of the gallant sons of France stands between civilization and the domination of the Huns, it ill becomes the citizens of this Republic to evade any responsibility or to " omit any word or *any act* " veering so much as a hair's breadth from " *support of the duty of America.*" Germany is " fighting for existence " of her own volition. So, involuntarily, are the peoples of England and of France. So may we be compelled to do to withstand the *Imperial Government's* ruthless endeavor to place " *Deutschland über* "—not merely France and England, but —" *über Alles.*" Let their words be ours. No more than they and *never* so long as patriotic spirit animates American beings shall this free Republic be found " guilty before God and history of violation of those principles of highest humanity which are the foundations of every national existence " and of all civilization.

We can but believe that, when those American men and women were swept to their doom from the decks of the *Lusitania,* after vainly trying to save " the kiddies," their hearts were comforted by the certainty in their minds that they had a country. Shall we who live sear the trusting souls of those who died by forgetting that they were our kinsmen and were slaughtered like sheep in a pen?

A YEAR OF WAR

THE first year of the War of the Nations has been a year of dispelled delusions. Never before, probably, have so many beliefs been shattered, so many expectations been disappointed, so many unexpected things come to pass. Almost every preconceived notion of importance concerning the military situation in Europe has been proved an error. Almost everything which was confidently declared impossible has been performed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It used to be said that despite, or perhaps rather because, of the bloated armaments there would never be a war between any of the great military Powers. The forces of destruction which they had manufactured and marshalled were so tremendous and appalling that no government would dare to release them and set them in action. As a matter of fact those forces, on land, on sea, under the sea, and in the air, were and are far more powerful for destruction than they were supposed to be. Yet they have been unchained in all their potency without the slightest hesitation.

It was also said that war was impossible because the money-kings of the world would not permit it. The great capitalists who held the purse-strings of the empires would not provide the means of waging a war which would destroy the value of vast investments if it did not actually bankrupt the belligerents. Their profit was in the transactions of peace, and they would not themselves assist in the destruction of those profits. Yet the capitalists of the world flocked forward with avidity to provide the financial means of beginning and maintaining the most costly war, in gold as well as in blood, that the world has ever seen, and they are now, after a year, straining every nerve to supply the means of keeping it going.

There was a familiar and confident belief that whatever nations might fight each other, Great Britain and Germany certainly would not. France and Germany might fight over the "lost provinces"; Italy might wrest "*Italia Irredenta*" from the hated Austrian; Russia might try forcibly to absorb the Slav states of Austria. But Great Britain and Germany, which never in history had been at war with each other, would assuredly not fight. Each was the other's best customer in trade, and each had too vast a sea-borne commerce to be risked and sacrificed in war. They might grumble and growl at each other, and compete in naval expansion; but two nations of shopkeepers would never be so foolish as to ruin their trade by actually fighting. Yet for a year these two have been the recognized leaders in the war on their respective sides, and it is seen that the war is primarily and fundamentally between them, with the others as mere followers and aids.

Again, there was a feeling that since the Congresses at The Hague the world had entered a new era in which "the common sense of most," if it did not actually "hold the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fretful realm in awe," would greatly restrain belligerence and would in any event make the nations more than ever amenable to international law and observant of treaty obligations. Yet this war was begun with one of the most flagrant and cynical violations of a " scrap of paper " that the world has ever seen, and it has been throughout the year conducted on land and sea with an unsurpassed disregard not merely of the agreements of The Hague but also of some of the longest-established and most generally recognized principles of international law. Not in a hundred years has there been another so lawless conflict between civilized Powers.

So much for the irenic illusions which have been rudely dispelled. There were others, relating to the conduct of the war in case it should occur.

It would, men said, of necessity be a very short war. Its great cost would limit its duration. The tremendous destructiveness of its human and mechanical agencies would make it impossible for it to be long maintained. One or two gigantic battles would end it. There would be no protracted sieges; there could be no long campaigns. Flesh and blood, and gold, could not endure the strain. Well, the war is costing more, in money and in lives, than was expected; there have been long sieges; there have been not one or two but many stupendous battles; and at the end of a year it seems to have little more than begun, and judicious authorities are talking of two or three more years of it.

There was a general agreement, too, that war if it occurred would be civilized and humane in its conduct. Savagery, massacre, rapine, wanton vandalism, were things of the past. International agreements had put an end to them. The use of poisons and other barbarous agencies would of course be unknown; prisoners would be humanely treated; and the lives, rights and property of non-combatants would be sacredly respected. Yet methods of warfare worthy only of Malayan savages or Barbary pirates have been widely practiced; the ill-treatment and even the murder of prisoners have been not uncommon; while rape and loot and devastation, directed against the civil populace, have raged to an extent hitherto unknown since the days of Pappenheim's Black Riders and the sack of Magdeburg.

There is or should be another awakening from illusion, of special and intense interest to America. It is, or should

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be, seen with convincing clearness that the United States enjoys no intrinsic immunity from implication in European wars. The present war began almost exactly a hundred years after the close of the last preceding general European war. Theoretically we had nothing to do with that former war. Practically it so affected our vital interests that we were involved in a separate war with one of the chief belligerents. If Great Britain and France had not been engaged in a life or death conflict, we should have had no war with Great Britain in 1812. The present war has, after the lapse of a hundred years, affected our vital interests and national honor in a similar manner, to an extent which has actually strained our relations with at least one of the belligerents and has forced us to regard our involvement in hostilities as painfully within the pale of possibilities. The over-confident boast that we were exempt from Europe's broils rings vain and hollow. A century ago we had no such exemption, and we have none to-day. As a world-Power we cannot regard with indifference a war among other world-Powers; nor can we rationally imagine that our position is so isolated as to assure us freedom from being attacked or from being compelled ourselves to take up arms in vindication of our rights.

These are the lessons, or some of them, of the first year of the war. They may seem discouraging to some who have cherished visions of peace, and alarming to those who have imagined America to occupy a place apart from and superior to the rest of the world. They should be neither. Great as is the inevitable disappointment of the world at the flouting of treaties and the breach at once of the law and the peace, it should not for a moment deter men and nations from the effort to establish peace in the world upon the only possible basis of justice, and through the only effective means, namely, the education of the people in ways not merely of peace but still more of international justice and righteousness. Great as is the revelation of menace to America, it should cause no panic nor alarm, but rather a calm and thoughtful resolution to set our house in order in readiness for a contingency which we must deprecate and which we must hope will never occur, but from which we must realize that we enjoy no exemption.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILL THE WAR BANKRUPT EUROPE?

THE most instructive and significant comparison of the cost of this war is not with that of any former war so much as with the wealth of the nations and with, therefore, their ability to endure the fiscal strain. In our own great war of half a century ago, to which we naturally turn for an example, the North, with a population of 21,000,000 and a total estimated wealth of more than $10,000,000,000, spent $1,000,000,000 a year for four years. That was ten per cent a year, or a total for the war of forty per cent, of our total wealth. It was also about $50 per capita annually. How does that compare with what Europe is doing at the present time? Or, rather, what should Europe be able to do on such a basis?

Let us take the case of Great Britain, since its fiscal operations and conditions are better known than those of any other of the belligerent powers. Mr. Asquith, in speaking about the recent loan of several billion dollars,—which was promptly over-subscribed,—said that the cost of the first year of the war to that country would amount to $5,000,000,000. Now the United Kingdom has a population of about 45,000,000. At five billions a year, therefore, the war is costing it $111 per capita, or more than twice as much as the Civil War cost the United States. On the other hand, the wealth of the United Kingdom is estimated at $80,000,000,000; so that the war is costing annually only 6.25 per cent of that, instead of the ten per cent which our war cost us. Great Britain could therefore keep on at the present rate of war expenditures for nearly six and a half years before she had consumed as large a part of her total wealth as we did in four years, namely, forty per cent. That is, obviously, because Great Britain is much richer, per capita, than the United States was half a century ago. From such a point of view, then, the fiscal outlook of the war for Great Britain is by no means disheartening. The war can scarcely last six years, but if it does, the United Kingdom will be subjected to no greater pecuniary strain than the United States was in the Civil War.

For the other belligerents the outlook is less favorable, because their wealth is less, per capita, than that of Great Britain. France is by far the most favorably situated of them all, her wealth being only a little less than that of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

United Kingdom; but the others show a painful contrast with these in their per capita wealth. Great Britain, the richest country in the world, is estimated to have a per capita wealth of $1,777. France stands second, with $1,625. The United States is third, with about $1,300. Fourth,—among the great powers,—at a long distance, comes Germany, with only $923; and then Italy with $588, Austria-Hungary with $500, and Russia with only $250.

It is an obvious and inevitable reflection that, if money is indeed the sinews of war, the Allies have an enormous advantage over Germany and Austria-Hungary. The per capita wealth of either Great Britain or France is considerably greater than that of Germany and Austria-Hungary combined. The total wealth of France, despite her far smaller population, is greater than that of Germany, while that of the United Kingdom approximates that of Germany and Austria-Hungary put together. The combined wealth of Great Britain, France, Russia and Italy is nearly two and a half times as great as that of Germany and Austria-Hungary.

The effect of the war upon foreign commerce is also to be considered, though it may not be easy to determine which side has the advantage. On the face of the case the Allies would seem to be the more favorably situated. Their control of the sea enables them to maintain their foreign trade with little interruption, and at the same time practically to annihilate that of their opponents. Beyond doubt, that results in great convenience to the one side and great inconvenience, perhaps in some respects distress, to the other. Convenience is not always, however, a criterion of profit. The export trade of the Allies has been much impaired. British exports this year, we are told, have decreased by at least thirty-three per cent. That means that the balance of trade is heavily against that country, and, therefore, that there is a large outflow of gold to foreign creditors. Germany may suffer inconvenience and privation through being unable to import goods, but at least she is not being drained of gold to cover an unfavorable balance of trade. If she cannot import goods she does not have to export gold.

The case of the colonies is somewhat different. Germany has lost all of her extensive possessions, or at least has lost all communication with them. Theoretically, sentimentally, and with respect to the far future potentially, that may be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accounted a heavy loss. Practically, for present purposes, it is an actual gain, for the reason that the colonies were not a source of revenue to her, but of heavy expense, and of that expense she is, through the loss of them, now relieved. The seizure of some of her colonies and the severance of intercourse with the others are consequently a pecuniary advantage to her. On the other hand, it is also an advantage to the Allies, at least to Great Britain and France, to retain possession of their colonies, since these have been and are sources of large profit to them.

In two major respects these conditions and processes are of direct pecuniary interest to the United States. Obviously, a great opportunity for commercial profit is afforded us. We hear of European orders for war supplies and other commodities placed in this country, to the amount of scores and even hundreds of millions of dollars, which must have a stimulating effect upon our industries. In the first five months of the present year British imports increased by $160,000,000 and British exports decreased by $360,000,000. As we have long been her chief source of imports and have stood second as a purchaser of her exports, —Germany being first,—the meaning of this is not difficult to divine. She is buying more than ever from us, and is selling us a little less than before the war, to the great advantage of our balance of trade with her. It will also be noticed that there has been a very marked increase in the volume of shipping on the high seas under the American flag, which we may hope will prove permanent.

The other feature of interest is more purely financial than commercial, and it is this: that because of the war European countries are reselling to us the American securities which they have been holding. It is estimated in round numbers that before the war something like four billion dollars' worth of American securities, including railroads and industrials, were held in Europe, chiefly in Great Britain and France. These have been coming back to us for redemption at the rate of more than a million dollars a day. Down to the middle of the present year the total amount thus thrown back upon the American markets was about $400,000,000, or ten per cent of the whole. It is an interesting and gratifying circumstance that we have been able to receive and to liquidate this large amount without embarrassment, and indeed without any considerable effect upon our own money

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

market. It is no small achievement thus to pay off ten per cent of our foreign obligations in less than a year, and the circumstance suggests the cheerful prospect that if the war continues and this liquidation continues we shall become far less of a debtor nation than we have been, if, indeed, we do not become a creditor nation. With the redemption of foreign-held securities at the rate of ten per cent a year, and the increase of foreign loans placed and held in this country, the balance of credit may in time be in favor of the United States.

There arises finally the question of the ultimate solvency of the European Powers, and especially of those which are beaten in this war. Will they be able to meet their obligations, or will they be compelled to repudiate their debts? At the outbreak of the war the belligerents were already burdened with debts which seemed enormous by the side of ours. That of France was $6,280,000,000; of Germany, Empire and States, $5,000,000,000; of Russia, $4,553,000,000; of Austria-Hungary, Empire and States, $3,700,000,000; of Great Britain, $3,486,000,000; and of Italy, $2,706,000,000. But already those debts have been enormously increased; though not, of course, by the entire expenses of the war, since these latter have been met in part by increased revenue from special war taxation. Anticipating the ending of the war at the earliest possible date, however, we must expect these debts to be doubled, while the trebling and even the quadrupling of some of them, especially of that of Great Britain, cannot be regarded as beyond the limit of possibility.

What, then, could the United Kingdom do with a debt of, say, ten billions; and what could the other countries named do with a comparable load? Again we must naturally turn to our own record for an example. Our national debt at the end of the Civil War amounted to $2,682,500,000. As the nation was then reunited, this must be reckoned as resting upon the population and wealth of all, and not merely of the North, as in our former computation. The population was then approximately 33,000,000, and the wealth probably $16,000,000,000. It must also be observed that we are now considering the debt, and not the cost of the war, a large part of which had been met out of the current revenue of the government. The debt in 1865, then, amounted to $81 per capita of the population, and to something less than 17

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

per cent of the wealth of the nation, which latter was then only $485 per capita. On the same basis, what debt could Great Britain endure? At our rate of $81 per capita her 45,000,000 people could carry only $3,645,000,000, or less than they already have incurred. But we must remember that their per capita wealth is $1,777, instead of only $485, and its national total is $80,000,000,000. A debt of 16.7 per cent of that, corresponding with ours in 1865, would amount to no less than $13,360,000,000. If, then, the British debt should be increased as a result of this war to more than thirteen billions, or nearly four times what it was when the war began, it would still be, in proportion to the wealth of the nation, no larger than ours was at the end of our war, when we rightly reckoned it little short of moral treason for any one so much as to hint at insolvency or repudiation.

There is, of course, another important consideration, which makes in the other direction. That is the difference in recuperative powers between America and European countries, though this is not all on one side. The comparative ease with which we bore and reduced our debt was due to the rapid growth of the United States in population and wealth. No such phenomenon is to be expected, or indeed is possible, in any of these European countries. On the other hand, some of them practice a degree of thrift of which we Americans have no conception, and others have developed an industrial and commercial potency far exceeding ours and of immense profit. It would, therefore, be injudicious to gauge their debt-bearing powers entirely by our own. We should doubt if the United States could or, at any rate, would have paid the forced tribute of two billions as expeditiously and as cheerfully as France did at the close of the Terrible Year, and we may expect to see the nations bear their increased burden of debt with a fortitude and an efficiency from which something might be learned by ourselves. At any rate, it would be rash and probably unjust to assume that as a result of this war, stupendously extravagant as are its expenses, the nations of Europe will be bankrupted and will repudiate their debts. Our own indignant resentment of such hints concerning ourselves may well restrain us from such imputations upon our neighbors. All Europe may become the " weary Titan " of Arnold's vision, but it was forty-odd years ago that he had that vision of England, " staggering on to her goal." During all those

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years the load " well nigh not to be borne " has increased, and yet has been borne. So, we may believe, she and her neighbors will bear their burdens; staggering, perhaps, at times, but never falling. The sinews of war will be sorely strained, but they will not break.

NUMBERS IN NATIONAL DEFENSE

It was observed in these pages eleven months ago, and repeated last month, that " Our own Revolutionists, the Boers, and the Belgians have left no room for doubt that one patriot defending his country is the equal of three members of an attacking force;" whereupon says the Hartford *Times:*

> Colonel Harvey should consult the figures concerning the total number of British troops and American patriots engaged in the wars of the Revolution of 1812.

But why? " Gentle shepherd, tell us why? " Is it for confirmation of our statement? Or should we have figured more exactly and have said, not that one defender is equal to three aggressors, but that one is equal to 2.999, or to 3.001? Or again, and preferably, is it to suggest an opportunity for correcting once more that most persistent error concerning the " total number of American troops " engaged in the Revolution? The common statement is that the Colonies furnished to the Continental army 231,771 men, beside nearly half as many more militia, and it seems to be supposed that Washington had something like that number of men in his army; " which," as Euclid says, " is absurd."

There are two points of view from which to regard the subject. One is that of the total population of the belligerent States. At the time of our Revolution no census had been taken of either England or America. But seeing that in 1790 the population of this country was ascertained to be only 3,172,006, Patrick Henry's round-number estimate of three millions in 1776 may well be considered above rather than below the mark. The first British census in 1801 showed a population in the whole United Kingdom of 15,896,452; from which we may safely conclude that in 1776-1783 it numbered as much as 10,000,000. Ten millions to three is something more than three to one.

The other point of view is that of the number of soldiers enrolled and engaged on each side. It is recorded, as we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have said, that 231,771 men were enrolled in the Continental army. That sum is obtained by the facile but quite futile process of adding together the yearly figures, from 1775 to 1783; taking no cognizance of the fact that thus men serving for three years are counted three times over, and that men re-enlisting are duplicated. The fact is that not one-fourth of that number were ever enrolled at the same time, and that the Continental army never had an effective strength of more than one-tenth of it. The greatest number ever enrolled at one time was less than 47,000, in 1776; and that represented enrollment, not efficiency.

At Bunker Hill the Americans were 1,200, against 3,400 British. At Cambridge in January, 1776, Washington raised the flag of Commander-in-Chief over fewer than 10,000 men. When the Declaration of Independence was adopted he had fewer than 8,000, while the British here numbered 30,000. In August, 1776, at New York, Washington had 10,514 men, mostly militia, and no fleet, while Howe had 31,625, of whom 24,464 were the equal of the finest veterans of Europe, beside a powerful fleet, giving him full control of the water. On Long Island, Washington had fewer than 8,000, chiefly raw militia, while Howe had more than 20,000 regulars. In 1777 Washington never had more than 11,000 men. In the spring of 1779 he had about 8,600 effectives, while the British at New York and Newport numbered about 16,000, not to mention other thousands in the South.

In the closing scenes, Cornwallis at Petersburg had 5,000 veteran regulars, and yet was baffled by Lafayette with only 1,000 Continentals and perhaps 2,000 raw recruits; and he was shut up at Yorktown with 7,000 regulars by Lafayette with 2,000 Continentals and 3,000 untrained militia.

So much, then, for the numbers in our Revolution; abundantly confirming our former statement. Let that statement, however, not be misunderstood, or misconstrued into an argument against adequate preparation for national defense. It must be borne in mind that conditions of warfare have greatly changed. Morgan's riflemen, and even Ludington's militia, had as effective weapons and ammunition as the veterans of Burgoyne and Cornwallis. Even artillery could be made by the Americans about as well as by the British. But to-day what would an improvised militia army amount to when confronted with the tremendous enginery of Essen, Le Creusot or Woolwich? Granted that we could

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make as good cannon and shells; that would avail us little if an abundant supply of them were not made and ready for use when war broke, for such things cannot be turned out over night, like the moulded lead bullets of the Revolution. The discrepancy between the trained and thoroughly equipped regular army and the improvised volunteer force is almost immeasurably greater than it was in the Revolution, or even in the Civil War. In our article in which we spoke of the efficiency of one defending patriot against three invaders we were particularly discussing the defensive potency of the best trained and best equipped army in the world.

There is one other point. Could we at this time hope to oppose one against three of an attacking force? A great European military empire, getting control of the sea with a superior fleet, could easily throw an expeditionary force of 250,000 men upon our shores. It would not undertake the invasion of America with fewer. But where have we one-third of that number of effective men to oppose to it? Our regular army could scarcely provide an effective field force of more than one-sixth, or at best one-fifth, of that number. The tremendous defensive power of Germany, where every man is a trained soldier, is no criterion by which to judge the power of the United States, where only about two men in a thousand of the population have even rudimentary military training.

We confidently reaffirm our statement that one patriot in defense is equal to three invaders in attack; equipment and efficiency being approximately equal. But we are no less insistent in the demand that this nation shall be made and kept ready at any time to oppose every three possible invaders with one defender as well equipped and as efficient as they.

THE BALANCE OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS

Nature maintains an equilibrium. She will not permit the world to become either over-populated or depopulated, until the time comes for writing "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin!" upon the wall. There has prevailed a notion that the former of those conditions is prevented by the occurrence of great wars and pestilences. Doubtless these things do have their effect. But they are not a part of Nature's plan.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They are sporadic and abnormal, and, save in a very few cases, quite insufficient for the needed end. Not since the Black Death of the Middle Ages has there been in Europe a pestilence sufficient to affect materially the growth of population. Moreover, there is no reverse of these things to serve as a stimulus to failing population. The methods of Nature are more subtle than these, but they are more constant in operation, and are more effective. Some recondite but infallible law, the nature of which is not yet understood but the results of which are clearly seen, appears to provide automatically for a certain balance between births and deaths, and between the increase of population and the duration of life; a law perhaps as certain as that of gravitation or of the conservation of energy. Why not? If the propagation of the race is a part of Nature's scheme, why should it not be controlled and directed by Nature's laws?

When the birthrate of a country rises, its deathrate also rises; and when the birthrate falls, the deathrate also falls.

Superficially observed, this process, or at any rate the latter part of it, is attributed to "conditions." Neglect of sanitation, it is explained, causes a high deathrate, as in Russia. On the other hand, improved sanitation causes a lower deathrate, as in Great Britain. These are obvious truisms; but they are no explanation of the balance between birthrates and deathrates, since they do not apply at all to the former, and only in part do they apply to the latter. For the deathrate is falling in some countries in which sanitary conditions are not improving, or are improving too slightly to be taken into account; and it is practically stationary in some countries in which the very greatest improvements are being made in sanitary conditions. In other words, there is no invariable correspondence between deathrates and sanitation.

As for the birthrate, it is difficult to see how sanitation could directly affect it in either direction, though, of course, its influence upon infant mortality might be and probably is very great. That it does not in fact affect the birthrate is evident from statistics. In some countries in which sanitary conditions are worst the birthrate is highest; and vice versa. In some countries in which sanitary conditions are best the birthrate is lowest; and vice versa. There is no uniform rule.

There is, however, almost universally and invariably a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

close relationship between the birthrate and the deathrate. The exceptions to it are such as can readily be traced to special circumstances which do not affect the general truth. There is also a similar relationship or correspondence between those rates and the average duration of life. That is to say:

Where the birthrate and deathrate are high, the duration of life is short. Where the birthrate and deathrate are low, the duration of life is long.

These rules obtain not merely in a few individual cases, which would prove nothing; but in the countries of the world taken in groups and as a whole, which is highly significant and suggestive. Thus of twenty-one leading countries outside of America, where vital statistics are too meagre and uncertain to serve our purpose, eleven have an average duration of life of more than fifty years, and ten of less than fifty years. The eleven, with the greater longevity, have an average birthrate of 24.9 and a deathrate of 14.08 to the thousand yearly. The ten, with the less longevity, have a birthrate of 36.2 and a deathrate of 22.5. The difference between these figures is so great that its significance cannot be ignored; and this significance is emphasized by the comparison of some individual cases. For example:

Russia has of all the highest birthrate and the highest deathrate, and the shortest duration of life.

Australia and New Zealand have almost the lowest birthrate and decidedly the lowest deathrate, and the longest duration of life.

Yet the natural increase—that is, the excess of birthrate over deathrate—is exactly the same in Russia as in Australia.

To cite the figures:

Russia has a birthrate of 45, a deathrate of 28.3, longevity of 27.8, and a natural increase of 16.7.

Australia has a birthrate of 27.5, a deathrate of 10.8, longevity of 56, and a natural increase of 16.7.

Russia's birthrate is more than 63 per cent and her deathrate more than 162 per cent higher than Australia's, yet the percentage of excess of births over deaths is precisely the same in both.

Another comparison to the same effect may be drawn between Austria-Hungary and Great Britain. Austria-Hungary has a birthrate of 31.7 to Great Britain's 24.4; a death-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rate of 21.2 to 14.2, and longevity of 38.3 to 53.8, and a natural increase of 10.5 to 10.2.

It is impossible to believe that these things "just happen so." They are surely the result of some ordered principle, concerning which four theories are advanced:

First—That because bad sanitary conditions cause a high deathrate, Nature incites fecundity in order to make good the loss and to prevent depopulation.

Second—That a high birthrate, which means excessive fecundity, overtaxes physical vitality and exhausts material resources, and thus causes a high deathrate and short duration of life.

Third—That because good sanitary conditions make a low deathrate, Nature spontaneously induces a low birthrate, in order to avoid overpopulation, and thus conserves vitality and increases longevity.

Fourth—That because of a low birthrate, from whatever cause, nature increases vital forces and thus lowers the deathrate and increases longevity so as to prevent depopulation.

Whichever of these, or whatever combination of them, may afford the true explanation of the intensely interesting tendencies of vital statistics, the controlling law in the case seems to be inexorable. No country has ever more earnestly and persistently striven to increase its birthrate than has France; yet that rate has remained stationary. None has more devotedly and scientifically striven to maintain its rate than Germany; yet that rate has for some years been rapidly and irresistibly declining. The deathrate may to some extent, and to an increasing extent, be controlled, though not invariably. The birthrate is quite beyond control, except as it is lessened by the lessening of the deathrate. It is a grim reflection that if, by sanitation and therapeutics, we save men from dying, we at the same time prevent children from being born; and, conversely, that if we wish to increase the birthrate the surest way to do it is by neglecting sanitation and letting the deathrate increase!

Nevertheless, if the former of these processes be inevitable, and if to lower the deathrate means to lower the birthrate also, it will be wise and humane to continue our efforts to that end.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LORD NORTHCLIFFE AND THE WAR

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

Lord Northcliffe has been a power in British journalism for now nearly twenty years. It was on May 4, 1896, that the first issue of the *Daily Mail* was sold in the streets of London. Its advent marked a revolution in the press not merely of the metropolis but of the whole kingdom. Up till then a certain ponderosity had been the hall-mark of most British newspapers. They were extremely respectable, weighty and dull. They had, one might have said, a temperamental distrust of liveliness as something dangerous and ensnaring. Verbatim reports of everything reportable, long-winded and eminently sententious editorials, and stodgy columns of Parliamentary debates, filled their pages. Occasionally some journal of unusual enterprise would send a special correspondent out to Persia or Afghanistan, would dive deeply into the profundities of European politics, would open a subscription-list for some semi-public object, or produce a new scheme of army reform. It was a decent Press and a well-informed Press. It was wealthy, pontifical, respected and "literary." But it had an extraordinarily limited range. From the every day interests of normal men and women it stood serenely apart. It made no effort to reach the mass of the people who had grown to maturity since the setting up of a national system of education. It was curiously out of touch with the commercial life of the country. There were, of course, some exceptions. The *Pall Mall Gazette,* under Mr. Henry Cust, was a brilliant feature of the early 'nineties. So too was the *Daily News,* when Mr. E. T. Cook was its editor and Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. H. W. Paul were among its contributors. In general the appeal of the British Press in those days was mainly to the educated and the fastidious, to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those who liked to find a University flavor in the editorial columns of their favorite paper, and who were much less interested in news than in opinions.

Into this easy-going and self-satisfied world there burst nineteen years ago the *Daily Mail.* Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, as he then was, its orginator and chief proprietor, had already shown as a producer of newspapers that he had ideas, keenness, courage and initiative. But this was by far the biggest venture he had yet essayed. Over $2,500,000 was spent on the initial cost of founding the *Daily Mail;* two solid years were devoted to the preparatory work; and the paper was issued daily, complete in every respect, for nearly three months before a single copy was sold to the public. Its success was immediate. Small where its rivals were unwieldy, compact where they were diffuse, published at one cent while they sold for two, sacrificing everything to presenting the events of the previous twenty-four hours in as clear and as concise a form as possible, and with a news service far beyond anything that had hitherto been even attempted, it jumped instantly into popular favor. The daily circulation at the end of the first year was over 300,000, and at the end of two and a half years had passed 500,000; during the Boer War it reached the 1,000,000 mark, and is now, I suppose, somewhere between 1,300,000 and 1,400,000. From the first it has been a paper with a real individuality, going clean outside the humdrum game of politics, tackling the questions that interest it with a directness the very opposite of the gingerly, non-committal fashion affected by most papers, suggesting rather than echoing or criticising, and never content to hew to the hackneyed line. From the first, too, it developed a remarkable knack of getting the news ahead of its competitors. Those exclusive pieces of information that warm the editorial cockles have repeatedly refreshed the columns of the *Daily Mail.* It made a particular hit with its war service during the struggle with the Boers and the Russo-Japanese War; and its intelligence in matters of domestic moment has again and again been in advance of all other London journals. Two features in especial helped it to build up a circulation never before dreamed of in the history of the British daily Press. One was a business organization that was never satisfied with what was good so long as it saw a chance of getting something better. The *Daily Mail* became a national newspaper to a unique degree

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and in a way all its own. A duplicate plant was set up in Manchester and connected with London by a group of special wires. The paper is telegraphed each night to Manchester, printed in facsimile, save for a certain amount of local news, and is distributed from there throughout the North of England in time for breakfast. Another edition is similarly telegraphed to Paris whence it covers practically the whole Continent; and yet a third edition has within the last two or three years been brought out on the Riviera. The *Daily Mail* has, in short, solved the problem of distribution in a way that enables it to be on sale in all the principal towns of the United Kingdom almost as soon as any of the local papers; while on the Continent no British journal even begins to compete with it.

The other feature that did a great deal to establish its position was the Fourth Page. The Fourth Page of the *Daily Mail* is given up to a column or two of editorials, followed by two or three columns of special articles, each about twelve hundred words long. Most of the ablest writers of the day have at one time or another contributed to these columns. It was in them that the late Mr. G. W. Steevens first made a national and an international name for himself as the most brilliant war correspondent and descriptive writer of our generation, the one man who with the highest literary gifts and the culture and temperament of a scholar was yet an unsurpassable journalist. For sheer breadth of interest I know of nothing in the British or American Press that even begins to approach these Fourth Page articles in the *Daily Mail*. They cover every topic in which normal men and women are interested and they have sustained from the first an astonishingly high standard of style, authority and distinction. Perhaps, indeed, the greatest achievement of the *Daily Mail* has been precisely this enlargement of the scope of things with which journalism should concern itself. It has lent its support to a bewildering variety of causes, for each of which it has campaigned with consummate effectiveness. It was the first journal to perceive that the motor-car was not merely a new toy or a new convenience but portended a complete revolution in the methods of land transportation. The publicity and encouragement it gave to the industry did much to stimulate British manufacturers to catch up with their French rivals. It was the first journal, too, to foresee the possibilities of aviation. By offering in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all some $200,000 in cash as prizes for flying it has done more than any other single agency not merely to popularize the sport but to equip the Army and Navy with what the present war has proved to be an indispensable weapon. In one year the *Daily Mail* headed a movement in favor of earlier holidays—against, that is to say, the tradition which confined the summer vacation to the month of August. In another it turned its attention to the question of small holdings, and took a farm, stocked and equipped it, selected a tenant, and interested the whole country in the success of the experiment. In a third it initiated a vigorous effort, backed up by prizes of over $3,000 in value, to secure for the British public a properly standarized loaf containing at least 80 per cent. of the whole wheat. The result of its agitation, which aroused immense interest throughout the kingdom, was a distinct and permanent improvement in the bread of the nation. In a fifth year the *Daily Mail* offered $5,000 for the finest bunch of sweet peas, in the sixth another $5,000 for vegetable growers and in a seventh a further large sum of money for a new rose—three competitions that at once throve on and ministered to the national love of gardening. And at other times the *Daily Mail* has fought for pure milk, has given large prizes for the best designs of cottages and small houses, and has paid away several thousands of pounds in fulfilment of a scheme of insurance for its readers against accidents in public vehicles, and has utilized its financial columns as a medium for effecting the purchase and sale of stocks and shares.

All these campaigns, it will be noticed, were directed to far-sighted ends, and the health and happiness of the nation. In addition the *Daily Mail* has shown an unequalled ability for raising money. During the Boer War it collected in three months over $500,000 to supply the British troops with comforts. In four days its readers furnished some $80,000 to enable the Union Jack Club for soldiers and sailors to be opened free of debt. When Lord Rosebery brought to the notice of the *Daily Mail* readers the plight of the London cabbies, deprived of their livelihood by the advent of the taxi-cab, nearly $40,000 was raised in a few days, some five hundred cabbies were trained as motor drivers, over a thousand families were given substantial relief, and a number of pensions were distributed. A single article in the *Daily Mail* describing the needs of the children in an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

East End district brought in at once unsolicited contributions of over $10,000, and a Santa Claus fund some ten or eleven years ago furnished sixty thousand children, who otherwise would have gone without, with Christmas stockings. Another and more appealing act of practical benevolence was the publication of a weekly edition of the *Daily Mail* in Braille type for the blind. It was thoroughly in accordance with its traditions that the *Daily Mail* should have subscribed for $125,000 of the new War Loan.

These various enterprises and achievements give the measure of the *Daily Mail* as the most popular and practical of all British newspapers. None other enters so intimately into the daily domestic life of the nation. It has left its mark, too, on many issues of political moment. It has advocated a national system of military service; it has fought with power and effect for a larger navy; and it has had from the beginning a very clear idea of the character and intentions of German policy and of the menace to British security embodied in it. But though it has a great social influence, its political influence is scarcely as great as its enormous circulation would suggest. It affects elections rather than political thought. Had it been guided by an instinct of statesmanship as sound and sagacious as its business and its journalistic instinct, it would have scaled an almost unimaginable height of authority. As it is, people are as a rule more interested what the *Daily Mail* does than in what it thinks. On the other hand I do not think that the charge of "sensationalism," often brought against it, is well-founded. It has made mistakes like all other papers; but I have seen enough of its inside workings to be sure that no journal could be at more pains to ascertain the facts. Its methods of handling them and the views it builds upon them may at times be impeached, but the accuracy as well as the fullness of its information and the care and ability with which its news columns are edited are in general beyond successful attack. In many ways the *Daily Mail* has improved the standards of British journalism, notably by having nothing to do with the accounts of executions that used to be horribly common in the 'nineties and by keeping its reports of divorce cases and other unsavory scandals within limits; while its influence on the appearance, make-up, and general alertness of its competitors, on the price at which they are sold, and on the salaries paid in all ranks of the profession

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has been prodigious and altogether to the good. What used to be a competition among writers to contribute to papers has been largely converted into a competition among papers to secure the services of writers.

Besides the *Daily Mail* Lord Northcliffe is also the chief proprietor of *The Times,* which he secured control of some eight or nine years ago, and the *Evening News,* which came into his possession about a couple of years before the *Daily Mail* was started. The *Evening News* is an exceedingly brisk, well-arranged and readable paper that in point of circulation far outdistances any of its metropolitan rivals in evening journalism. *The Times,* under Lord Northcliffe's auspices, has been reduced successively from six cents to four, and from four to two. It is the cheap and easy thing to say that the reduction in price has been more than offset by a reduction in tone and quality. I disagree entirely. *The Times* is still easily the most authoritative journal not only in England but in the world, and the dominant organ of the educated classes. Its unrivalled foreign service, the excellence of its special articles from all countries and on all political and social subjects, and its impartiality in throwing open its correspondence columns to arguments on all sides of every public question, made it and still keep it a national forum. So far from having parted with any of its old and honorable traditions *The Times* of to-day, better managed and more prosperous than in any period of its history, has on the contrary maintained and amplified them. The suspicion that Lord Northcliffe's association with it would involve some falling-off in dignity or judgment is one that any issue of the paper is enough to refute. With increased energy and resources and a remarkable improvement in the technique of newspaper production and presentation, *The Times* combines all its old intelligence, its knowledge of political events at home and abroad, its independence and its measured sanity. As a national journal it remains without a peer; it speaks for England as no other paper even pretends to. In addition Lord Northcliffe owns a Sunday newspaper and a number of minor periodicals which for my present purpose may be left out of account. When people speak of "The Northcliffe Press" they mean *The Times,* the *Daily Mail* and the *Evening News.*

To many Englishmen Lord Northcliffe, as the director-in-chief of these three powerful journals, seems a sinister

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

figure. Yet it would be easy, I imagine, to over-estimate the extent to which he actually lays down the policies of his newspapers. He is believed to write himself many of the editorials in the *Daily Mail,* but I have never heard of his writing a single one for *The Times* or the *Evening News.* The three papers pursue, it is true, though in very different ways, the same general lines, but this probably arises from a natural approximation of attitude and opinion rather than from a central inspiration. One often, too, hears it said that Lord Northcliffe cares only for circulations and success and that he will champion any cause and exploit any momentary passion if only by so doing he can sell more papers. That is a ludicrous untruth. Lord Northcliffe is an extremely practical journalist who understands all sides of the business, is proud, and naturally so, of the unexampled triumphs he has achieved in his chosen profession, and possesses a highly developed instinct for catching the popular favor. But he is also a man of genuine public spirit and patriotism. He has travelled much and with an understanding eye and mind; he is one of the comparatively few Englishmen who really know America and can enter into the American point of view; he is one of the largest employers of labor in the kingdom and one of the largest manufacturers of paper in the world. All this, and a zest in life that brings him into agreeable relations with multitudes of people, make him a man who would count in any sphere. He enjoys life and he enjoys power and he enjoys particularly turning out a better newspaper than anyone else; but for money itself he has, I should say, the indifference that most men feel who have made a sufficient fortune in their early years by sheer hard work and to whom it is simply an instrument for further activities. Lord Northcliffe is a prodigious and insatiable worker, a man of swift and strong emotions, of instantaneous, usually shrewd, sometimes erratic and impulsive decisions, kindly and generous in his periodical relations with men, tingling with ideas himself and quick to appreciate them in others, with an ever-present sense of humor that can generally be appealed to when his self-confidence shows signs of passing into rashness or obstinacy, an expert fisherman and therefore a man who knows how to wait, and a joyous and wholly delightful companion on the golf-links. He is in every sense a man of power, but it is power directed to no personal or unworthy ends. So

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

far from merely giving the public what it wants he more often makes it want the many excellent things he has to give; and if he were once convinced that the national interest demanded that a certain thing should be done, Lord Northcliffe would do it and would keep on doing it, whatever the loss of popularity or circulation or advertisements.

Of this he has just given startling and sufficient proof. Even during the present war the British people have had few severer shocks than awaited them when they picked up the *Daily Mail* of May 21, and read the editorial article on "The Tragedy of the Shells: Lord Kitchener's Grave Error". In that article the *Daily Mail* bluntly declared that "Lord Kitchener has starved the Army in France of high explosive shells" and that in spite of repeated warnings he had persisted in sending out shrapnel when what was needed was shells that "would dynamite their way through the German trenches and entanglements and enable our men to advance in safety". The kind of shell supplied to the British soldiers by Lord Kitchener's orders "has caused", it was said, "the death of thousands of them". As a gatherer of men Lord Kitchener had done admirably, though the *Daily Mail* refused to print any further War Office advertisements urging the enlistment of men of forty—most of whom would be married—while "some thousands of capable young slackers were staying at home and stealing the business of married men who have gone to the front". Such a state of affairs it declared, was "no testimony to Lord Kitchener's organizing ability." It was particularly severe on the suggestion, at that time not an uncommon one, that Lord Kitchener might succeed Sir John French as commander-in-chief of the British forces in France. "It has never been pretended", said the *Daily Mail,* "that Lord Kitchener is a soldier in the sense that Sir John French is a soldier. His record in the South African War as a fighting general—apart from his excellent organizing work as Chief of the Staff—was not brilliant. The opinion which Lord Roberts expressed as to his handling of troops at Paardeberg is well known, and we have never met a soldier who held any other opinion. Nothing in Lord Kitchener's experience suggests that he has the qualifications required for conducting a European campaign in the field, and we can only hope that no such misfortune will befall this nation as that he should be permitted to interfere with the actual

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strategy of this gigantic war.—If by any mischance Lord Kitchener went to France to conduct the campaign, we should probably have a costly object lesson in the difference between African and European warfare."

On the following day and for many days after the *Daily Mail* reiterated its charge that Lord Kitchener had supplied the Army with the wrong kind of shells. It saddled him with the direct responsibility. It insisted that a "tragic blunder" had been committed and that the public ought to know the facts. It declared it to be a proof of "grave negligence" that the shortage of high explosive shells should persist "after ten months of incessant object-lessons." It very much doubted "whether there is a single Front Bench man on either side of the House who is prepared to join the Coalition Ministry except on the express condition that Lord Kitchener no longer holds the absolute power which has placed the Army in its present predicament." It declared it to be a matter of immediate necessity that "the industrial business of organizing the production of munitions" should be separated "from the military business of raising and training troops." "There is something wrong with the war," it exclaimed, "and the public ought to know it." It answered its critics with the confident retort, first, that the *Daily Mail* stood by every word it had written on the vital need of high-explosive shells, and secondly, that when the facts emerged, as emerge they would, all of its statements would be found to be more than justified. Personally I had no doubt that the *Daily Mail* would be proved right. Lord Northcliffe had paid, to my own knowledge, at least two visits to the front and has probably seen more of the inside of the war than any other British civilian. His sources of information are innumerable, and it seemed extremely unlikely that on a matter of such moment he could possibly have gone astray. Nor in fact had he. On the main and essential point he has been justified up to the hilt. I have, it is true, heard that there is another side to the shell question, that the Headquarters Staff at the front were late in realizing the need for high-explosive shells, that Lord Kitchener more than once asked them to look into the matter, and that they astonished and overwhelmed him by suddenly demanding that of the shells sent out, 70 per cent. should be high-explosive. According to this version Lord Kitchener was to blame only for the delay that followed in meeting

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sir John French's tardy requisitions. But however this may be, the fact that the Army was short of munitions was abundantly proved and to Lord Northcliffe must go the credit for hammering it into the public mind.

Where, however, he erred, or seemed to err, was in attacking Lord Kitchener personally. That there was any personal feeling of any kind behind the attack I do not for one moment believe—the two men have not, indeed, met for several years—but it was a mistake in tactics that the public bitterly resented—the whole country was instantly in an uproar; the *Daily Mail* was publicly burned by excited crowds and banned by one public library after another; letters of abuse, I am told, poured into the office; all the rival newspapers began belaboring Lord Northcliffe with one accord; and undoubtedly public opinion was moved to a greater indignation by the references to Lord Kitchener than it was by the revelations that he had muddled the provision of shells. Lord Northcliffe, if he were challenged on the point, would probably reply that to make his disclosures effective and to rouse the nation to their meaning and gravity it was necessary to pin the responsibility where it unquestionably belonged; that the crisis was too serious merely to throw the blame for it on the "War Office" or "the authorities" or some other vague and impersonal abstraction, or to spare any man's feelings or reputation; and that, in addition, he considered the possibility of Lord Kitchener's being sent to the front as full of peril and took the most direct means of saying so and of killing the project. He might also reply that everything he said in regard to shells is now admitted to be true; that the public ignorance which veiled the facts and was the main obstacle to their removal is at an end; that, just as he suggested, the business of furnishing munitions has been taken out of Lord Kitchener's hands; and that the energy and determination with which the country is now throwing itself into the task of making good its deficiences in armaments are largely the result of his revelations and could not have been produced by any other means. I still think, however, that these results could have been obtained without attacking Lord Kitchener or raking up his tactical dispositions at Paardeberg, or irritating the public by casting slurs on the capacities of a man in whom it reposes a just confidence. *The Times,* which powerfully ventilated the question of the shells, contrived to do so without

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suggesting any private animus or indulging in irrelevant personalities. Had the *Daily Mail* restricted its outspokenness to the matter immediately at issue, it would have scored an undiluted triumph. As it is, great numbers of people are left under a confused impression that it has somehow acted unfairly and unpatriotically; much of the effect it aimed at has been blunted or dissipated; and its reputation and influence have suffered for the time being and until the inevitable reaction sets in.

Nothing, however, can disguise the fact that Lord Northcliffe was the first man with knowledge and courage enough to lay bare the shortage of shells and machine guns, which, so long as it lasts, must pile up the casualty lists and operate as a fatal barrier to any sustained advance. Nobody, again, who knows him can doubt that in acting as he did, he was impelled solely by public motives. Nor, I think, can anyone question that the net result has been highly advantageous to everybody except Lord Northcliffe, that the country at last realizes the truth which official assurances had obscured or perverted, and that it was only by painting the situation in its real colors that the British people could be stirred to the gigantic efforts necessary to retrieve it. It was the question of the shells far more than anything else that brought down the Liberal Government and led to the Coalition Ministry, the division in the powers of the War Office, and the appointment of Mr. Lloyd George as Minister of Munitions. These developments may have been discussed and meditated even before Lord Northcliffe started on his campaign. But his journals, and his alone, made them inevitable; and it is merely a question of time before the value of the national service that they thus rendered is ungrudgingly recognized.

For all editors and newspaper proprietors the war has necessarily been a time of peculiar difficulties and anxiety. The censorship controls their news columns, but it does not control their editorial policy. To know when the interests of the country called for silence and when for plain speaking; to weigh the public gain that might be hoped for from criticising the speeches or actions of Ministers against the risk that thereby the national unity might be impaired; to decide how far particular measures or policies should be advocated and how far it would be better to leave the initiative solely in the hands of the Government—all these problems,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

occurring and recurring in a hundred different forms, have asked for their solution an extraordinary degree of balance and discrimination. The papers under Lord Northcliffe's control have borne the test well. They have never underestimated the enemy or lent any countenance to the ludicrous notion that this war will be either a short or an easy one. They have consistently striven against official optimism or reticence or timidity to induce the nation to face the facts. On many questions—the internment of aliens, for instance, the drink problem, the best way of handling the labor difficulty, the need of national service, and the supply of shells—their suggestions and their insight have been proved by the event to be superior to the Government's. Their criticisms have in the main been constructive and directed solely to the more efficient prosecution of the war; and their timely disclosures of deficiencies that grew the more dangerous and the harder to remedy the longer they remained unrealized or only hinted at or surrounded with mystery, may prove to have saved the country from a great disaster.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN INVENTORY

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

THE psychologist of these heavy days learns a new respect for human nature as he observes its adjustment to abnormal conditions. In the stress and strain of an embattled planet, it contributes as much to knowledge of the universal human heart to examine the spirit of a nation not at war as to analyse the attitude of any belligerent, and in the dizzying contemplation of world-minds and war-minds, the mind of the individual home-keeping and peace-keeping American provides a neglected but absorbing study. Every intelligent American is a different person from the self of a year ago. As if each of us were some petty tradesman of the war zone, forced to continue business under bombardment, every thinking man and woman of us is taking an inventory of spiritual resources. Spontaneously our mental business has obeyed an impulse common, but not co-operative. This distinction in itself implies a new era, for hitherto the mental activities of the average American have been a combination of co-operation and of copying.

The first fact we face in our self-study is the discontinuance of our old supplies. Not only too impatient to manufacture our own dye stuffs and chemicals, we have been even more dependent on Europe in matters of intellect. We have shipped our gifted youth to the Continent in order that their raw energies might be converted into the finished product of singer, sculptor, or scholar. This dependence on trans-Atlantic mentality to give the needed metamorphosis to our own has ceased. All Europe's mental output is devoted to its own death-struggle. American intellectual life must still go on, but for its nutriment it must depend either upon the stores we have already accumulated from the other side, or upon our own inventions.

We have not yet fully accepted the fact that this condi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion is not transient, whatever be the issue of the world-conflict. We long for peace, but which of us has the courage to face the aspects of that peace?—the harvest of international hate, the severance of commercial and cultural relations between countries, internal revolutions, lands denuded of resources, material and human. Small chance that any of the nations will ever again become our gentle Old-World teachers! It will take perhaps a century of calm before Europe will be able to respond in artistic creation to the emotional demands of the present holocaust. For at least three generations we Americans shall be forced to do our own thinking. By the end of that time the habit may have become ineradicably established. Already there is an agreeable stimulus in the prospect.

Because we have taken all without selection or criticism, we have now in our keeping all that the Old World has had to bestow. This very humility of uncritical acceptance may bear fruit of independence if we will now by process of selection manufacture out of our foreign importation a national possession.

There is, however, a more profound reason that will compel us hereafter to be our own artists and thinkers: our masters have shattered our trust. Because we cannot morally sever conduct from culture, we cannot mentally sever culture from conduct. Moreover we have learned from Germany herself in the past an honesty of thinking that itself perceives Germany's inconsistencies in the present. Just here we who are endeavoring to be steadfast keepers of our spirits must administer to ourselves a caution: among all our stores Germany has contributed perhaps those most sacred for the uses of peace; the fact that we decry her death-dealing militarism should not make us reject the former inestimable benefits she has given to every thinker and student. This admonition implies the hardest of our war-time adjustments, for the bitterest severance of our old self from the new is in the fact that never again can we trust Germany for inspiration. Believing that art and intellect depend for all vital development on a reverence for human life as such, I could never again accept university instruction from a man who believed in the glory of war. A man has killed too many beautiful things in his own soul before he has learned how to murder efficiently. The destruction of Belgium, of the *Lusitania,* will never equal the injury that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Germany of battle has done to the Germany of our hearts. Just as we condemn Germany for her efficiency, so we shall distrust those other Powers who have needed to learn still greater efficiency to conquer Germany's. So long as we Americans believe that the moral injury of war is deadliest for the nations who most successfully practice it, we cannot in the future accept with our old uncritical docility even purely intellectual inspiration from any of our former European teachers. Our test is soundly moral and pragmatic,—if thus your thinking *acts*, let us do our own.

It assists our self-reliance thus to discover that we must for a long time have been depending entirely on home-made morals. For longer than we have dreamed our consciences have been strictly American, but in respect to intellectual and artistic independence we are still hesitant to manage our business without assistance from foreign sources. It is high time we perceived that we possess the foundations of a culture more sound and virile than that of any nation at whose feet we have sat. When we consider what representatives of manhood we can already point to, Hawthorne, Whitman, Sargent, MacDowell, Edison, why should America be any longer humble in matters of mind? National culture needs two things, appreciation of others' attainments and faith in one's own. We have already proved the first by a catholic indiscrimination that has taught us sympathy with every form of human endeavor; why not prove the second by a manly self-dependence that shall produce yet greater Americans in music, art, literature, and science?

There seems small fear that as we enter upon our national inheritance of culture, any new pride should swallow up our former sincerity of appreciation. It is our special duty to preserve this, since by holding our breadth of sympathy for ourselves, we shall hold it for others as well. We owe our elder brothers, severed by unreasoning hate, an American criticism, broad-minded and healthy, which shall introduce to each other the members of that international brotherhood of poets and thinkers still to be born from the unguessed future.

The chief comfort of this inventory of our resources is the discovery that they are available practically and personally. We each of us need something to make life seem worth while in the face of world-destruction. New habits of personal independence in thinking mean new habits of national

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

independence. A new self-reliance in matters of mind is one way of service to country, and our souls cry for some means to embody that which has been born within us, our new and passionate patriotism. A constant consciousness of our country as a factor of our individual life is a novel sensation for most of us. Our new patriotism is as humble as it is intense, for Europe has frightened us. Our introspection causes us to turn upon ourselves questions as honest as characterize our scrutiny of Europe. We decry the materialism and militarism that could burn Louvain and bombard Rheims; our culture is different, but is it deeper? Which is more essentially barbarian, to burn another country's libraries, or never to use one's own? For which do we as a nation show more reverence, the acquisition of power, which in our land spells wealth, or the acquisition of learning, which in our land spells poverty? For many an American money-maker is beauty any more its own excuse for being than for a European war-maker? We have battle fields dealing death or crippling wounds not to bodies alone. Cases seem only too sadly authentic in which soldiers have struck off the hands of little children, but how many of our States have brutally rejected bills that would have made the minds of our children safe from the maiming of early labor?

To the supra-mundane observer, which seems more cruel, national or class warfare? Class warfare surely, since the classes have better opportunities for brotherhood, and since class hostility has all the selfishness of the personal without any of the inspiration of the patriotic. While candidly introspective, we may wonder whether plutocracy is any less tyrranous over democratic ideals than is autocracy. Is not our capitalist system founded on the principle that might makes right? We apply the doctrine of expediency and of the survival of the fittest more in private business than in public, but is there any other essential difference between the American type of war and the European?

This self-scrutiny brings us to a deep humility, but it does not bring us to the devastating despair to which the spectacle of an embattled Europe reduces us. Throughout all our adult lives we have been doing business, like the French shopman of today, under the bombardment of evil facts. To become spiritually inert merely because evil facts have assumed an unfamiliar and hideous shape argues, it is true, a proper sensibility and sympathy, but argues also

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

something of hysteria and affectation. Henceforth we must rise to the requirements of a courage stout enough to meet conditions that can be predicted and conditions impossible to forecast. Some practical effects on American existence are obvious. From generation to generation every department of our life from cabinet to kitchen has been affected by the ceaseless tide of immigration. This influx must cease. There will be boundless opportunity for the European who remains at home. Who will dig our ditches and stoke our furnaces? Manual labor performed by skilled intelligence may acquire a dignity it has never attained; it may also acquire a perilous power. In any event the change implies a socialist readjustment that all thinking people may as well face.

Quite apart from its relation to labor, socialism by virtue of its creed will after this war have incalculable influence because it will preach international peace to a world nauseated with the stench of battle. In spite of the defection of socialism in the present war, we hope better things of it in the future, since it may have learned faith in its theories through the bitter experience of deserting them. While the world continues to wait, as it has been waiting for two thousand years, for the growth of an unselfishness energetic enough to destroy destruction, there are two classes whose self-interest gives the practical-minded more immediate hope: the international financier, who may refuse to waste his money; the international socialist, who may refuse to waste his body.

The effect on immigration and the effect on socialism are only two of the many new conditions to be observed as we regard, still with as much puzzlement as pride, our new supply of patriotism. It is so far a painful possession, very different from our childish thrills on Fourth of July, this new piercing sense of personal responsibility to the world to uphold the flag of American ideals. There is nothing of my-country-right-or-wrong in our watchfulness of our Government's actions. We may wish, with stinging shame before a course that must appear to the world as commercialism when it may perhaps be genuinely parental care for our suffering people, that we had been equally bold in protests for other people's neutrality as for our own, but our criticism of our Government is not superficial and articulate as in many smaller crises. We may envy Germany her deifica-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of State and Kaiser, a conception seductively and culpably devoid of individual responsibility, but to democratic common sense a President seems a mere man. To that same democratic common sense he also seems a man doing his noblest to steer our ship of state through a sea made chartless by mines and submarines. The sensations that are vividly novel for most of us are that every hour we feel as if we were pulling an oar, and that no one of us feels covetous of the pilot's seat.

Again, as in our duty to establish an American aesthetic, our attitude to American morality as shown in the public actions of the United States, is a personal responsibility. In the bewildering confusion of national behavior everywhere, one course is clear to every citizen of every land, his own individual allegiance to the ideals he believes his country to represent. For each American it is a duty incalculable and inspiring to uphold by his private and personal conduct the principles of American patriotism: peace and justice, freedom and brotherhood. How profound these principles are is shown by our reaction to the crime of the *Lusitania*. If that horror revealed to us German madness, still more it revealed to us American manliness. Our slowness to revenge stands forth as national honor so high that it perceives that the honor of no nation is so high as the honor of humanity. As we have proved that we can live the creed of America, so, if ever the flames of war reach us, we shall prove that we can die for our faith in peace.

As we continue to give honest account, each of his private soul-changes, we find that nothing has altered more fundamentally than our personal attitude toward war. We have always hated war with our heads, and loved it with our hearts. Now we feel a nauseating abhorrence far more potent than mere acquiescence in argument. Today the sight of khaki brings instantly to my eyes spurting blood, the martial airs I have always loved seem the pipes of death, stirring my soul with unclean emotions. There are, of course, many to gainsay this revulsion with the threadbare arguments for the ennobling heroism of war. I have too much faith in humanity to believe it needs war to make it heroic. War is an inspiration merely because men have not been educated to see that they can serve their country better by living for her than by dying. The emotional uplift of battle does indeed raise men from a material to a spiritual plane,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but it is never the highest spiritual plane, and it is never permanent. The man or nation that needs the red whip of war to sting to sacrifice will suffer afterwards for lack of the goad. It is an honest Englishman who writes, "I've found it harder to go straight in life than to go under fire." While the impulse to spill one's blood in utmost effort is nobler than the impulse to save one's skin, it is primarily a desire for irresponsibility and mob-support. However high humanity may be raised on the tide of war, it is raised far higher by the lonely heroisms of peace, sublime, unapplauded, and without reaction.

This statement is far from opposition to a sane and adequate national defense. So long as the world is the world there will be criminal nations as well as criminal citizens, and both necessitate police protection. Policemen and firemen are as brave as the bravest of soldier lads, but there is an immense difference in our concept of a policeman and a soldier. The policeman exists for safeguarding life, the soldier for destroying it. In the future we shall be no more thrilled by a soldier's uniform than by a policeman's, which last suggests a comfortable sense of protection, and an equally uncomfortable sense of patrol wagons and prisons. The conception of the glory of war has passed forever from the content of our daily thinking.

In our inventory we must all reckon henceforth with a change in the status of woman. We are still arguing the question here, blind to the fact that in Europe it has already passed from argument to experiment, and to experiment that is not temporary, since the terrible ranks of dead, wounded, and missing can never be refilled. The curious aspect of the case is that the work of men will fall to the hands of exactly those women who have never asked for it, those classes who would infinitely prefer to remain comfortable, old-fashioned wives and mothers. It is as if Heaven granted the demand of women for equality, but ironically reserved the choice of which women. They are to be women as little tainted by the superficialities of fashionable society as by the subtleties of university education. Further, they enter upon their test under the most favorable conditions for proving their fibre, pitifully enough, as women purged of all pettiness, tragic with suffering, but brave with an unbearable bravery.

As we strive for a permanent ability to recognize in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

soul-shaking conditions of a world under reconstruction the seething of a marvellous, resistless leaven, we discover that most of us have already won an adjustment incredible a year ago. Poise has succeeded paralysis. The simplest man among us grows in soul-stature as he perceives his high duty, not alone to country, but to the world. In some powerful subconscious fashion we have come to feel that each normal-going individual adds to the sum total of sanity that alone can save this rocking universe. Nothing before this war ever brought so sharply to our consciousness the dignity of dailiness. The humblest deeds of the humblest people startle one with their intrinsic beauty when one contrasts them with days spent in murder. Lifted out of its dulness the normal shines in sudden sublimity, like the picture of a family breakfast table, warm and merry with affection, seen against a burning background of pillage and rapine.

Not alone by contrast with a flame-swept Europe do we seek to taste in each fleet hour our present security, but by contrast with our own possible future. Never do we veil our vision from the fact that our own homes may tomorrow be paying their terrible tribute to the war-madness of the world. Surely of all possessions that shall give us strength both against the insidious perils of peace and the brutal perils of war, not least shall be the power to do the dullest deeds with a singing soul. This ability, for which in the last year we have paid heavy price, is a vital asset for all the future, since experience has proved to us that the simple doing of our accustomed round can be sanctified to high protest, personal and constant, against violence and blood-thirst.

Another possession that both publicly and privately we have saved from the gun-fire is our humor. There is nothing we could more worthily keep watch and ward of for the world. If one cure for war lies in incorporating into one's personal daily life the qualities most opposed to the sins of the nations, we may surely appreciate the power of pure fun. We observe whole countries desolated through lack of humor, lack of perception of their own incongruities, lack of understanding of other people's peculiarities. These sins against sanity bring colossal retribution. It is only superficially flippant to question how far history would have been different if William Hohenzollern had possessed a sense of humor. The query serves at least to convince us of the need of keeping a large stock of fun on our souls' shelves, for hu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mor provides the sanity and the grace of life, and is as greatly germicidal and as little fratracidal as that sun a share in whose salubrity some people have thought worth killing millions of their brothers to obtain.

As we continue to check off our resources for courage, we find sky and wind and air no mean possessions. From my window a vistaed battalion of beauty challenges, O you of little faith and less logic, whether it is easier to explain a mountain or a murder? Dullards of despair, while all the time is spread above our heads a blue banner of majesty whereon sun and moon and stars have woven a handwriting divinely hopeful! We are stupid never to learn the alphabet of the sky. War has done us service if our shuddering gaze has been forced from a crimsoned earth to a clear spread heaven. The blood of battle fields is rebuked by the calm beauty of every dawn recurring in exhaustless forgiveness. Even over Belgium the stars are shining, annulling by their eternal loveliness all petty human pain.

As we look with new intensity to a kind and constant nature to reimburse us for our loss of faith in men, so by the destruction of so much of the material stock-in-trade of civilization, we are thrown back, as never before in our lives, upon the possibilities of spirit. The loss of works of art has the shock of a personal blow, but after all, works of art are but symbols: it is spirit that is the substance. The transmission of crystallized achievement is not so important as the transmission of the artist-spirit which shall be nerved to fresh achievement as much by the example of heroic soul as of heroic monument. Rheims ruined may touch the world's thoughts more vitally than Rheims intact. Children of to-day may learn new reverence for art from the very intensity of protest against vandalism with which the air about them is vibrant. Cast violently from comfort in the customary, we have been set throbbing by a sense of new possibilities in our grapple with spiritual problems.

Awed as never before, we find that no battle flame has burned out God. Our stock of faith has proved indestructible both for ourselves and for our country, for what humblest newspaper has hesitated to found its peace-arguments upon the Galilean Gospel? Christianity is the last thing we should lose faith in, for the simple reason that we never have had faith in it. We have granted that Christian principles may be practiced by the individual, but how many of us have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever honestly believed those principles could be practically applied to the conduct of business, government, or international relations? At the same time few of us could deny that Christianity has molded the noblest individuals of our acquaintance. Suddenly Christianity looms before the world as possibly practical for public application. Never having been tested, it remains its best argument. What stronger logic for the Christ experiment than the devastation of the world without it? Much is being written nowadays to prove that Christianity sanctions war. To some of us such pleas are a burning blasphemy. To all such arguments one may oppose one question: Which of us can picture the Jesus of history plunging a bayonet into any man's flesh, or touching the fuse that shall spatter the grass with the warm red blood of boys?

The heaviest fact that the resources of our faith must meet is that whichever side wins, War wins! Surely the conviction farthest from the action of any nation, belligerent or neutral, is the conviction of the practical application of Christianity to public issues. In these bewildering days we can assert our principles only privately and personally. Only as individuals can we serve our country, only as individuals can we serve the world, and only as individuals can we serve our God. It is incumbent upon us as private citizens so to live as to assert our faith in peace, and in the example of One who died to prove His faith in it. Battles may crash and roar about our heads, but we stand, we toil,—serene, high-cheerful, for our inventory reveals to us that we possess, unto death and after, a supply of inexhaustible ideals, since we believe, indeed, in the survival of the fittest, though our ideal of the fittest is a Christ, not a Krupp gun.

WINIFRED KIRKLAND.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHANTOM ARMIES SEEN IN FRANCE

BY THE HON. MRS. ST. JOHN MILDMAY

LITERATURE and history abound with impressive evidence of the intrusion of the phantom world into the affairs of men —a phenomenon which always presents a curious problem. Once again the world is full of rumours, and some of these phenomena seem to be manifesting themselves, to a certain extent, in the present war.

A letter lies before me now in which is related an incident so strange as to excite attention and demand sympathy, although it may be beyond our understanding. It occurred "during the retreat of the 80,000 on that most awful day of that awful time,"—I quote from the graphic description in this letter,—"when ruin and disaster came so near that their shadow fell over London far away, and without any certain news, the hearts of men failed them and grew faint, as if the agony of their brothers on the battlefield had entered into their souls. 300,000 Germans in arms with all their artillery swelled like a flood against the little English Army, and not only was it a time of danger, not merely of defeat, but of utter annihilation." The courage of our gallant men did not fail when "the German guns thundered and shrieked against that little force of 1,000 or so" who held the crucial position.

"The men joked at the shells and found funny names for them, and had bets about them, and greeted them with music-hall songs," as they screamed in this terrific cannonade, laying low the flower of the British Army. The climax seemed to have been reached, but "a seven-times heated hell" of the enemy's onslaught fell upon them, rending brother from brother. "At that very moment," continues the writer, "they saw from their trenches a tremendous host moving against these lines. Five hundred of the thousand remained,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and as far as they could see the German infantry was pressing on against them, column by column, a grey world of men, 10,000 of them, as it appeared afterwards. There was no hope at all. Some of them shook hands. One man improvised a new version of the battle song *Tipperary*, ending, 'and we shan't get there!' And they all went on firing steadily. The officers pointed out that such an opportunity for fancy shooting might never occur again; the Germans dropped line after line, while the few machine-guns did their best. Everyone knew it was of no use. The dead grey bodies lay in companies and battalions, but others came on and on, swarming and advancing from beyond and beyond.

"'World without end, Amen,' said one of the British soldiers, with some irrelevance, as he took aim and fired. Then he remembered a vegetarian restaurant in London, where he had once or twice eaten queer dishes of cutlets made of lentils and nuts that pretended to be steaks. On all the plates in this restaurant a figure of St. George was printed in blue with the motto, *Adsit Anglis Sanctus Georgius*. May St. George be a present help to England! The soldier happened to know Latin and other useless things, so now, as he fired at the grey advancing mass, 300 yards away, he uttered the pious vegetarian motto. He went on firing to the end, till at last Bill on his right had to clout him cheerfully on the head to make him stop, pointing out as he did so that the King's ammunition cost money and was not lightly to be wasted in drilling funny patterns into dead Germans. For as the Latin scholar uttered his invocation he felt something between a shudder and an electric shock pass through his body. The roar of the battle died down in his ears to a gentle murmur, and instead of it, he says, he heard a great voice louder than a thunder peal, crying 'Array! Array!' His heart grew hot as a burning coal, then it grew cold as ice within him, for it seemed to him a tumult of voices answered to this summons. He heard or seemed to hear thousands shouting:

> St. George! St. George!
> Ha! Messire, Ha! Sweet Saint! grant us good deliverance!
> St. George for Merrie England!

Harow! Harow! Monseigneur St. George, succour us, Ha! St. George! A long bow, and a strong bow, Knight of Heaven, aid us!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"As the soldier heard these voices, he saw before him, beyond the trench, a long line of shapes with a shining about them. They were like men who drew the bow, and with another shout their cloud of arrows flew singing and whirring through the air toward the German host. The other men in the trenches were firing all the while. They had no hope, but they aimed just as if they had been shooting at Bisley.

" Suddenly one of these lifted up his voice in plain English. ' Gawd help us! ' he bellowed to the man next him, ' but we're blooming marvels. Look at those grey gentlemen! Look at them! They're not going down in dozens or hundreds—in *thousands* it is! Look, look! There's a regiment gone while I'm talking to ye! ' "

" ' Shut it,' the other soldier bellowed, taking aim, ' What are ye talking about? ' But he gulped with astonishment even while he spoke, for indeed the grey men were falling by the thousands. The English could hear the guttural scream of their revolvers as they shot, and line after line crashed to the earth. All the while the Latin-bred soldier heard the cry ' Harow! Harow! Monseigneur! Dear Saint. Quick to our aid! St. George help us! '

" The singing arrows darkened the air, the heathen hordes melted before them. ' More machine guns! ' Bill yelled to Tom. ' Don't hear them! ' Tom yelled back, ' but thank God, anyway, they have got it in the neck.'

" In fact, there were ten thousand dead German soldiers left before that salient of the English army, and consequently —no Sedan. In Germany, a country ruled by scientific principles, the great General Staff decided that the contemptible English must have employed turpenite shells, as no wounds were discernible on the bodies of the dead soldiers. But the man that knew what nuts tasted like when they called themselves steak, knew also that St. George had brought his Agincourt Bowmen to help the English."

And so ends this wonderful description.[1]

It has been frequently remarked that though the enemy has been through the first and even the second lines of the English army, and when complete destruction appeared inevitable, owing to lack of reinforcements, something stayed these attacks. Could it have been that these great wreaths of grey vapour floated to and fro, shaping them-

[1] The battle of Agincourt was fought Oct. 25th, 1415. It would be interesting to discover whether the incident related above happened on that date last year.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

selves into mysterious phantom forms, and were visible to the advancing hosts against our soldiers? These, too, may have heard in their ears the rising wild notes of clamour, the fierce shouts of battle, now surging in wild waves of tumultuous melody, then dying away in the battlecry, "St. George! St. George! Grant us deliverance! Knight of Heaven, defend us!" Their eyes may have been unveiled to behold the dazzling light that hovered round the mystic army, and their ears rang to that wondrous call, as the Spirit World was sending forth its sons to fight for their beloved country in the cause of Truth, of Light, and of Hope. In vain did it appear for the war-lords to seek to gather their forces together to drive them through that thin khaki line; a stronger Power was opposed to them, and they were hurled back and held in check by the brightness of those Hosts of Heaven until they sank down in their thousands, as so vividly described in this letter.

There is a curious resemblance between this vision and that revealed to the Maid of Orleans, whose mission to deliver France had been foretold in an ancient prophecy. She heard the voices of the Saints and saw their glorified forms in shining light as she sat alone at Domremy. Imposture and witchcraft, in those days, seemed to be the only explanation of her assumptions, and the English, who had come to believe that their beloved King Henry VI. had led them to a Holy War for the purification of France, were convinced that only Satanic might could withstand them, and turn their courage to timidity. Visions of St. Michael and St. Aignan fighting against them increased their terror, and the Maid led her victorious army into Rheims. A few years separate this mission of La Pucelle from the Battle of Agincourt, and vows to Our Lady and to St. George were made when ford after ford was found impracticable and the army became dispirited.

> Their gesture sad,
> Investing lank-lean cloaks and war-worn coats,
> Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
> So many horrid ghosts.

But St. George again answered the call, and Dover watched the homeward sails while it greeted the Royal Standard with shouts of ecstasy.

Once more we hear of psychic phenomena, and in order to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be able to make any reasonable conjecture regarding these spiritual manifestations on the blood-stained territories of Northern France and Belgium, we must look at the subject with an open mind.

It is conceivable that waves of thought are continually flowing from the great centres of the Universe, which are transferred to earth through media of intelligence, but each spirit can transfer only such portions of truth as his development has enabled him to understand, and each mortal can receive only so much knowledge as his intellectual faculties are able to assimilate and comprehend. An explanation of these matters would require a knowledge of the illimitable Universe itself as well as of the nature of that Supreme Being of whom no man can know save in so far as he can grasp the great truth that He is limitless in all senses. Thought is as eternal as life, and as fathomless. Who can say but that the spirits of those killed on the battlefields of old, as well as at the present time, show that they still live, and still think of those they have left, still feel an interest in their struggles, and are as ready to help as when standing side by side in their physical life? It is conceivable, also, that a spirit, at the moment of dissolution, does not lose all the thoughts and desires that have been cultivated in the earthly existence. If the spirit world be created by the thoughts and actions of the soul, every act or thought would therefore form its spiritual material counterpart, and make it possible for events to reproduce themselves.

Modern science tends undoubtedly toward credence in such appearances. Some of our greatest living thinkers, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, and others, are of the opinion that we are on the verge of vast discoveries, and that the future will reveal secrets that have as yet barely entered the mind of man. The hypothesis has been advanced that at death the fluid ether which holds the material body together, escapes into the surrounding atmosphere, and, according to the temperature, this dispersal of the essence is retarded or accelerated, thus explaining the disintegration of the body. Atoms suitable for materialization may be collected from the atmosphere as well as from the emanations proceeding from man, and shaped by spirit-will into the forms of their earthly bodies. Were the chemists of this world sufficiently advanced in knowledge, they might discover the secret of extracting and retaining this mysterious ether, which, in its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tangible form, has been sought by the sages of all times and all countries. When the world has progressed far enough in its knowledge of chemistry, a greater enlightenment concerning this process may be given to man, just as the understanding of electricity and kindred sciences has been bestowed—discoveries which an earlier age would have termed miraculous, or the result of magic in its worst attributes. Electricity is known to be an active agent in the formation of the shapes of vegetable life. Is it possible that the magnetic, electric currents which flow through space continually act upon cloud-masses of human atoms in the same way, and cause in them the semblance of human beings?

Impressions made upon the eye or mind, and associations with certain events in life, recur at times through messages from an invisible world, which reach us in many ways, and it is, perhaps, through these human faculties that the finite is immersed in complete unity with the infinite.

The picture of St. George upon the plate was visualized in the mind of the soldier at a moment of dire distress when the help of a Higher Power was needed, and possibly the Vision and that great cry infused new strength, and thus brought the soul in closer contact with the eternal reality.

MRS. ST. JOHN MILDMAY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SOUTH AND THE NEGRO VOTE

BY JAMES C. HEMPHILL

It could hardly have been expected that in the midst of wars and wars' alarms the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court on the negro suffrage question would receive much attention from the newspaper press; and yet it is one of the most important judgments pronounced by the Court in fifty years. Twenty years ago it would have "fired the Northern heart" to its depths, and been regarded by the Southern white people as demanding from them some new and desperate remedy for a desperate situation. In fact, it has caused scarcely a ripple in the great sea of American public sentiment, which has changed immensely since the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment. It is held by Chief Justice White, who pronounced the unanimous opinion of the Court, that State laws basing the right of persons to vote on the right of their ancestors to vote before the Fifteenth Amendment was passed are illegal, unconstitutional and inoperative—the question as to whether or not the Amendment was adopted lawfully does not appear to have been considered by the Court. It would not be claimed that the mere fact of race or color should determine the right of a man to vote. Basing the right of persons to vote on the right of their ancestors to vote, was hardly worse than basing the right of persons to vote on their race or color, or on the fact that they did not have any ancestors who enjoyed that right.

There can be no question as to the meaning of the first clause of the Fifteenth Amendment. Its terms are perfectly clear and there would never have been any question as to its meaning but for the provision contained in its second clause that "the Congress shall have power to enforce the provisions of this article by appropriate legislation." The Fourteenth, or reconstruction, Amendment, was rejected by Dela-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ware, Kentucky and ten Southern States, and was not acted on by California. But the ten Southern States were subsequently forced to ratify it. The Fifteenth, or negro suffrage, Amendment was rejected by six of the "loyal States" and was forced upon the Southern States by the bayonet at the ballot box. Surely, that was not the "appropriate legislation" contemplated by the Northern States which voted for the ratification of these Amendments.

So far, however, as the suffrage in the Southern States is concerned, speaking generally, the decision of the Supreme Court was largely academic, as, with the exception of the so-called "grandfather clauses" in the State Constitutions of Oklahoma and Maryland upon which the decision turned, there are no other Southern States in which the "grandfather clause" obtains. It will not add a cubit to the voting stature of the negro, and it will not take away from the white man any of his rights. If it shall result in the further restriction of the suffrage to those, whatever their color, race or previous condition, who should be regarded as fit to vote, the South will be all the better for it. Neither the reconstruction nor the suffrage Amendment was contemplated by Lincoln in his struggle to "save the Union." The first was not proclaimed until three years after his assassination, and the last followed two years later. He held that the Southern States had never been out of the Union, and, further, the policy of reconstruction adopted by Congress would never have had his support. In his *Life of Lincoln*, Lamon says: "He never at any time favored the admission of negroes into the body of the electors in his State, or in the States of the South." "I have no purpose," said Lincoln, "to introduce political or social equality between the white and black race. There is a physical difference between the two which probably will forever forbid their living together on the same footing of equality."

There can be no just judgment of the South and the sometimes extraordinary measures to which it was driven for self-preservation without taking account of conditions as they were when the new era in our National life began. There was no such thing fifty years ago as clear thinking on sectional questions. The passions of war were still blazing, and men had lost their reason. In one of his speeches Wendell Phillips said: "I do not believe there will be any peace until 347,000 men of the South are either hanged or exiled."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While the war was still raging fiercely, Parson Brownlow said at a public meeting in New York: "I would like to see Richmond and Charleston captured by negro troops, commanded by Butler, the beast. We will crowd the rebels into the Gulf of Mexico, and drown the entire race, as the devil did the hogs in the Sea of Galilee." When the bill to confiscate land in the South was before Congress, Thad Stevens said: "The South's land must be seized and divided and conveyed to loyal men, black and white." In one of his speeches at Washington in 1863 Senator Lane, of Kansas, said: "I would like to live long enough to see every white man in South Carolina in hell, the negroes inheriting their territory." As late as 1879, Wendell Phillips wrote in an article published in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for March: "Every rebel State should have been held as a territory under the direct rule of the Government, without troublesome questions." Major George W. Nichols, aide-de-camp of General Sherman on his march through the South, wrote in his book *The Story of the Great March,* page 193: "The white people of South Carolina are among the most degraded specimens of humanity I ever saw—lazy, shiftless; only energy to whine. The higher classes in South Carolina represent the scum, the lower, the dregs of civilization. They are not Americans; they are merely South Carolinians." Shortly after the South surrendered, Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, made a flying trip down to the South Atlantic States, and on his return to Washington the newspapers reported him as saying: "I found the whites a worn-out, effete race, without vigor, mental or physical. On the contrary, the negroes are alive, alert, full of energy. I predict in twenty-five years the negroes of the South will be at the head of all affairs, political, religious, the arts and sciences."

As showing the temper of the times these statements could be extended indefinitely. The South was helpless. Its legislative assemblies were packed with the most ignorant negroes, who were managed by criminal carpet-baggers and worse native "scalawags," as they were called, and government in the South was one long orgy until the better sentiment of the whole country was stirred to sympathy with the prostrate States. When human flesh and blood could endure no longer, there were acts of violence in the South that could be defended only on the plea of stern necessity, and when the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deliverance of the South from alien control finally arrived, and the white people had come back into their own, new laws were enacted which would make a return to this savagery forever impossible. That there was discrimination against the negroes has never been denied; that such discrimination was justified by their failure to administer public affairs in the public interest, when they had behind them the sentiment of the entire country outside the conquered States, the facts will show.

Ten years ago Colonel Francis G. Caffey, a native of Alabama, then practicing law in New York City and now Solicitor of the Department of Agriculture, discussed with great ability and fairness, in the *Political Science Quarterly*, "Suffrage Limitations at the South." In December, 1903, the committee on political reform of the Union League Club of New York made a report on the suffrage conditions in the eleven Southern States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. The committee argued that the suffrage was greatly restricted in the Southern States, that the restrictions imposed upon it constituted a denial of the right of citizens of the United States to vote within the meaning of the amended Constitution, that the marked decrease in the average vote for Congressmen in the South from 1892 to 1902 was due primarily to the limitations upon the suffrage, that these limitations were intended to eliminate the negro vote, that they gave the white population of the South an unfair advantage, and should result in the reduction of Southern representation in Congress and in the Electoral College. The committee reported that it had failed to find restrictive or unfair clauses in the Constitutions of Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Arkansas and Texas, but made no complaint of the statutes in these States except that in Tennessee and in Florida the Australian ballot laws in practice excluded illiterates from voting.

In the remaining six Southern States the suffrage is restricted by constitutional provisions, and, as fairly typical of the conditions in these States, Colonel Caffey discussed at considerable length and with some detail the suffrage provisions of the revised Constitution of Alabama which went into effect in November, 1901. Two plans were provided for in this Constitution—a temporary plan which remained in force only until January 1, 1903, under which all persons

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

registered could obtain certificates which would entitle them to vote for life, provided they complied with the other requirements of the Constitution; and a permanent plan which now controls the suffrage requirements in the State. Under the temporary plan, persons possessing the prescribed qualifications as to age and residence, and who had not been convicted of crime, were entitled to register if they had honorably served in the War of 1812 or in the Mexican, Indian, Civil or Spanish war; if they were lawful descendants of persons who had honorably served in these wars, or if they were persons of good character and understood the duties and obligations of citizenship. Under the permanent plan, only persons who possess educational or property qualifications are entitled to registration—those who, unless physically disabled, can read and write and have been regularly engaged in some lawful employment for the greater part of the twelve months preceding their application for registration, and those who own at least forty acres of land on which they reside, or own real or personal property assessed for taxation at a valuation of at least $300, on which the taxes for the previous year have been paid. Two further restrictions are imposed on the suffrage—the payment of a poll tax in February of each year, nine months in advance of the general election in any year and a provision barring vagrants and all who are not substantial, settled citizens from registration. In the actual operation of the law it has been found that many who obtained life certificates of registration under the temporary plan, and who have not paid their poll taxes, have been unable to vote.

In its report the committee of the Union League Club criticised severely the "grandfather," "good character," and "understanding" qualifications for registration required in the temporary plan; but failed to note the poll tax and vagrancy clauses which apply alike to whites and blacks, to the validity of which there can be no objection and which have been more effective than anything else in barring the negroes from voting. The permanent plan of the Constitution was framed after the example of Massachusetts and other Northern States. The vagrancy clauses are absolute, and bear upon white men and black men alike. The poll tax clause makes no discrimination, and has eliminated from the voting lists many who were registered under the temporary plan. Deaths and removals from the State have gradually

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

removed from the registration lists all others whose names were unfairly or unworthily placed there prior to 1903.

Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana each have a constitutional suffrage scheme similar in general purpose to the Alabama plan, but varying in details. Four States had the "grandfather" clause—Virginia, Alabama, North Carolina and Louisiana. In Virginia the right to registration was extended to soldiers and sailors who served in time of war prior to 1902, and to their sons; in Alabama the right was not limited to sons, but extended to lawful descendants. In Alabama the clause ceased to be operative January 1, 1903, and in Virginia on December 31, 1903. In North Carolina the Constitution provided a square educational qualification, but up to December 1, 1908, persons who had the right to vote prior to 1867, and their lineal descendants, were excepted from the educational test. In Louisiana there was a similar provision in the Constitution, extending, however, only to sons and grandsons; but this provision ceased to be operative in 1898. The real "grandfather" clause, based on descent from a voter, has existed only in North Carolina and Louisiana; but in the former State it ceased to be operative in 1908, and in the latter in 1898. This clause, Colonel Caffey naïvely observes, "was probably suggested to these two States by the provision in the Massachusetts Constitution making the right to vote in 1857 a sufficient qualification for registration"; and he adds: "In North Carolina, down to 1835, 'free persons, without regard to color, claimed and exercised the franchise,' and the free negro population of that State in 1830 was 15,543." Under the war service qualification for the suffrage some negroes could have registered in every Southern State. "In Alabama, for instance, one out of three regiments from the State in the Spanish War [of which, by the way, Colonel Caffey was the Lieutenant-Colonel] was composed of negroes; and if we may take as a basis of estimate the number of negroes in the South drawing pensions, a great many of them served in the Civil War. It is not unusual in Northern States to reward war service by favorable provisions in suffrage and public service laws. Massachusetts has for many years made such a discrimination in its election laws."

It is not claimed that the election laws have invariably been administered with fairness in the South. They have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not been so administered in many Northern States—in Adams County, Ohio, and in Terre Haute, Indiana, for example—but that does not excuse crooked practices in the South. In Alabama it is made a felony for any one to pay the poll tax of another. Ballot-box stuffing is not indigenous to the South. "Tissue ballots" were taken down there by the adventurers who followed in the wake of the invading armies. The making over of Congressional districts to suit political necessities was taught by the clever statesmen who were never under the spell of human slavery. The South is no better than it should be, but it is far better than it would have been had the gentlewoman from Kansas realized her pious hope and prayer: "I hope and pray that when I pass away from earth, I will be able to look down from the heavenly blue above and see the black heel set on the white necks of these people."

James C. Hemphill.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTERNATIONAL FINANCES

BY FRANK W. MAHIN

GREAT BRITAIN, France, and Germany are the countries which naturally suggest themselves for comparison in a study of international finances, since they and the United States are always classed together in any category of countries most distinguished for progressive activity in commerce, for general intelligence, and for the other elements constituting a great nation. The comparison is made, of course, with the finances of the three European countries as they were before the present war began.

In making a comparison, the colonies of all these countries are excluded, for where they are not fully self-supporting their annual cost to the respective parent countries is negligible in the vast totals of Government accounts. Besides, this comparison is only to show the relative weight of the financial burdens carried by the people of the countries in question, and it is immaterial where the tax-raised money is expended.

The Government expenditures of all these nations have grown steadily year by year. Between 1900 and 1913 they grew in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland from $700,000,000 to $917,000,000 a year; in France, from $709,000,000 to $945,000,000; in Germany, from $577,000,000 to $900,000,000. During the same period in the United States the growth of Government expenditures was from $590,000,000 to $969,071,190, this not including $41,741,258 spent on the Panama Canal. The most of the increase in the United States was on three accounts—pensions, the navy, and the postal service.

While the increase in the United States was absolutely greater than in either of the other countries, it was less in proportion to growth of population. In 1900 the Govern-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment expenditures of this country averaged $7.90 per capita, and in 1913 about $10 per capita; those of Great Britain averaged $17.24 per capita in 1900 and $20 in 1913; those of France, $18.30 in 1900 and $23.60 in 1913; those of Germany, $10.27 in 1900 and $13.45 in 1913. Thus, the increases during the thirteen years were, in the United States $2.10 per capita, in Great Britain $2.76, in France $5.30, in Germany $3.18.

The expenditures of the United States were not only less per capita than those of the other countries, but very much less in proportion to national wealth. The wealth of the United States, according to the latest estimates, is 140 times its annual Government expenditures; that of Great Britain, 93 times; of France, 75 times; of Germany, 73 times.

We have seen that the per capita expenditures of the United States for National Government purposes are much less than those of the other countries considered. The contrast is also brought out forcibly by comparing the population and area of the countries. While the expenditures of the United States are but little more than those of either of the other countries, it has nearly 25 times the area of the United Kingdom and over twice its population; over 14 times the area of France and over twice its population; over 14 times the area of Germany and 50 per cent. more population.

In the matter of debt, comparison also favors the United States. According to recent official statements our national debt is $1,028,000,000, or $10.45 per capita of the population; Great Britain's, $3,486,000,000, or $76.35 per capita; France's, $6,346,000,000, or $160.25 per capita; Germany's, $1,300,000,000, or $19.70 per capita.

It might be supposed that the separate debts and expenditures of our sovereign States would offset the favorable difference between the United States and those other countries, but such is not the case. They also have local divisions, with separate debts and expenditures. The total annual expenditures of all our States approximate $400,000,000, and their total debt is also about $400,000,000. There is nothing in Great Britain and France fairly comparable with our States, though in some respects they resemble the shires and departments of those countries. But the German States materially resemble our States in their financial independence; they levy direct taxes, while the revenues of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Imperial Government are derived mainly from indirect taxation, like those of our own National Government. The total expenditures of the German States approximate $1,600,000,000 a year and their total debt is about $4,000,000,000. However, a considerable part of this enormous State debt is due to construction and ownership of railroads, which form an important asset against the debt.

Then there are the county and municipal expenditures and debts in the United States, and their like exists in those other countries. Such local expenditures in the United States annually aggregate approximately $2,300,000,000 and the local debts about $2,800,000,000. In Great Britain similar local expenditures aggregate $930,000,000 a year; with local debts totaling $3,365,000,000. Much of this British local debt was caused by the purchase and construction of water-works, gas and electric works, street railroads, and so forth, by cities. In France corresponding local expenditures are placed at the relatively low annual total of $420,000,000 and debts at $1,100,000,000. In Germany official returns of annual local expenditures aggregate only $320,000,000, with debts of $1,200,000,000.

The foregoing items tabulate as follows:

EXPENDITURES.

	Great Britain.	France.	Germany.	United States.
National.....	$ 917,000,000	$ 945,000,000	$ 900,000,000	$ 969,000,000
State, city, etc....	930,000,000	420,000,000	1,920,000,000	2,700,000,000
Total.....	$1,847,000,000	$1,365,000,000	$2,820,000,000	$3,669,000,000
Per capita.....	$41	$34	$42.70	$37.40

DEBT.

National.....	$3,486,000,000	$6,346,000,000	$1,300,000,000	$1,028,000,000
State, city, etc....	3,365,000,000	1,100,000,000	5,200,000,000	3,200,000,000
Total.....	$6,851,000,000	$7,446,000,000	$6,500,000,000	$4,228,000,000
Per capita.....	$152.24	$184.60	$98.50	$43

These figures show that the United States has a much lighter debt burden per capita of population than any of the three countries compared, and a lighter tax burden per capita than any of those countries except France. But even this exception is probably erroneous, because the available statistics of public local expenditures in France are believed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be incomplete. That is also true of the corresponding statistics for Germany. So it is probable that the total public expenses of France per capita are as high as those of the United States, if not higher, and that the per capita of Germany is still higher than appears by the preceding table.

All these figures apply to a time of peace. The war in which these other countries are now engaged will immensely widen the comparative difference between their expenses and debts and those of the United States. Great Britain's debt may be doubled, France's increased one-half, and Germany's tripled or quadrupled. Taxes have already been heavily increased to pay the current expenses of the war, and taxes must remain at an abnormal height for years after the war to meet obligations and to repair the wreck and devastation caused by it.

France has the largest debt of any country in the world. It was created by wars and the extravagance of monarchs. But in later years France's finances have been managed with skill and prudence. The readiness and apparent ease with which France paid the $1,000,000,000 indemnity to Germany in 1871 astonished the world.

It is said that this great sum gradually disappeared from the German treasury during the ensuing six years, for Germany's ordinary revenues were less than its expenses. Subsequent deficits have been met by loans, so that nearly every year has witnessed an increase of Germany's debt. It has doubled during the last twenty years, though it is still much less than the combined debt of the German States. However, this national debt increase does not mean waste or extravagance, but rather an insufficiency of revenue. For means to meet its national expenses Germany is practically limited to customs duties and internal revenue taxes. Income taxes, which are indispensable to the national treasuries of various other countries, are levied entirely by the German States and municipalities and go into their treasuries. Notwithstanding the great development of Germany's army and navy in recent years, its expenditures in that direction have been relatively small. The cost of the German army has averaged about $240,000,000 a year and of the navy about $120,000,000 a year for the past five years. Germany's standing army was 870,000. Great Britain's army cost during the same period averaged $135,000,000 and its navy $210,000,000 a year, with a standing army of 250,000.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

France's army cost averaged $200,000,000 and its navy $90,000,000 a year; standing army, 700,000. The cost of the United States army averaged about $115,000,000 and of its navy about $125,000,000 a year; standing army, 100,000. The relatively higher cost of the United States army is due mainly to its soldiers being better paid than those of other armies.

The national debt of the United States has been practically stationary during the past twenty-five years, though it has decreased nearly one-half per capita of the population. The per capita interest charge on this debt is now 23 cents annually. Great Britain's interest charge is $2.41 per capita; France's, $4.71; Germany's, 83 cents.

The per capita circulation of money in the United States December 1, 1914, was $36.40. Recent statements gave the per capita circulation in Great Britain as $21.21; in France, $48.91; in Germany, $21.36. France leads not only in the per capita of all kinds of money in circulation, but also in that of gold, with $30.30 per capita, against $19.48 in the United States, $16.10 in Great Britain, and $13.30 in Germany.

All these countries have uncovered paper money—that which is not represented by an equal amount of coin or bullion held in the national treasury to redeem it on demand. The United States leads with approximately $1,000,000,000 worth of uncovered paper—the amount varying with financial requirements. According to recent statistics France follows with $325,000,000 worth, Germany with $261,600,000, and Great Britain with $115,200,000. Apparently the United States has a vast lot of irredeemable paper money afloat; but in fact all except some $200,000,000 of its uncovered paper is national bank notes, secured by United States bonds held in the treasury. The national bank paper has been greatly increased by issues under the present currency law, previous to which the total amount of our uncovered paper was under $800,000,000. The increase was made possible by the Congressional legislation of the past two years, giving our financial system the elasticity for lack of which it has been invidiously compared with the systems of other countries.

We have seen how favorably the United States appears in contrast with other great countries in respect to public debt and expenditures. Even if those countries had not engaged in war there is no reason to doubt that the comparison would have continued to favor the United States in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

definitely so far as national debt and expenses are concerned. But it is less certain as to local debt and expenses, particularly those of towns and cities. They have increased prodigiously in this country during the last twenty-five years, out of proportion to increase of population, and in striking contrast to the moderate growth of State debt and expenses. Supervision and control akin to what the British Government exercises over British cities would be wholesome for American municipalities which are inclined to prodigality.

But the State control in this country should be through constitutional restrictions upon municipalities rather than through mere legislative enactment, which always lacks stability and certainty and might be meddlesome and capricious or inspired by party considerations and personal interests.

FRANK W. MAHIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE AND CHANCE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

MANY natural philosophers of our time believe that the appearance of life upon this planet was a fortuitous occurrence—that it was as accidental as the fall of a die, or as the profile of the rocks—entirely the result of the blind hit-and-miss method of Nature as seen in the inorganic world. In the last analysis, according to this view, we are all merely molecular accidents. Let us see in what sense, if any, this may be true. To come at the truth in it we must look upon the fortuitous and the accidental, not as they occur in a world of mechanical movements, but in a world of chemical reactions. The fortuitous among chemical bodies is quite a different thing from the fortuitous among ponderable bodies. We might shake together the parts of a watch for all eternity and not get that adjustment of the wheels and springs that makes a watch. If a thousand of brick are dumped upon the ground, is there any probability that they will take the form of a house? Or if the letters of the alphabet are shaken up together in a bag, is there the slightest chance that they will arrange themselves into words and that the words will arrange themselves into intelligent sentences? In all these things the parts have no attraction for one another, but among chemical compounds, out of which living bodies are built up, there rules the selective force of chemical affinity. The elements select their partners. It is a marriage in which two literally become one. Chemistry is on the road to life; chemical transformations lead up to the transformations we call vital. The physical forces transport and transpose and seek a state of rest; they sort and sift the sands and gravels and clays of the soil, depositing them in a regular series, but they never get beyond the realm of mere chance. The clouds are ever changing, but they never change

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into living forms. The waves shift and pile the sands endlessly upon the shore, but the shore is always essentially the same. Gravity is the ruling force. But among chemical bodies a new force appears; chemical affinity is here the determining factor. The law of probability plays a secondary part. Spontaneous combustion, for instance, is a molecular accident only in a limited sense. The antecedent conditions may be in a measure accidental, but the chemical reactions that bring about the rise of temperature to the point of combustion are not accidental; they inhere in the constitution of the elements. Life may be of spontaneous and fortuitous origin in the same sense; not a mere chance happening among unrelated bodies, but the continuation of long-antecedent conditions brought about by that mysterious force we call chemical attraction. This force, as it were, gives the elements eyes, and hands, and feet, and power of choice, and determines the line of their activities. Liquid water, without which life could not exist, was contingent upon the chemical union in fixed properties of the two gases, oxygen and hydrogen; accident may have played a part in the meeting of those two gases, but, once met, under the proper conditions, water was bound to appear. The chemical union of oxygen and silica, which forms so large a part of the earth's surface, was predetermined by the nature of the substances, but the forms of the landscape and the size and the shape of the continents were not in the same sense predetermined. An entirely different disposition of the land surfaces of the globe than the one we behold might have occurred.

Life has its roots in the ground. Everywhere in the inorganic world are movements that foreshadow the organic; inanimate nature is dreaming of the animate. If the worm, as Emerson says, "is striving to be man," the clod is no less striving to be worm. The crystal prepares the way for the cell. The flowing currents of air and water are forerunners of the flowing currents of the living body. Solutions, precipitations, chemical reactions, oxidation, osmotic pressure, assimilation, disassimilation, catalytic power—all antedate and apparently lead up to the movement in matter that we call vital. Life had a large capital to begin on. Its house was well furnished, and its servants awaited its call. It was dowered with the air, the water, the soil, the warmth, the light. The four estates of matter—the solid, the fluid, the gaseous, the ethereal—were its special inheritance. They furnished the conditions. The colloids mothered it, the catalyses fathered it. Electricity, radio-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

activity, chemical transformations, are parts of its assets. The forces of life are only the forces of inert matter imbued with a new purpose. In the living body we see the same old chemistry and physics working to higher ends. The chemical transformation of the two substances into a body totally unlike either is a forerunner of the magical changes in the conditions of matter wrought by life. The scientific philosophers find no tendency or activity in living matter that they cannot match in the non-living; hence to them there is no difference between the two that experimental science can grasp. But behold the difference to our consciousness! The difference lies in the purposive activities of one that is absent from the other. There is no purpose in the facets of a crystal in the sense that there is purpose in the forms and structures of living bodies. The hinge of a bivalve has purpose that is determined by the needs of the organism; but what purpose have the lines of cleavage in the rocks, or the contours of the hills, or the courses of the streams? All these things may serve man's purpose, but they are meaningless when regarded in their own light. There is no significance in the whistle of the wind about your house, but a whistle of another kind there in the darkness would startle you. The sounds of inanimate Nature mean nothing, but all sounds that proceed from living, moving things are significant. The rainbow is an optical phenomenon, and, though a beautiful symbol to us mortals, it is not purposive; it plays no part in the physics of the storm. There is no purpose in the glint of the dewdrop nor in the sparkle of the diamond, but there is purpose in the flash of the firefly and in the beam of the glow-worm. The gay plumage of certain birds has a deep significance that does not attach to the brilliant hues of precious stones.

All the movements of Nature may be divided into rational and irrational. The movements of living things are rational; they serve a purpose in meeting the needs of those things; but non-living things have no needs, hence their movements are fortuitous and irrational.

The collisions and disruptions that take place in the vast depths of sidereal space show that chance takes a hand in the game even there, though the universal law of gravitation is not annulled.

Though one has trouble in reconciling the hit-and-miss method of Nature which one sees all about him—her blind, groping, experimental ways—with the obvious purpose and order which one sees in all living bodies, yet the reconciliation some-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

how exists. Here life appears and here it goes on amid accidents, delays, waste, failures; at war with itself, at war with the physical forces; rooted in the inorganic, but perpetually crushed and destroyed by it; the long evolutionary process crowned by a man as if he were the end of it all, yet man beset by a thousand enemies, internal and external; his history marked by war, pestilence, famine, suffering, injustice, the monstrous and the abnormal; the methods and aims of intelligence seen everywhere in the organic world, yet intelligence hampered by matter and struggling to be free; chance taking a hand in every game in life, and only life itself seeming superior to the clash of conflicting forces.

We have at once to look upon the organic and inorganic as occupying two different planes. In the world of inert matter one sees only the operation of fixed laws, things cannot be otherwise than as they are; fate rules, the balance of forces is fatefully kept. But when we reach the world of living things all this is changed; the books are never balanced; there is purpose, flexibility, indeterminateness, a shaping of means to an end, an ever-changing fixity, movement which perpetually defeats the tendency in matter to a dead equilibrium. In life matter takes on a new behavior, enters into new combinations, builds up new forms, and in a measure escapes from the law of necessity that rules inanimate bodies.

Life is like those figures which the sculptor sometimes carves when he shows us the form of a youth or a maiden partly freed from the shapeless block of marble—the flowing and delicate lines of life are quickly lost in the ragged and broken lines of the insensate stone. Life is hampered and bound by the fatality of matter in the same way—the organic is still in bonds to the inorganic; it is half one and half the other, and is constantly struggling for mere freedom. This struggle is the drama of evolution, and the drama and tragedy of human history. Its very condition is the union of two opposing elements —fate and freedom wedded in one movement. Life without that which hampers and holds it would not be life; it would have no reality, no expression. The struggle and the antagonism give it body and power. It also opens the door to chance or fortune, as the ancients called it.

The living has to adapt itself to the non-living. The latter is uncompromising; it goes its own way if all life perishes. But life is plastic, inventive, compromising; it takes what it can get; under the pressure of outward conditions it is per-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

petually changing; it flows on like a stream, taking the form that external conditions impose upon it, but ever flowing. It would not be life without this inherent movement.

All life asks is opportunity; it takes its chances in the clash of opposing forces; it loses at one point and gains at another; the hazards of time and change modify it, hindering or helping it, but do not extinguish it.

Forms grow old, but the life impulse does not grow old. The animal brain suddenly began to increase in size in Tertiary times. Why? To account for evolution, as I see it, I have to substitute something like the creative impulse of Bergson for the mechanical and fortuitous selection of Darwin. The process of evolution would have stopped, or never have begun, had there not been the inherent tendency of life to struggle up to higher and more complex forms. Mechanical forces seek rest—life forces seek action and change; a static equilibrium is the tendency of the one, a dynamic disequilibrium is the aim of the other. The boy's hoop stands up as long as he keeps it running; it does not have time to fall, gravity is defeated every moment. This is a type of living matter; the life impulse keeps it from stopping and falling down.

It is easy to see that chance, or the law of probability, would have brought the world of dead matter where it is, but the living world presents a different problem. Here we strike the world of organization, parts fitted to parts, and parts subordinated to parts, the many organized into the one. Still there is the same hit-and-miss method of the action and interaction of bodies upon one another, the blind inorganic forces taking a hand in the game of life; the seeds are sown by the chance action of the winds and the floods, the forests are planted and trimmed by chance; the chance actions of squirrels and jays and crows plant the heavy nuts, the grazing cows plant the apple and red-thorn seeds, the fruit-eating birds scatter and drop the many small fruits; there is chance in the planting and trimming and weeding of Nature's garden, and in its locality, but is there chance in the production of her living gardener, in life itself? It is in the reciprocal action of the living and the non-living that life goes on. Chance, inside of mechanical and chemical laws, rules in the one; chance, limited and subordinated to specific ends, rules in the other. Fate and freedom each play a part in life. The plants that spread by runners are free to spread in all directions, but they are fated to run; the vines that climb by tendrils are free to reach

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out in all directions, and their tendrils react to whatever they touch, and cling there; the fate of their organization limits them to this mode of getting up in the sun and air. Were there not something fixed and upright, the tendriled vines and plants could not get on in the world. Every tree and every plant has its typical form, but what variations inside that pattern or form! The pines and spruces must throw out their branches in whorls at regular intervals, with one central shoot leading the ranks upward; this is the fixed or stereotyped form, but kill the central shoot, and the tree is free to promote one of the lateral shoots to take the place of the lost leader. The maple-leaves, the oak-leaves, are of fixed patterns, but how hard to find two leaves of the same tree that are exactly alike! The mating of the queen bee and the drones in the air of a summer's day is a chance meeting; the mating of men and women from which marriages result is largely a chance meeting; the fertilization of flowers through the agency of insects is largely a chance occurrence; if the weather is bad for a number of consecutive days, the fertilization does not take place. Chance enters into life in this way. As the inorganic forces are blind and haphazard, and the wind bloweth where it listeth, the success of the organic forces, so far as they draw upon these things, is fortuitous also. Aristotle seems to think that organisms are under the same rule of necessity as prevails in the inorganic world. The rain he says does not fall in order to make the corn grow any more than it falls to spoil the corn when it is threshed out in the field. This is the modern scientific view. The weather system is indifferent to crops; the rain falls by reason of the laws of physics, which always act the same under the same conditions. The rain is not designed for the corn, but the corn avails itself of the rain because it has organic needs. The rain has no needs; inert matter has no needs; it is ruled by necessity, but living things are ruled by a different order of necessity—the necessity arising from their internal spontaneity, of which Aristotle speaks. Aristotle thinks that the teeth and other organs of an animal have a merely accidental relation to its body, and all the parts to which we attribute design; they continue, and are perfected because they are useful. This is natural selection before Darwin. But it is more in agreement with the thought of today to regard all the parts of a living body as the result of an inherent demand of the organism—the "internal spontaneity" which Aristotle had in mind. All parts of living bodies are appropriately

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

constituted, but the word "appropriate" does not apply in the same sense to winds and clouds.

Contingency attends all forms of life, but determinism rules throughout the realm of insensate matter. The pulp of all fruits is purposeful; it is a wage for any animal that will come and sow this seed, but behold how largely chance enters into this bargain! The heavy nuts have neither hooks nor springs nor wings, but they are toothsome to birds and beasts which supply feet and wings, hence they get scattered. Every part and organ of a living body is purposeful, and not the result of chance as we use the term, but its lot is cast in a world of unorganized material forces, which go their endless rounds from one static condition to another, bound in the iron law of causality.

Nature makes her knives and shears and drills and chisels and augers and hammers a part of a living organism, while with man they are but the mechanical extension of his hand and brain. The parts of a watch are no more purposeful than are the parts of the human body, and are no more the result of a "fortuitous concourse of atoms"; but there is no mystery about a watch; it can all be explained in terms of mechanics plus the mind of man. A living body cannot be so explained; the mystery is in the organizing principle which defies all analysis and all attempts at reproduction. "Natural philosophy," says Professor Soddy, of Glasgow University, "may explain a rainbow, but not a rabbit." We can produce a rainbow at will, but only rabbits can produce rabbits. Yet Professor Soddy seems to think it is not improbable that the time will come when the chemist will be "able to synthesize foodstuffs apart from the life-process." If he means directly from the inorganic elements, I do not see why it would not be as easy to synthesize a rabbit as to synthesize a peach, or a kernel of wheat, or a beefsteak, or an egg, "apart from the life-process."

Fate and freedom play with or against each other in all living things; there is fate in the material conditions of life, and freedom in life itself; their interaction opens the door to chance; freedom of choice in us makes all our mistakes and failures possible. Life is plastic, fluid, a flowing metamorphosis, ever and never the same.

When the wind snatched my hat off my head the other day, and carried it down the street amid a cloud of dust and dry leaves, whisking it across to the other side and between the feet of a colored man bearing a big bundle of excelsior on his shoul-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ders, the hat was completely in the grip of the fateful material forces. But the colored man who seized it and held it was force of another kind. The wind might have carried him away also had it been stronger, but he would at least have struggled and opposed his strength to it. And it is in this that the freedom of life consists: freedom to struggle—to push on, to overcome obstacles, and to turn the inorganic forces against themselves, thus making life strong by the strength of the obstacle it surmounts. We cannot still the wind, but in our sail-boats we can use it.

The extent to which the law of probability rules in the organic world is seen in the fact that the proportion of males to females among all species keeps pretty uniform. In any given city or country there will probably be about the same number of deaths from the various diseases year after year, unless some means of fighting disease are employed. There will be about the same number of weddings and elopements, about the same number of defective persons born, about the same number of persons that reach extreme old age, and of persons above or under the average height. The fluctuations about a common mean in all things will be pretty regular. Indeed, the law of averages plays about as full a part in organic as in inorganic nature. It is probable that just about as many boys will be drowned while skating each winter and while bathing each summer.

In a world of pure mechanics and chemistry all these things would remain about the same, century after century. But the reason and soul of man introduce a new element, and the dice are loaded, at times, at least. Still, the law of probability plays a prominent part in the affairs of men and nations. Over and above our wills and purposes stream the great cosmic currents which we cannot stem, but which, in a measure, we can and do utilize.

Development is what distinguishes the living from the dead. Friction and collision, warmth and moisture, do not develop the pebbles on the beach.

A variation proves advantageous only to something growing, expanding, and seeking advantages and capable of profiting by them. The tendency of the action of outward physical forces upon a body is to produce uniformity, and if living bodies were shaped by these forces alone they would all be alike. If there was not something in every living form that was *sui generis*, they would all be alike.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Professor Soddy says that "inanimate molecules in all their movements obey the law of probability, the law which governs the successive falls of a true die." While this is true in a world of mechanical forces, it certainly is not true in the world of living bodies—here the die is loaded.

The slight variations in the forms of living things are doubtless the result of outward chance occurrences. In passing from the purely mechanical to the vital, we seem to enter a realm where the dice are loaded; chance still plays a part, but a secondary part. The perfect apple on the tree has escaped many mishaps of wind and storm and hostile insect and germ, but it is not a matter of chance that it is an apple, and that it is sweet or sour, red or green, round or flat. That species of apple is always thus with possible modifications. Soil, climate, exposure, culture, all have their influence.

In all marriages and social relations chance plays a part—a chance meeting, an auspicious moment—but sex and the social instinct are not a matter of chance. There is no chance in the workings of the Mendelian law; it is mathematically exact.

If a hybrid which results from the crossing of two varieties that differ from each other only in one specific character, as in color, or tallness, or shortness, be planted, we know that one-fourth of the seeds will take on the character of one grandparent, and one-fourth take on the character of the other, and that the other two-fourths of them will take on the character of the hybrid, and that this order will repeat itself endlessly. Chance takes no part in the result. The dominant characters are constantly separated from each other in the second generation to the extent of one-half, while the other half remains hybrid.

The element of chance enters into all the operations of outward nature. Not a flower blooms, not a fruit forms, not a drop of rain falls, not a child is born, but is more or less contingent upon the changes and fluctuations of the natural currents and forces. But the capacity of matter itself to produce life we cannot think of as accidental; only its development is subject to the law of chance in a world of conflicting forces.

If the seed did not possess an innate tendency to grow and unfold under favoring conditions, the flower, the fruit, could not appear, or the child be born. And if matter did not possess potential life, life could never have appeared in the world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I conceive that the appearance of life upon this globe was a matter of chance in the same way that fertilization or impregnation in the vegetable and animal world is a matter of chance. There is the possibility of fertilization to start with, and there is the inherent tendency, but unless conditions favor—conditions that are contingent upon many things—it does not take place. In the vegetable world, storms, frosts, rains, floods may prevent fertilization; or the part played by insects may be negatived in some way. In the animal world, external conditions, as well as internal, must also favor, and fortune certainly plays a part in the game. In cold late springs the first birds' nests contain fewer eggs than they do in warm, early seasons. One summer there is an invasion of insect pests—grasshoppers, or tent caterpillars, or forest worms—the chance conditions favored them; the next season the country may be quite free from them, the conditions having been reversed. The slow or the rapid increase of the population of a country is contingent upon many things. Economic conditions play a part, climate plays a part, the geography and the geology play a part. What a part the Gulf Stream has played in the life of the British Islands! What a part a great river, an inland sea, or a much broken coast-line plays in the life of the countries to which these belong! Life is expansive, tends to push out and develop, but it is at the mercy of external conditions. Environment is either a check or a stimulant.

The origin of life, and the many forms it has taken, were probably a matter of chance in the same sense that the origin of springs and streams and the formation of rivers were matters of chance. Given our weather system, and the unequal elevation of land above the sea, and fountains and streams are bound to appear, but they will all be modified and shaped by the chance conditions they encounter. Water will flow, and the tendency of life to push out and on, and organize itself into new forms, is equally inherent. It seems to me we have to take into account this innate expansive or evolutionary force in living matter. To ask whence it comes, how it is related to the matter which it animates, as mankind so long have asked, is at once to get beyond sounding. All forms of life bear the stamp of the environment. Life must adapt itself to its material conditions. And this living adaptation of life to its environment is radically different from a mechanical adjustment. Inanimate bodies adjust themselves, animate bodies adapt themselves. It is this power of adaptation which makes all purely mechanistic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conceptions of life so inadequate. The only machine that can fit itself to the medium in which it moves is the living machine. To inquire into the fitness of the environment is to reverse the problem, and leads to confusion; since the environment is uncompromising, and life must adapt itself to it or cease to be. Man can and does alter his environment to a limited extent, but not so radically as his environment alters him. He cannot change the air he breathes, or the water he drinks, or the nature of the food he eats, nor change his vital relations to the physical world. His mechanical relations, to a certain extent, wait upon his will, but his vital relations are for ever fixed. The place and the hour leave their mark upon everything—more upon the plastic and adaptive forms of life than upon the rigid and immobile forms of death. If you and I had been born in another month, another season, or in another country than we were, can there be any doubt that we should have been quite other than we are? If Carlyle had come and settled here when Emerson invited him, is it not almost certain that his outlook upon life would have been radically changed, and his literary output different? The currents flow; life molds itself to the moments as they fly. The almost infinite diversities of types and characters attest the influence of the chance happenings in the environment. The plains beget one type of life; the mountains, the desert, the sea, the wilderness beget others. The professions and occupations beget their types. The general type of a race long adjusted to its environment—the English, the French, the Arabian, the Mongolian—remains fairly constant, but inside this constancy occur the slight local differences owing to differences in environment. No doubt extraordinary men are in a measure the result of happy accident. There are determining or favoring factors—race, climate, family inheritance, and so on—and there are modifying and fortuitous factors in the daily lives and habits of the parents and in the social conditions. The web of human life is so complex, so many influences and inheritances converge and unite in the genesis of every life, that the elements of chance or fortune inevitably play a part. The malformed, the under-witted, the monstrosities, the still-born, all afford evidence of how the plans of Nature are thwarted or marred by accident. This factor of chance invades even the life of the cells, and occasionally some part is absent or defective.

The forms and distributions of bodies in inorganic nature are not important; any other scheme or rearrangement would do

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just as well. The wonderful monumental and architectural rock-forms in the great Southwest are purely a matter of chance—that is, they serve no special purpose, though, given the kind of rock, and the conditions, they are inevitable; they are fated to be thus and not otherwise. But the men and women who make long journeys to view the marvelous spectacle are not in the same way a matter of chance, and their going thither is not a matter of chance; other than physical causes have determined the journey. Their desire to make the journey has its physical basis, but the journey itself was not inevitable like the flow of water down-hill, or like the geometric forms of the rocks themselves. A psychic principle played a part.

Man's freedom is not that of the wind which bloweth where it listeth, but freedom to go against the wind, or to conquer and use the forces that oppose him. There is no movement in inanimate nature that typifies human freedom; only living beings withstand and turn to their own account the forces of dead matter.

Man's work is geometric; he runs to angles and right lines; in other words, to parts and fragments. The circuitous method of Nature—her waste, her delays, her confusion, her endless seeking, her survival of the fittest, her all-around-the-horizon activities—he seeks to avoid, because he is not concerned with the All, but with a part. He aims at victories now and here, and not in the next geologic age. He would eliminate the element of chance. He does not wait for the winds and the floods to sow his seeds or plant his trees, or for the storms to trim and thin his forests; he takes short cuts, he saves time because he has not all time; he selects and abridges and cuts out, and reaches his ends by direct, geometric methods.

The red-thorn in the pasture is constantly cropped back by the cattle; the first shoot is browsed off half its length or more, but the push of life is behind it, and it throws out one or more lateral shoots; the ends of these are nipped, and the shoots that remain again subdivide, thus causing the would-be tree to spread out wider and wider upon the ground. The cropping continues, every new shoot is nipped, and the bush rises slowly as its circle extends farther and farther. Its progress is slow. Every season it goes through the same ordeal; every nip from the cows is met by new subdivisions of the shoots, till the rising bush becomes an impenetrable network of short, thorny branches. The mass is so dense that only the small birds can enter it. I have seen a song-sparrow take

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

refuge in it when hotly pursued by a hawk. The hawk flies round and round, unable to reach his victim. As inevitably as fate, the mass rises in the form of a cone, pushing its enemy farther and farther away till it is four or five feet high and as many feet broad at the base. Its triumph is now near at hand. Its top reaches a point where the cattle do not easily reach; they neglect the central twig at the apex of the cone; this shoots up, and having the whole push of the extensive root system of the tree behind it, grows rapidly as if in a race for life. I see such a red-thorn daily in my walks. Last year it won with this central shoot; this year it has made rapid progress, and now it has a stalk two feet high which the cattle cannot again crop. They will continue to crop the cone beneath it as long as fresh shoots are put out, but as the life of the tree is more and more drawn off from this mound at the base, and transferred to the rising top, the base soon ceases to grow and slowly dies. So that in a few years more there stands the tree in the shape of an hour-glass, the upper half flourishing, the lower half at a standstill or slowly going back. A few years more and the hour-glass form has faded; only a part of the lower half remains, and so the tree, after a struggle of many years, comes into shape and drops its fruit to the cattle that were so bent on destroying it, and who, by eating this fruit, plant more thorn-trees all over the landscape. Not all species of trees possess this power of struggling successfully against their enemies. The linden, for instance, when cropped by the cattle, resorts to no such tactics as do the apple and red-thorn. In its simplicity it pushes out new shoots each year to be cropped off by the cattle, and it never gets above their reach. The push of life is there, but it is along right lines. There is no manœuvring for advantage, as with the thorn.

The red-thorn in the pasture, struggling to become a tree, is a good type of life. Accident and destiny enter into its problem in due proportion. Accidents are analogous to the grazing cattle, and destiny to the inherent nature of the tree. All life is certainly more or less a struggle against opposing forces, and were it not for the push of life within, living bodies would soon cease to be such; and if the part played by changing fortunes without were greater or less than it is, these bodies might present a far different appearance from that which we now behold.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOURNALISM AND PERMANENCE

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

THERE are many obstacles to the production of literature of high and permanent quality in Ameria, but probably the greatest is the immense development of current journalism. This is something the classical writers did not have to contend with. Sophocles was not tempted from the stage with the offer of big money for sketches of Athenian politicians, nor was it ever suggested to Cervantes that *Don Quixote* might be serialized and syndicated.

To-day many of the best books find an easy road to success and popularity through being hacked in pieces and sold in neat, wrapped, labeled sections, like chewing-gum. How can an author think at once of the rounded perfection and continuity of an entire work and of the detachment of effective specimens, each of which shall be complete in itself and calculated to inspire a jaded public with eager longing for more of the same kind?

It is well known that journalism encourages superficiality, but perhaps few appreciate to how great an extent. Journalism creates superficial readers. Unfortunately, the immense growth of modern knowledge in all branches makes an intelligent superficiality a necessary requisite of education. The man who reads line for line and word for word is in these days stranded on a desert island. Everybody must make a dart for useful information and snatch it where he can. But sound mental discipline requires that this versatility should be tempered by a certain amount of slow, steady, thoughtful, drudging application. Now the newspapers and current magazines do not encourage this—they do not even admit of it. Who would plod through a page of a great daily? Who could? Instead, we are trained to run diagonally from top to bottom between two mouthfuls,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or in the midst of an inquiry as to the neighbor's baby. Nothing takes our attention but what is thrown at it; nothing really stimulates our thought but a leaded head-line or a staring picture.

And the superficiality of readers inevitably breeds a corresponding superficiality in writers. Of what use is long meditation, exact research, the careful sifting of arguments, when nobody knows or cares? One or two facts must hit, must count, must tell. As to these, you have to be terribly sure; otherwise you will suffer for it. But the expert soon learns where the strain comes, puts all his thought on that, and patches up the rest from any handy source in books or fancy.

Here is a strange thing, too: You would think this wild hurry of writers and readers would at least foster one of the chief literary merits—brevity. Quite the contrary. Our newspapers are one of the wonders of the world for size—and padding. Why is it that when most of us want to read only the headlines, and should apparently be satisfied with head-lines and nothing else, every newspaper is stuffed with column after column of amplification which seems to add little to the few essential words printed at the top? The reason is obvious. It is precisely because we have acquired such a happy facility in the art of skipping that we are perpetually invited to skip—like little lambs. I want to satiate myself with baseball, you with the cotton-market, Jones with politics, Mrs. Jones with murder. We can each of us make perfect brevity of the others' interests. But brevity for the paper as a whole would be quite out of the question.

The best, indeed, the only fundamental remedy for this decay of literature under the influence of journalism, is the cultivation of conscience and ambition. It is true that it seems a waste of conscience to do good work for the housemaid to make fires with. But Warburton's cook made fires with unique manuscripts of Shakespeare. It is true that the gaping image of posterity, created by much experience with the skipping approval of the average newspaper reader, makes glory seem not so much hard to get as not worth getting. Yet serious, thoughtful, intelligent people still read and will read, and the more hopeful among us still believe that such readers are posterity.

When we consider more in detail, there are three points which the active journalist who dreams of doing something

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

permanent should keep before him. First, there is the question of subject. And here he has comparatively little choice. If he wants to write for the public, he must write on what interests the public. There are a thousand odd corners he would like to probe, a thousand things that interest him and should interest the public. But they do not. The question of God lacks actuality, said the French editor. Other things of some importance lack actuality, which sticks like a burr to things of no importance at all. Editors and contributors both must make sacrifice at the altar of the tawdry idol, timeliness. But this at least you can do: you can know what you are writing about. Make for yourself a specialty—or two, or three, specialties.

Then there is that indefinable, that immortalizing element, style. Style is nothing in the world but the best and most effective way of saying things. It is style that makes literature to-day of the work of those two journalists, Voltaire and Macaulay. But in style, more than in anything else, the good is the enemy of the best. Our average journalistic product is well enough written, clearly written, sometimes it hits hard. But it lacks originality. It lacks sincerity. It is all plastered over with a crust of conventional phraseology which comes from conventional thought. If you want to do anything permanent, you must scratch off this crust, burn it off, fling it off. Keep the great masters of style constantly before you, many of them and many different ones; and, if possible, learn to think and feel a little for yourself.

One thing more. If you want to write for permanence, live always with the permanent things. A current subject may be treated so completely on its surface that what you write deserves to be forgotten before you have written it. But every current subject is rooted somehow in permanence. God is permanent, in spite of French editors. Truth is permanent. Above all, human nature, with its hope and its passion and its suffering, is permanent. Every timely subject, no matter how trivial, is related to these things and to others as enduring. See that you get hold of such relations, as you can if your own nature is steeped in permanence. Then you will write about the commonest matters of to-day under the aspect of eternity; and eternity, or as much of it as you deserve, will listen to you. GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRIAR ROGER BACON

BY FREDERIC HARRISON, D.C.L., OXON

ROGER BACON, one of the greatest men of genius who have done honour to the history of Western thought and the greatest of English medieval philosophers, was born at or near Ilchester, Somerset, in 1214, in the last years of King John, one year before Magna Charta.

Bacon suffered cruel persecution from the ignorance and superstition of his own age, and misrepresentation and neglect from the six centuries that followed his own work; and it is only in our own generation that his transcendent merits have been understood and even that his writings have been made accessible and accurately published. Few thinkers and discoverers in the whole history of thought have lain under so prolonged a period of misinterpretation and oblivion. As it is, much of his writing is not even printed. The editor of his principal work in 1733 even deepened the error by burking the most important part of the whole. Few students of modern philosophy read his works more than cursorily and in sections. And even serious students did not read them at all. His fame, such as it was, rested on an absurd legend; and a man whose life was given to experimental science and systematic canons of organic philosophy was treated as if he were a charlatan and a magician. The only magic in Bacon's life is the melancholy truth that one whose mind is by centuries in advance of his time has to suffer a martyrdom in his person and a long epoch of oblivion to his merits.

The few known facts of Bacon's life can be shortly told. It is not quite certain that he was born in the year 1214, nor that the place was in Ilchester—but this date and birth place

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are the more probable. He says himself that his brother was a rich man, and that he had expended a considerable sum of his own on instruments, books, and materials for study. It is thought that the young Roger was the same clerk who gave a clever suggestion to King Henry III., in his contest with the barons. Certainly the Bacon family stood by the King in the war and was ruined and exiled. He tells us that he had been an ardent student of philosophy and science, ever since the year 1227, when he must have been only thirteen or fourteen. All through the long civil wars of Henry's reign, Roger pursued his studies at Oxford and at Paris, conversing with learned men to be found in the schools of both. Having exhausted his own fortune of "two thousand pounds," and finding his family unable to help him, Bacon entered the Order of St. Francis, and about his thirteenth year became Friar Roger, and took the degree of Doctor of Theology. But his bold original mind, and still more his criticism of the worldliness and ambition of the monastic Orders, made him suspected of "new ideas" and heresies, and when he was about the age of forty-three, in 1257, he was removed to Paris from Oxford and placed under close supervision or imprisonment.

He continued to study and to work, but was forbidden to make public any writings, and had great difficulty in procuring parchment to record his observations and thoughts. This close time lasted for some ten years; but in 1266 his friends seem to have induced the Pope, Clement IV., to command Bacon to send to him an exposition of his system. In the astonishing space of one year the *Opus Majus* was completed and sent to Rome in 1267. This was just after the Parliament of 1265, which first embodied a real representative of the Commons. Thus Bacon's principal work is almost contemporary with our Parliamentary system. A few months afterward, the Pope Clement died: his successor was appointed for three years; and the next Popes were alien to Bacon's ideas. In 1278, when Bacon was about sixty-four, he was condemned for heresy and imprisoned, though he still continued to write smaller treatises. In 1292 or 1294, at the age of seventy-eight or eighty, he died at Oxford and was buried in the Franciscan Church there, whilst his memory remained there for some three or four centuries as a professor of the magical art and as the inventor of some more or less uncanny discoveries and instruments.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To sum up the essential points on which the greatness of Roger Bacon must depend—they are:

I. He was the first of the exponents of natural science in modern Europe—the earliest prophet of the experimental method.

II. His was the most encyclopaedic mind of the Medieval world—having the most systematic range of general philosophy. I am inclined to hold him in this to be the widest thinker since the Greeks, until we reach the time of Descartes, Francis Bacon, and Leibnitz.

III. He was far the most original intellect in natural science between Hipparchus (B. C. 150) and Galileo (1564).

IV. He was a real Martyr of Science—being a man of heroic courage, perseverance, moral and religious earnestness.

Experimental Science—The Sixth Part of the *Opus Majus* is devoted to what Bacon names *Scientia Experimentalis,* and it opens with the striking aphorism: *sine experientia nihil sufficienter scire potest.* He says there are two ways of acquiring knowledge: 1. by reasoning; 2. by experiment. No reasoning can make the mind entirely rest in belief, until the truth of it has been shown by actual experiment. This was laid down nearly four hundred years before the *Novum Organum* of Francis Bacon.

This Experimental Science, he says, has three *prerogatives,* that is, typical characters, namely:

a. Experiment confirms conclusions to which deduction or abstract reasoning has pointed but has not verified.

b. It reveals new truths which take their place in other sciences, but were previously unobserved.

c. It creates new departments of science.

(a) As an illustration of experimental method, Bacon then elaborately discusses the principle of the Iris (nebular rainbow). The theory of the rainbow is sufficiently explained by geometry. But this theory can be verified by observing the iridescence in natural objects—in crystals, drops from the oar, from a water-wheel, in the morning dew. In these, the same colours, in the same order, can be seen. He then explains how, by observing the sun's altitude, the degree of latitude, and the position of the spectator, the phenomena of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the rainbow as stated by a mathematician can be ocularly demonstrated to an observer. "In latitude lower than 24° 25′ no rainbow is possible at noon even in winter." Bacon devotes eleven chapters to experimental observation of iridescence in various conditions. He did this with astonishing insight.

(b) In the second character of experimental science, i. e., its opening out new truths, Bacon discusses the possibility of an astrolobe moved automatically by the motion of the earth—the astrolobe was an ancient instrument in use up to the times some five hundred years after Bacon. Again, he passes to some bold suggestions as to the means of prolonging human life, mainly by observing practical rules of hygiene, but, I fear, we must add that he gives a prescription for a wonderful drug compounded of gold, pearl, spermaciti, aloes and other materials. In another chapter he deals with the refinement of gold.

(c) In the third phase of experimental science Bacon goes into utopian dreams of astrology, of explosives, poisons, the magnet, and the divining rod. In the *Opus Majus* he merely notes these possible new discoveries. We know that he worked on several and studied magnetic attraction, but the result of his inventions is no longer recoverable.

The sixth part of the *Opus Majus* covers so wide a ground that it would need practically a treatise to explain it. But, by simply noting the heads of various chapters, we can learn how truly Roger Bacon is the father of experimental science in Europe.

The fifth part of one hundred and sixty-six pages is devoted to the science of Optics—beginning with the physiology of the organs of sight, and then the mathematical theory of vision. Herein we find some astonishing anticipations of modern and much later knowledge. "Vision," says Bacon, "is in the brain—only as its instrument, in the eye." He deals with short and long sight, the true understanding of which was not reached until five hundred years after Bacon. Again, he says, "the propagation of light is not really *instantaneous*, though enormously more rapid than that of sound." Yet Francis Bacon adhered to the old theory that light was transmitted without time. Of course, Roger Bacon had not instruments such as enabled Roemer in 1675 to prove that the light even of the distant stars occupied time, but he saw the truth in his mind's eye four hundred years earlier.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another of Roger's anticipations of modern science was his aphorism that "no bodies are so dense that no rays can pass through them." He laughs at the old sophism that "a lynx can see through a wall"; but he imagined the permeability of solids six hundred years before the discovery of X-rays.

Another of his anticipations was his doctrine of the ponderability of air. He discusses the weight of the atmosphere, whilst his contemporaries and his successors believed air to be without weight, just as they believed light to be transmitted without time—though we now know light to be transmitted in about two hundred thousand miles per second.

There are really few subjects of natural science on which Roger's mind was not occupied in observation and experiment as well as in criticizing the theories of Aristotle and the Greeks, and the Arabian scientists: the laws of refraction, of incidence and reflection, of the convergence of rays, of temperature, of climate, of the tides, of the moon's phases, of the spherical nature of the earth, of the uniformity of matter, which he repudiates as atheistic materialism, of the weight of falling bodies, in which he revived the old sophism which Galileo refuted some three hundred years after Bacon. He discusses the habitable portion of the globe, and the proportion of land in relation to the sea (he says, not one-third). The sources of the Nile, he believes, are in a vast central lake, and the annual rise of the Nile is due to Spring rains. Then he passes to the dimensions of the earth, as compared with the sun and moon.

Now it is, of course, impossible in a multitude of such difficult problems, with rude instruments, surrounded by the gross superstitions and conventions of the dark ages, that Roger the Friar, in his prison-like cell, could have attained to definite truth and knowledge. But he constantly touches the truth in a tentative way. He understood the microscope, and he just worked around the parts of the telescope without at all reaching the true combination which produced the instrument three hundred years later. He discusses the properties of petroleum and of Greek fire and explosives. He clearly knew the ingredients of gunpowder, but he had no idea of using its explosive force in a tube. He had some adumbration of the possibility of a flying machine.

But as Roger was a more systematic philosopher than Francis, he reduced his scheme of experimental science to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

various definite axioms. He says: "Nothing can be held certain until it has been verified by experiment."

This was written in the age of the Crusaders, and the Barons' war against Henry III. There are some crucial points on which we may claim Roger Bacon's vast superiority to his age:

1. His criticism of the Julian Calendar, and his own law of the annual circuit of the earth: a calendar which was not settled in England until five hundred years after him.
2. His criticism of the inaccuracies in the Vulgate translation of the Bible, and the necessity of new translations from the Greek and the Hebrew—both of which languages he knew himself.
3. His criticism of the incorrect knowledge of Aristotle and of the ancients, and of the need to recover their works largely by means of the Arabian and Jewish men of science.
4. His foundation of experiment as the true basis of real science.
5. His insight into such problems as the form of our earth, the ponderability of air, the penetrability of solids to rays, the velocity of light, the possibilities of spectrum analyses.
6. His invariable habit of connecting knowledge of Nature with the improvement of human life.
7. His belief in the continuity of science, and the filiation of all human discoveries—joining the classics with the moderns, the East with the West, primitive civilization with contemporary times.
8. The desire to make science the instrument of morality and religion, and to harmonize the discoveries of ancients and scholastics with the teaching and discipline of the Church.

II. I turn now to the second point to which I call attention—the encyclopaedic character of Bacon's intellect, the vast range of his studies. This was the special faculty of the students of the thirteenth century—their rare privilege. It was then possible for a man of incredible industry and profound capacity, shut up in a monastery where there was almost nothing but books, and nothing to do but to read and to think,—it was possible for such a one to master almost all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that was to be found in books, and to range over the whole field of contemporary science. Men like Albert the Great of Cologne, Thomas Aquinas, Dante, and one or two schoolmen, could do this. But the Friar Roger is the most conspicuous example of this universal knowledge of the sciences. Aristotle is the great Greek example, and in a vague and very amateur way, Pliny the Elder was at Rome. But I incline to rank Roger as the widest of all the Medieval scholars.

We have only to look at the various divisions of his work:

1. First Principles—the Causes of Error—a. authority, b. custom, c. popular prejudice, d. conceit of our own wisdom.
2. The affinity of philosophy and theology. Such schoolmen as Peter Abelard regarded theology as field for sophisms. Churchmen like Bonaventura, who condemned Roger, cared little for philosophy. But Roger's whole mind was set on the conciliation of philosophy and theology, which in the thirteenth century did not seem utopian.
3. Philology, proof of the need for knowledge of Greek and Hebrew to study the Scriptures, and also of Arabic to read the Oriental men of science. Perhaps not three men in England at Bacon's death could read Greek, much less Hebrew or Arabic.
4. Mathematics, including Astronomy, Optics, Astrology, Chronology, the Calendar, and the Geography of the earth.
5. Optics, Physical and Mental; Reflection and Refraction of rays of light.
6. Experimental Science, on which I have enlarged in previous pages.
7. Moral Philosophy—Man and God. Morality, the comparative Study of Religions—the superiority to all of the Christian faith. Again, in what Bacon calls his *Scriptum Principale,* to which the *Opus Majus* was introductory, the Sections are:

1. Logic and Comparative Grammar in Various Languages.
2. Mathematics, Geometry, Arithmetic, Astronomy and Music.
3. Natural Science, including Barology, Alchemy, Agriculture, Physiology, Medicine.
4. Metaphysics and Morals.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Without pretending that Roger was complete master of all these branches of knowledge, or that his knowledge was entirely accurate, we see that it was sympathetic, logical, and intelligent, even when he was wrong, or short of accurate data. Where he is in error, none of his contemporaries knew any better; and he often was right when they were in error or in utter ignorance.

Roger's great maxim was:

"All the sciences are connected; they lend each other material aid as parts of one great whole," each doing its own work, not for itself alone, but for the other parts, as the eye guides the whole body, and the foot sustains and leads it from place to place. No single department of wisdom can attend to its proper result separately, "since all are parts of one and the same complex wisdom."

What a reflection in this profound maxim on the narrow specialization of our age, and the hide-bound sections to which science is jealously restricted! Friar Roger was one of the earliest to realize the continuity of all solid human thought, as he was the first to preach the co-operation, or what may be called the Solidarity, of all the Sciences.

As to the originality of Roger, almost everything said above tends to support it. But in the general view of the problem, it will be seen that, after the discoveries of the later Greek geometers, practically no original work in science was accomplished in Europe, for we have no reason to think that either the Plinys or even Galen made any original step in science. For at least ten centuries Europe was absorbed in war, in re-settlement of nations, in law, morals, and religion —not in science. Philosophy and science passed over into Asia, which inherited and kept alive the Greek traditions and writings. Europe from the time, say, of Constantine, to that of Copernicus and Galileo, was too busy with fighting, or with theology, law and art, to trouble itself about philosophy and science, which it left to a few monastic students. Of these, the most versatile, and the most original and penetrating spirit was the Oxford Friar, Roger Bacon.

Lastly, I claim Roger as a martyr of sciences. He was by so many centuries in advance of his age that his scientific knowledge was treated as magic; his experiments were devices of the black art; for four centuries his name was associated mainly with a mechanical toy which could speak. Samuel Johnson's famous line in the *Vanity of Human*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wishes—"And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head"—recalls the popular saying that Bacon's cell or work-room in the Tower of the South or Watergate of Oxford would fall when a greater than Roger passed under it. Even in the seventeenth century he was mainly remembered for his astrology. And it was not till the eighteenth century that his chief work was even printed. For some fifteen years of his life he was practically a prisoner. But what was worse than prison to him, he was forbidden by his Superior to publish or even communicate to others his ideas. Being now a mendicant friar without money, and having exhausted his own fortune in scientific research, he was unable even to buy parchment to put down his thoughts. He was formally condemned by his Church and Order, and regarded as a dangerous heretic. His great work, the *Scriptum Principale,* was never completed—at least, it does not exist now. His writings in scattered and disconnected manuscripts were rarely seen even by students and theologians. Francis, in the plentitude of his earthly glory, refers to him as an obscure monk. Until five hundred years after his own time the *Opus Majus* was never printed, and then was mutilated and issued with manifold errors. Even now the scattered and disordered manuscripts of the indefatigable Friar are only published in detached works—French, English, or German. And some are still manuscript in unvisited shelves. Thus, the earliest founder of Science in Modern Europe is still unknown to men of science. And one of the noblest divines in the central and characteristic age of the Catholic Church is still a heretic and an outcast.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A.E."—MYSTIC AND ECONOMIST

BY ERNEST A. BOYD

THE smallest pseudonym in Irish literature stands for the most manifold, indeed, the greatest personality in Ireland at the present time. A.E., mystic poet, painter, and essayist, whose pseudonymous initials were once the cherished friend of a few, is now known to a wider public as George W. Russell, the co-operative economist. It is difficult to find a recent parallel for such a diversity of intellect and activity, all nevertheless the faithful reflection of a consistent, yet multiform, personality. William Morris suggests an obvious comparison, but there was less contrast between the different interests of Morris than between *Homeward: Songs by the Way*, and the *Irish Homestead*, the agricultural journal of which A.E. is the editor. The combination of artist and poet does not surprise, especially when we find the artist expressing in his painting the same thought and emotion as the poet in his verse. When, however, we hear pleading for agricultural improvements the same voice that was expounding the most abstruse doctrines of Oriental philosophy, or clothing them in verse of the tenderest beauty, then surprise is more legitimate. It is related of a certain society of intellectual pretensions in Dublin that considerable astonishment was experienced when A.E., on being invited to speak to the members, discoursed familiarly of fertilisers and creameries, but said not a word of Karma or Nirvana. The "impractical" mystic proved on that occasion too mundane for the hard-headed intellectuals, who had come prepared for a feast of reason, at which the dreamer's fantasies would be picked to pieces and the dry bones exposed.

It was not, however, always thus. The evolution of George W. Russell, the economist, from A.E., the mystic poet, has been gradual. The one has so slowly merged into the other that it is now difficult to dissociate them. In the beginning, A.E. came forward primarily as an exponent of mysticism,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though in such an early pamphlet as *Priest or Hero?* one can discern the later polemicist on behalf of intellectual freedom. With John Eglinton, Charles Johnston, W. B. Yeats, and Charles Weekes, he was one of a group of young men who met together in Dublin, some twenty to twenty-five years ago, for the discussion and reading of the Vedas and Upanishads. These young enthusiasts created in time a regular centre of intellectual activity, which was translated in part into some of the most interesting literature of the Irish Revival. Their journals, *The Irish Theosophist*, *The Internationalist*, and *The International Theosophist*, contained a great deal of matter which has since taken a high place in modern Anglo-Irish literature. It was in the pages of those reviews that the first poems of A.E. were published, and to them we owe a number of the essays afterwards collected by John Eglinton under the title, *Pebbles From a Brook*. Of all who contributed to that intellectual awakening few remain, in the Hermetic Society, as it is now called. But A.E. is still the mystic teacher, the ardent seer, whose visions and eloquence continue to influence those about him. One no longer enjoys the spectacle, described by Standish O'Grady, of the youthful A.E., his hair flying in the wind, perched on the hillside preaching pantheism to the idle crowd. His friends Johnston and Weekes are elsewhere, the heroic days of intellectual and spiritual revolt have passed; but A.E. may yet be seen, in less romantic surroundings, constantly preaching the gospel of freedom and idealism.

If we may believe Mr. Moore, who has made himself the rather sophisticated Boswell of A.E. and his contemporaries, it is to the foresight of his fellow-mystic, Charles Weekes, that we owe the publication of A.E.'s first volume. Weekes himself had published in 1893, and immediately withdrawn, a most unusual and promising volume, *Reflections and Refractions*. His lack of faith in his own verse fortunately did not extend to that of his friend, whom he persuaded to preserve what he had written. In the following year, *Homeward: Songs by the Way* appeared. The very title of this exquisite little book indicates the author's attitude toward life. Home, to A.E., means the return of the soul to the Oversoul, the absorption of the spirit in the Universal Spirit. *Homeward* is the narrative of his spiritual adventures, the record of those ecstasies which mark the search of the soul for the Infinite. As he says in one of his essays, "the 'quaint rhythmic trick' is a mnemonic by which the poet records, though it be but an errant and fal-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tering tune, the inner music of life." His songs have, therefore, a sensuous, unearthly note; they do not speak of man's experiences in his normal unexalted state, but of those rare moments of divine vision and intuition when his being is dissolved in ecstatic communion with the Eternal. It is then A.E. feels that he is one with the invisible, immortal Powers, and obtains that glimpse of Reality which, as Schopenhauer has said, is seen only by the artist in the travail of creation. Shaking himself free of the illusions of this world, where our representations obscure the Real, the seer beholds Deity, and knows himself to be a god. "In the moment he has attained to spiritual vision and ecstasy he has come to his true home, to his true self, to that which shall exist when the light of the sun shall be dark, and the flocks of stars withdrawn from the fields of heaven."

Homeward was followed in 1897 by *The Earth Breath*, and in 1904 by *The Divine Vision*. These latter volumes do not, in a sense, represent any progression; they are the utterances of a similar contemplation, and were, in essentials, contained in his first book. The late Professor Dowden, in one of his rare references to the literature which was growing up around him, says, in this connection: "I do not know that we should expect much progress in such art as his. One who has found the secret doesn't need to grow in the common way of growth." There is, of course, the deeper note of a more mature reflection, a certain sadness which has come with the years. The eager spirit still aspires homeward, but the goal is yet far away. In the preface to his *Collected Poems*, published in 1913, A.E. confesses to the change of mood which makes his later work slightly different from the earlier. "When I first discovered for myself how near was the King in His beauty I thought I would be the singer of the happiest songs. Forgive me, Spirit of my spirit, for this, that I have found it easier to read the mystery told in tears and understood Thee better in sorrow than in joy, . . . though I would not, I have made the way seem thorny and have wandered in too many byways, imagining myself into moods which held Thee not." This volume is, therefore, the complete expression of A.E.'s thought, no less than the final collection of his verse. So far as its content is concerned, the book is perfect. Some of the less successful poems of the earlier volumes, notably of *The Earth Breath* and *The Divine Vision*, have been omitted. It is interesting to note that only two from *Homeward* have been suppressed. This is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a significant illustration of the initial perfection of his work, and of the constancy of belief it has expressed. Form has never been a preoccupation of A.E.; his verses are sometimes marred by clumsiness and obscurity of phrase, and he openly avows his inability to remould them before giving them in their now definite arrangement. Nevertheless, *Collected Poems* is an achievement of which Irish literature may be proud. Seldom has such beauty of thought and language been accompanied by the restraint which makes this book the small but great contribution of A.E. to contemporary poetry.

It is when he is alone with Nature, and beholds the beauties of the phenomenal world, that A.E. is lifted to participation in the Eternal. The conditions and scenes which produce in him the necessary exalted mood are usually the same. Morning or evening twilight, the quietude of the hills, and the silence of the lonely countryside—these are the typical landscapes of his canvases, as of his poems:

> When the breath of twilight blows to flame the misty skies,
> All its vaporous sapphire, violet glow and silver gleam
> With their magic flood me through the gateway of the eyes;
> I am one with twilight's dream.

or:

> When twilight flutters the mountains over,
> The faery lights from the earth unfold:
> And over the caves enchanted hover
> The giant heroes and gods of old.
> . . . . . .
> When twilight over the mountains fluttered,
> And night with its starry millions came,
> I too had dreams: the songs I have uttered
> Come from this heart that was touched by the flame.

Yet it is not only in solitude that A.E. has visions. He is no recluse, dreaming his dreams far away from the disturbing facts of material existence. In one of his most recent poems, *The City*, we find his mood unaltered by the change of setting. Looking "on mortal things with an immortal's eyes," he sees them transfigured:

> Above the misty brilliance the streets assume
> A night-dilated blue magnificence of gloom

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Like many-templed Nineveh tower beyond tower;
And I am hurried on in this immortal hour.
Mine eyes beget new majesties: my spirit greets
The trams, the high-built glittering galleons of the streets
That float through twilight rivers from galaxies of light.

Concerned as most of his poems are with the relation of man to Deity, of the soul to the Eternal, A.E.'s verse has been pronounced "inhuman" by some critics. The great themes of poetry, love and death, are not absent from his pages, but they are treated from the special standpoint of the transcendentalist. A.E. is enamoured of beauty and mystery, he is enthralled by a sense of immortal destinies. In the love of woman he feels an emotion which goes far beyond that conveyed by the mortal senses:

I sometimes think a mighty lover
  Takes every burning kiss we give,
His lights are those which round us hover,
  For him alone our lives we live.

Often one reads some exquisite evocation of the Irish countryside, only to find, after a verse or two, that the poet has peopled this landscape with the phantom figures of the heroic age, or with the flaming beings seen in mystic ecstasy. What seemed to be a simple picture becomes a glimpse behind the veil, and bog and mountain are forgotten in the splendour of the vision. Similarly in his love poems A.E. has the faculty of projecting his emotion into regions beyond time and space:

You look at me with wan, bright eyes,
  When in the deeper world I stray:
You fear some hidden ambush lies
  In wait to call me, "Come away".

What if I see beyond the veil
  Your starry self beseeching me,
Or at its stern command grow pale,
  "Let her be free, let her be free".

Death, for him, has none of the mysterious terror which has inspired so much fine poetry. To A.E. the immortality of man is assured, for is he not of the same divine substance as the Great Source of all being? Death is the consummation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the greatest desire, permanent absorption into the Universal Spirit. He sees it as the homecoming of the soul, and it is with a sense of infinite peace and joy that he anticipates the passage "beyond the Gateways of the Day," when he will rest "in the high Ancestral Self".

The *leitmotiv* of A.E.'s poetry, and the fundamental postulate of his philosophy, is the divine origin of man, the gradual falling away of the human race from its heroic destinies, and its present enslavement to materialism. It is only when he is aroused by some noble ideal, or some great memory, that man rises to a realisation of the divinity that is in him. His constant endeavour is to fan this divine spark into flame. Hence his love and admiration for the heroic figures of Celtic history and legend, when man carried latent within him all the potentialities of nature, and his faculties were not diminished by specialisation.

II.

It has long been a regret with lovers of Irish literature that the prose writings of A.E. have never been collected into a representative volume. They are practically inaccessible, either because of their dispersion in the various journals in which they originally appeared, or because of their partial republication in limited or semi-private editions, now for the most part out of print. He has written few things more beautiful than that little volume of mystic stories, *The Mask of Apollo*, published in 1905, but already very rare. Although the date of publication is comparatively recent, the book belongs to a much earlier period, some of the stories having appeared in those esoteric reviews, *The Shrine* and *The Green Sheaf*. A.E.'s prose was just ripening into the strength and delicacy which characterise his later essays. *The Mask of Apollo* has a fresh charm, a sincerity and tenderness which cannot fail to delight. The stories range from the Orientalism of *The Cave of Lillith* and *The Meditation of Ananda* to the Celticism of *A Dream of Angus Oge*, in which the East and the West are blended in a manner which A.E. has made his own. John Eglinton calls him somewhere "the theologian of Neo-Celticism", and certain it is that he has interpreted the mythology and legends of Ireland in terms of Oriental mysticism. The mysticism of A.E. is a profound religious belief, having its roots in the very depths of his nature. To this conviction everything in his life is referred and adjusted, and his prose work, outside of economic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

propaganda, is devoted to the enunciation of his doctrines. Sometimes, as in the volume just mentioned, he adopts the form of simple narratives, at other times, that of the essay. The most notable of the latter are *The Hero in Man* and *The Renewal of Youth*, which have been made available in pamphlet form.

Some Irish Essays, which appeared in 1906, contains a selection of A.E.'s literary essays. With Douglas Hyde, W. B. Yeats, Standish O'Grady, John Eglinton and others, he was a collaborator in two previous collections of essays, *Literary Ideals in Ireland* and *Ideals in Ireland*, but this brochure—for it is little more—is the only book of its kind which bears his name. It opens with *Nationality and Cosmopolitanism in Art*, one of the best manifestoes on behalf of the Literary Revival that has yet been written. A.E. rightly conceives it the aim and *raison d'être* of the new Anglo-Irish literature "to create a national ideal in Ireland, or rather to let that spirit incarnate fully which began among the ancient peoples, which has haunted the hearts, and whispered a dim revelation of itself, through the lips of the bards and peasant storytellers." In *The Dramatic Treatment of Heroic Literature* are set forth the reasons which call for the re-creation of the bardic tales at the hands of the modern poets, and more particularly the use of this material in the Irish Theatre. A.E. was afterwards to put his theories into practice by writing *Deirdre*, the first important play to be performed by the company from which sprang the Irish National Theatre, as distinct from the Irish Literary Theatre, founded by Edward Martyn, George Moore, and W. B. Yeats. The author has since recanted some of the views he first held as to the desirability of staging the heroic stories, perhaps as a result of his dissatisfaction with his own effort in that direction. There can, however, be no question as to the suitability of such a natural tragedy as that of *Deirdre* for the stage. Synge's version, incomplete as it is, shows sufficiently the power of this theme, when treated by a real dramatist. Of A.E.'s *Deirdre*, as of that of Yeats, it may be said that it is a work of poetic rather than dramatic merit.

Within recent years A.E. has made his prose almost exclusively a vehicle for the propagation of his social and economic ideas. A born teacher of men, it was a characteristic impulse that led him to flee from the possible sterility of a purely meditative, literary activity, and to throw himself into the work of agricultural reorganisation.

The Irish co-operative movement has gained infinitely by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

presence of A.E., who has brought into it that loftiness of ideal, that faith in mankind, which are the mark of his poetry. He has raised the economic struggle to a level from which one catches a glimpse of vistas elsewhere obscured by the darkness of materialism. Co-operation is seen to be something more than the saving of middlemen's profits and the capture of dividends; it stands for a new social order. This is not to say that A.E. is an impractical idealist, ignoring the obvious facts of the movement in which he is engaged. Week by week, in *The Irish Homestead*, he demonstrates his ability to grapple with the difficulties that arise. His experience as a lecturer and organiser provided him with all the first-hand knowledge of the specific questions with which he has to deal. To the experience thus acquired he was able to add a deep acquaintance with the rural population of Ireland, from which he sprang. Whether, therefore, he is pleading for the establishment of credit banks and creameries, or combating the criticism of opponents, the forces of theory and practice, of experience and idealism, combine to give Irish co-operators a powerful champion.

Fortunately, unlike his other prose work, what A.E. has written on behalf of the co-operative ideal is not lost in the stagnant waters of old journalism. The quintessence of his social teaching has been preserved in *Co-operation and Nationality*, affectionately termed the Bible of the Irish co-operator. This volume, which has been widely recognised abroad, and has even been translated into Finnish, is one of the noblest expositions of national polity Ireland has seen. As far removed as its author from the worn-out politics of the traditional parties, it represents the stirring of a new spirit in a country harassed by political dogmatists, who stifle all thought outside certain prescribed limits. In the years to come it will doubtless play a larger part, when the younger generation to whose aspirations it more nearly corresponds takes the place of those whose lives and brains have been narrowed by concentration upon the single question of Home Rule. For the moment the book stands for a minority, who are regarded with equal suspicion by the two groups, into neither of which they seem to fit.

Political unorthodoxy is still the unpardonable offence in Ireland. The man who ventures to tread the narrow path between the Orange and the Green soon finds a strange unanimity in those otherwise hostile ranks, which close in to crush

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him. Thanks to the leadership of A.E. there is now a sufficient wedge of heretics to keep an open space where modern ideas may be discussed, and the Battle of the Boyne no longer serves as a test of citizenship.

Co-operation and Nationality is an appeal for the building up of a rural civilisation, a co-operative commonwealth. Ireland being an agricultural rather than an industrial country, its progress depends upon the reorganisation of rural conditions. "We have not had a social order in Ireland since the time of the clans," the author writes, and it is his purpose to set his countrymen thinking in the direction that will lead to the restoration of something approaching the ancient order. With his belief in the divine potentialities of man, A.E. is naturally an opponent of State Socialism. "The grim mechanic state" must not be allowed to usurp the initiative of the individual, for it is in the individual that he places all his hopes. From the voluntary activities and association of the various sections of the community, the new social organism will be created.

The individual protest of a nature such as A.E.'s might perhaps have had less weight were not the special local conditions all in favour of his personal feeling. The possession of the soil of Ireland by numerous small proprietors has given an official seal to the sentimental consecration of the right of private ownership. The Land Acts have blocked the way to the progress of nationalisation and state ownership. In Ireland, therefore, success depends upon the power to effect a social reconstruction outside the limits of collectivist sociology.

A.E. would have us revert as closely as possible to the clan system, of which he has said: "We had true rural communities in ancient Ireland, though the organisation was military rather than economic." How to approximate to that ancient order, this time with an economic basis, is the problem he has set himself to solve. First of all the eyes of the people must be turned from the State Departments, from whence, as they imagine, cometh their help. They must look to themselves, and develop the faculty of mutual aid. Already a great step has been made by the implanting among the farmers of the co-operative ideal. Every creamery that is set up, every credit bank that is established, is evidence of the awakening of the communal sense. The Irish farmers are realising the identity of their interests with those of their political opponents, and the need and advantage of working together. A similar change is affecting the towns, and A.E. has the satisfaction of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knowing that a strong, practical movement is ploughing deeply the soil into which he would drop the seeds of his idealism. The spread of co-operation is the first step in the direction of that commonwealth which is ever before his eyes, and which he has described with all the charm of a noble enthusiasm. The co-operative societies contain the nucleus of a true social organism, where each member feels himself identified with the common welfare. Into such genuine communities A.E. would see Ireland resolved, on the model of the Greek states. No state should become so large as to be inhuman, as to render impossible that contact and sympathy with all that concerns the public interest, without which the sense of citizenship is imperfect or atrophied. But this will take time. The movement must get rid of those who think that, "because they have made good butter, they have crowned their parochial generation with a halo of glory." They must entertain a larger hope than that of "petty parsimonies and petty gains," as the author of *Co-operation and Nationality* expresses it. Let them reflect where "all this long cavalcade of the Gael is tending, and how and in what manner their tents will be pitched in the evening of their generation." For, as A.E. so finely asserts:

> "A national purpose is the most unconquerable and victorious of all things on earth. It can raise up Babylons from the sands of the desert, and make imperial civilizations spring from out a score of huts, and, after it has wrought its will, it can leave monuments that seem as everlasting a portion of nature as the rocks."

It is almost as hopeless to try to sum up the contents of this great manifesto as to attempt an adequate description of its author. In the man himself, as in his work, one is constantly obtaining glimpses of an extraordinarily beautiful soul. There is nothing he has touched without investing it with the glamour of idealism. His conversation is at its best a great, rhythmic torrent, which carries away the hearer, who in most cases is reduced to rapt attention. It is a privilege to have attended those Sunday evening gatherings at A.E.'s where all those in Dublin who are interested in ideas sooner or later meet. Many they are who come regularly to renew the pleasure of direct contact with a living personality. There in the dimly lighted room, surrounded by the canvases of the artist and his friends, the eye notes those soft twilight mountain landscapes, and the strange superhuman Beings and fiery visions, glimpsed in a moment of mystic rapture, which are characteristic of A.E. the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

painter. But soon the attention is drawn from these reproductions to the spirit that produced them. With a wealth of imagery, with subtlety of mind, with astonishing breadth of knowledge, A.E. will speak of every question that presents itself to the intelligent man of to-day—or of all time, should the theme be metaphysical. The conversation ranges over a comprehensive expanse of human experience; the Sanscrit Books are invoked at one moment, only to make way the next for a citation from the latest work on agricultural credit, or a scathing scientifico-metaphysical indictment of the pretensions of the biologists. All his discourse is fired by the same splendid energy, the same enthusiasm for what is noble and exalting in mankind. Few young men can have known A.E. without being stirred mentally, spiritually, and emotionally, and as long as the younger generation comes under his influence there is hope for the destinies of new Ireland.

ERNEST A. BOYD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POCHADES

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

SEA-MONSTERS

Under my cottage-window lies a sloping beach,
Broken by enormous boulders.
When the tide is out
They are dull, inanimate things;
But when the swelling waters come with a shout
They suddenly awake and are alive.
I behold wide eyes flashing challenges,
Clutching arms jut from rugged shoulders
And spasmodically forthreach
To grapple with the foaming billows which strive
To overwhelm them with their frolic madness.
I vow I hear them hoarsely roar,
Vying with the storm that flaps on misty wings
Its way along the lonely rock-ribbed shore.

THE METEOR

Standing on my craggy headland overlooking the sea,
Discerned only in ghostly phosphorescent flashes,
While overhead the Summer constellations marched
In ordered silence, suddenly
A red iridescent star burst into sight:—
Slowly, majestically it swept down the West,
Leaving a faint, dying trail, like sparks in drift-wood ashes.—
Was it a world like ours, a vast inhabited world
By frightful cataclysm to annihilation hurled
By having blindly broken some eternal law;
Or was it but a torch borne by an unseen messenger of Night,
Hurrying across the vault that arched
From buttress to buttress of Infinity?
I cannot tell; but over me crept a shuddering chill of awe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MIRAGE

Across the Bay are low-lying cliffs,
Where stand fishermen's cottages:
I can barely distinguish them with the naked eye.
But to-day the cliffs are lifted, escarpt,
Perpendicular, mysterious, inaccessible,
And those sordid dwellings have become
The magnificent fortified castles of Sea-kings.

SEALS

The beach ends abruptly in a spikèd point
Over which have torn for ages,
Unwearying, mighty toppling waves.
Often I watch arise
From the green translucent waters beyond,
Round, black, glistening heads with canny eyes:—
For a moment they stare at me in mute surprise,
Then noiselessly disappear.
Do they go tell their mates,
Huddled in deep, safe, kelp-curtained caves,
Of a strange white animal which, in frantic rages,
Runs up and down the sands
Shouting and tossing unwebbed hands
And dives with a thunderous splash
Into the swirling white-crested breakers?

THE CEDAR-BUSH

A stunted cedar-bush on the headland clings:—
The fierce winds of Winter strive to tear it away;
But it resists and digs in its roots to stay,
Undiscouraged, full of life.
Its never-fading green is frosted with salt spray
From the great crashing billows below.
On its quivering, topmost bough
Each morning through the long Summer sings
A tiny Song-sparrow:—
He pours forth his melodious note
Like a hymn to the Sea, to the Sun, to his God,
To his near-by nesting mate.
To my ears it seems a sweet song of happiness:
But alas! I may misinterpret; I do not know—
It may be the expression of his heart's despair,
The utterance of bitter woe.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOSTOIEVSKY

BY W. B. TRITES

THE Slav peril has been much talked about of late. Now the Slav peril means, if it means anything, Russian thought; and Russian thought, as it reveals itself in Russian literature and Russian dancing, seems to me the most splendid and most desirable thought in the world to-day.

Take Russian dancing. The dancing of France and England and Germany and America is negligible; but the Russian Ballet—the Russian Ballet, led by Nijinsky—is so profoundly beautiful that it has lifted dancing up to the plane whereon stand tragedy and sculpture.

As Nijinsky leads the world's dancers, so the world's novelists are led by Dostoievsky, Gogol, Tolstoi and Turgenieff. *Crime and Punishment, Dead Souls, War and Peace* and *Fathers and Sons* are to the novels of the rest of the world as, I might almost say, the Russian Ballet is to a cakewalk.

Dostoievsky, the greatest of the Russian novelists, is also to-day the most discussed one. Dostoievsky has had of late a singular revival. It is his striking "modernity" (modernity is the supreme test of art, since only the truth remains always modern) which has brought about this revival. Dostoivesky is said to have been influenced by Dickens, and occasionally, indeed, I seem to detect a Dickens touch in him; but how old-fashioned Dickens seems to-day, while how modern seems Dostoievsky! Dostoievsky seems, indeed, as modern as Dr. Johnson in his *Life of Savage,* that large, profound, and tender study in psychology which might have been written yesterday, if anybody had been alive yesterday capable of writing it.

I desire to consider Dostoievsky from one angle alone—the angle, namely, of the dish rag. *The angle of the dish*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rag: to interpret that phrase, let me quote the following passage from *The Double:*

> He must not suffer them to insult him, to trample him under foot like a dish rag. As a matter of fact, if some one really attempted to make a dish rag of Mr. Goliadkine, the attempt would, perhaps, succeed without difficulty and without danger (Mr. Goliadkine often admitted it himself). He would then become a dish rag; he would no longer be Mr. Goliadkine, but a foul dish rag, not a commonplace dish rag, however, but an aspiring one; a dish rag with fine feelings; fine feelings concealed deep within his wet folds, but fine feelings all the same.

Dostoievsky shows us—to speak fantastically—the souls of dish rags. He lets us hear the lamentations of the lowest, the vilest, the most shameless. From the mud the drunkard speaks. The coward speaks from his black skulking-place. Thieves speak, and the murderers of old women; harlots speak, and men who live on harlots' gains. And lo, all those voices are beautiful. They are sad and beautiful. All those ruined souls are like you and me. Like you and me, they love virtue. Like you and me, they loathe vice. And they mourn, down there in the morass, they mourn their incredible fall as you and I would mourn if, by some incredible mischance, we ourselves fell.

Dostoievsky reveals the soul of the lowly and the degraded. That is his essence. That is the one thing which he alone can do. The souls of our great picturesque, grandiose sinners have been revealed to us, lamenting in their jewelled robes, their marble palaces, from time immemorial. But the soul of the drunkard kept in drink by his harlot daughter: the soul of the elderly coward pawnbroker whose girl-wife kills herself rather than endure his petty cruelties: it is Dostoievsky alone who reveals the terrible beauty of these.

But assertion is nothing without proof. Let me, then, try, by means of a truncated and weak paraphrase of Dostoievsky's most famous passage, to prove that he can take these degraded beings and show us that they have souls, souls shimmering with beauty and splendor.

If ever there was a degraded soul it was Marmeladoff —and it is the famous Marmeladoff passage in *Crime and Punishment* that I am going to paraphrase. Raskolnikoff, the young student, enters a vile drinking-bar. There, as he quaffs his beer, a ragged, half-drunken, but educated

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stranger of fifty or more begins to talk to him. This is Marmeladoff. And whilst Marmeladoff, half-drunk, sips his vodka and talks, the landlord and the boozers in the filthy bar listen, laugh, and interrupt:

"I am a swine; but she—she is a lady. On me the mark of the beast; but Catherine Ivanovna, my wife, is a person of refinement, the daughter of an official. I admit that I am a rogue, but my wife has a liberal mind, fine feelings, and an education. And yet—oh, if she would pity me! . . . But Catherine Ivanovna, notwithstanding the grandeur of her soul, is unjust. Not once has she ever shown me pity. But—that is my character; I am a brute."

. . . . . .

"We live in a cold room; this winter she took a chill; she coughs and spits blood. When I married her, she was a widow with three little children. Her first husband was an infantry officer, with whom she had eloped. She adored him, but he gambled, fell foul of the law, and died. Towards the end he beat her. . . .

"Her husband's death left her alone with those three young children in a wild and desolate district. It was there I met her. I have not the heart to describe her destitution. . . . And, young man, I, a widower, with a fourteen-year-old daughter, offered my hand to the poor woman because her suffering grieved my heart. She accepted my proposal, weeping, sobbing, and wringing her hands; but she accepted it, for she had nowhere to go. . . .

"During a full year I did my duty honestly. But I lost my place through no fault of my own. It was then that I began to drink. . . . I have no idea how we live or how we pay our way.

"And meanwhile my daughter was growing up. As to what her stepmother made her suffer, well, I prefer to pass over that in silence. And now, young man, in all sincerity, do you believe that a young girl, poor but honest, can really earn her living? If she has no special ability, she may make fifteen kopecks a day, though even that—— And the children are dying of hunger. Catherine Ivanovna walks the room and wrings her hands. 'Lazybones,' she says to my daughter, 'aren't you ashamed to live on here in idleness?' I was lying down at the time—come, out with the truth, I was drunk. . . . It was then past five o'clock; I saw Sonia rise, put on her hat, and go out.

"At eight o'clock she returns. She goes straight to Catherine Ivanovna, and silently, without uttering a single word, she places thirty silver roubles on the table before my wife. Then she takes our large green handkerchief (it is a handkerchief that does duty for all the family), and she wraps her head in it, and she lies down on the bed, her face turned to the wall; but her shoulders and her body shook with a continual tremor. (As for me, I was still in the same condition.) And at that moment, young man, I saw Catherine Ivan-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ovna, she also in silence, go and kneel beside Sonetchka's little bed. She spent all the evening there on her knees, kissing my daughter's feet and refusing to rise. Afterward they both fell asleep together, in one another's arms—both together—both together—yes—and I—I was still there, overcome with drunkenness. . . .

"Who, then, will have pity on a man like me? Can you, sir, pity me now? . . . Why pity me, you ask? It is true; there is no reason. They ought to crucify me; put me on the cross, and not pity me! . . . But He who had pity on all mankind, He who understood all, He will pity us; He is the only judge. He will come on the last day, and He will ask, 'Where is the girl who sacrificed herself for a hateful and consumptive stepmother, for children who were not her brothers? Where is the girl who pities her earthly father and did not turn away in horror from the vicious drunkard?' And He will say, 'Come, I have already forgiven thee once. Now, again, thy sins are remitted thee because thou hast greatly loved.' All will be judged by Him, and He will forgive all, the good and the bad, the wise and the foolish. And when He has done with the others, then it will be our turn. 'Come unto me, ye, also,' He will say. 'Come unto me, drunkards; come unto me, cowards; come unto me, ye lewd!' And we will all approach without fear. And He will say, 'Ye are swine. Ye bear the mark of the beast. But, nevertheless, come.' And the sage, the intelligent, will say, 'Lord, why dost thou receive them?' And He will answer, 'I receive them, O ye sage; I receive them, O ye intelligent, because not one of them believes himself worthy of my favor.' And he will hold out his arms to us, and we will run to Him, and we will burst into tears—and we will understand all. Yes, all then will be understood by everybody. And Catherine Ivanovna, she, too, will understand. Lord, thy Kingdom come!"

That is the most famous passage in Dostoievsky. Whenever you discuss Dostoievsky with a Russian, he will ask eagerly, "Do you remember the Marmeladoff passage in *Crime and Punishment?*" You nod. Then he asks in what language you read the passage. But whether you reply that you read it in English or in French or in German, he will say sadly, "Ah, but it's only in Russian that it can really be appreciated." And that is my apology for the paraphrase I have given, a paraphrase wherefrom much has been omitted. Yet, perhaps, for all the omissions, for all my clumsy paraphrasing, the reader will grasp something of the beauty of this wonderful passage. What notes of horrible and heart-breaking splendor Dostoievsky strikes from the soul of Marmeladoff!

Marmeladoff would not appeal to the conventional reader.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He has not even youth—youth with its promise of reform—to recommend him. No, he is past fifty. A drunkard, he lies at home sleeping off his drunkenness; then he snatches up a pair of his wife's stockings and steals forth again. Or he goes to his daughter, the harlot, for drink money. In fact, the half-bottle that he consumes while conversing with Raskolnikoff was bought with his daughter's last thirty kopecks. No, Marmeladoff would not recommend himself to the general. He is a dish rag, nothing more; and yet—he feels his degradation as I would feel if, in my later years, by some unhappy chance, such degradation fell on me.

The novel of *Crime and Punishment* is itself an exposition of the motive which I have propounded as Dostoievsky's essence. This long and superb novel concerns a murder. An old woman money-lender and her sister are murdered by a young man for purposes of robbery. And what a murder it is! None of the blood, none of the horror, is spared us. None of the pathos is spared us, either. How pathetic this vivid picture of the sister: "The young man launched himself upon her, the hatchet upraised; and the unhappy woman's lips assumed the plaintive expression which one sees in very little children when they begin to be afraid of something, look fixedly at the object that frightens them, and are on the point of bursting into tears." The police take up the case. The murderer is finally captured. And that, crudely, is the plot of *Crime and Punishment*. What would our modern novelists do with such a plot? They would not touch it. They would turn up their noses at it. It would be too low and vulgar for them. Sir Conan Doyle alone might consider it; he might make of it a conventional detective tale. Dostoievsky, however, describing the murder in the beginning of the story, then describing the work of the detectives as the cringing murderer follows it step by step, obtains a strange, new horror such as the conventional detective story neither gives nor seeks to give. But it is not this strange, new horror which makes *Crime and Punishment* immortal. No: it is the fact that the thief, the murderer of two old women, reveals his soul to us, and his soul is like Goliadkine's and Marmeladoff's, and yours and mine.

Krotkaia is Dostoievsky's most beautiful short story. It is a story about an officer, turned out of the army for cowardice, who, after years of poverty and ignominy, opens a little pawnshop and prospers. To him, to this elderly, taciturn

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pawnbroker, a beautiful young girl of sixteen comes one day to pawn a worthless silver brooch. She is alone and destitute. She is seeking a place as governess. The pawnbroker makes her several advances—advances in both meanings of the word. He follows her advertisements in the newspaper as they grow from day to day more desperate. On her final visit he asks her to marry him. In her childish helplessness she consents.

This story is strangely composed. It is in the form of a soliloquy, the soliloquy of the pawnbroker, pacing the floor, distracted with grief, while on a table in her coffin lies the corpse of Krotkaia, the girl-wife, who had leapt from a high window to seek in death escape from her unhappy marriage.

The elderly pawnbroker is well done. His cruelty to Krotkaia is a conscientious cruelty, intended for the girl's own good—no doubt innumerable girls have undergone this sort of conscientious cruelty at the hands of elderly husbands. Yes, the pawnbroker is well done; but Krotkaia! She is a masterpiece indeed.

To paint a young girl the brush must be dipped in mystery, in dew, in morning haze: but, above all, in mystery. Ibsen at sixty-five, after his strange love affair with the seventeen-year-old "Princess of Orangia," painted a young girl well in Hilda Wangel. All the mystery is there. And in Krotkaia, too, all the mystery is there. But Dostoievsky had to have two trials at Krotkaia. There are two versions of this story. The first version, in *A Writer's Journal,* is much the longer, and in it the girl-wife is analyzed to the core. She lives, to be sure. But the mystery, the lovely dawn mystery, is absent. Hence the picture is not a success.

Dostoievsky came back to Krotkaia again. He cut out the analysis of the girl-wife. He made her beautiful, silent and mysterious. The result is perfection. Krotkaia and Hilda Wangel are more truly, vividly alive than any two girls walking with shining eyes and soft laughter down the street.

The Karamazov Brothers is another novel full of degraded souls. The subtlest touch in it seems to me to be the episode of the Pole. Grouchenka, the beautiful Grouchenka, had been seduced in her girlhood by a Pole, and now, after some six or seven years, he is coming back to her. He had appeared, to her unsophisticated girl's eyes, noble and dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tinguished; she believes that she still loves him; she is even, in her prosperity, prepared to marry him. But the Pole turns out to be a vulgar sharper. He has come back, he and his accomplice, only to get hold of Grouchenka's money. How well the Pole is drawn!—his silly and stupid imitation of a landed proprietor, the solemn stubbornness that he puts into his transparent lies, his stupid, hopeless pluck when he is caught cheating at cards. And then, when Grouchenka repulses him, he tries to borrow money from her. "He began by demanding haughtily two thousand roubles for a very short term. No answer came, but he was not discouraged, and his letters followed one after another, always haughty, but little by little the sum required grew less. He descended to a hundred roubles, to twenty-five, to ten. Finally, Grouchenka received a supplication wherein the two Poles implored of her a single rouble for the pair of them." That touch—the two haughty adventurers fallen so low that they ask for one little rouble to share between them—that subtle touch of pathos achieves the effect which Dostoievsky always tries for and seldom misses—the effect of friendship, nay, of brotherhood, between his characters and ourselves. Dostoievsky has never drawn a character, no matter how degraded, how shameless, but the reader must say of him, "He is my brother."

W. B. Trites.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MOVING-PICTURE POETRY [1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Since the famous discovery of Paris by Mr. Richard Harding Davis some years ago, there have been few more edifying happenings of a similar kind than the recent disclosure, by our always alert "general public" and our no less alert newspaper paragraphers, of a strange and hitherto unheard of poetic phenomenon: "*vers libre.*" Letters to the papers from sarcastic and jocose readers, parodies by the paragraphers, solemn discussions by reviewers, have marked this momentous emergence into public view of a novel and arresting verse-form. There have even been anxious editorials on the subject; and the inexhaustible "F. P. A." has charmed the discussion with the breath of inspiration by turning the weather report into "free verse," and by confessing, in a deathless phrase, that, since he could not like "free verse," he must be suffering from hardening of the fine-arteries. A generation hence, inquisitive and patient students of the history of poetic art will learn with astonishment that *vers libre* was discovered by America in the second decade of the twentieth century.

But whether "free verse" is something new or something old is not so important as the fact that its present condition has yielded at least one remarkable creative product —we mean, of course, the extraordinary *Spoon River Anthology* of Mr. Edgar Lee Masters.

It is apparently not yet agreed what Mr. Masters' book is,—except that it is "free verse." Convinced that it is certainly not poetry, and horrified by its content and structure, the æsthetic Calvinists have exhorted Mr. Masters to

[1] *Spoon River Anthology*, by Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1915.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be still, in the spirit of the command of the immortal ship-captain to his mate: "What I wants of you, Mr. Coffin, is SILENCE, and damn little of that." But Mr. Masters is unlikely to oblige. It is extremely doubtful if silence is his long suit. Certainly it is not a conspicuous characteristic of his *Spoon River Anthology,* which is nothing if not articulate and alive and what we have a fancy to call psychically reverberatory. In this village *comédie humaine* are assembled the life histories of the inhabitants of Spoon River, and the overtones of the jangling music of these spent lives reverberate from page to page, clash and re-echo, attaining at times a poignancy which we do not quite know how to regard or appraise.

They speak to us from their graves, these Spoon River people:

> Where are Elmer, Herman, Bert, Tom and Charley,
> The weak of will, the strong of arm, the clown, the boozer, the fighter?
> All, all, are sleeping on the hill.

And when, through Mr. Masters, they have spoken, we know them beyond the power of forgetting; their actuality is amazing: Isaiah Beethoven, Flossie Cabanis, Aner Clute; Willard Fluke and Fiddler Jones; Serepta Mason, Hamlet Micure, Peleg Poague and Mrs. Purkapile; Tennessee Claflin Shope, Margaret Fuller Slack, Jonathan Swift Somers, W. Lloyd Garrison Standard, and Hod Putt. We know not if Mr. Masters be an authentic genius; but there is genius of a kind in these superb names. What an inspired nomenclature is here: Flossie Cabanis, Isaiah Beethoven, Georgine Sand Miner, Pelig Poag, Lydia Puckett, Hod Putt. What portraits they evoke!

Throughout two hundred and fifty pages this unique human comedy unfolds itself—the life of Spoon River and its men and women, its girls and boys. The *Anthology* has a microcosmic completeness. We hear, told by themselves, the life-histories of village belles and grocer's clerks, farmers and farmer's wives, travelling salesmen, lawyers, blacksmiths, school-girls, politicians, tramps, doctors, bank-presidents, druggists, the village poetess, the village dandy, deacons, school-teachers, saloon-keepers, preachers, adulteresses and Sunday-school superintendents, hired girls and circuit-judges, newspaper editors, whores, bullys, grafters, crooks, murderers, gamblers, wantons, drunkards, ne'er-do-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wells, dreamers, idealists, wastrels and paupers and prudes. Here are tragedies, sordid or touching, horrible or grim; pitiful romances, scandals, little histories of violence and tenderness, of patient waiting and rebellious enduring; grotesque comedies, preposterous melodramas; a humanity that is universal.

You see that tragically ill-assorted pair, Benjamin Pantier and Mrs. Pantier—lonely and hostile souls: he, driven from home, living with his dog Nig in a room back of a dingy office:

> . . . She, who survives me, snared my soul
> With a snare which bled me to death.

But now hear Mrs. Pantier:

> I know that he told that I snared his soul
> With a snare which bled him to death . . .
> But suppose you are really a lady, and have delicate tastes,
> And loathe the smell of whiskey and onions . . .

There was Benjamin Fraser, who was tortured by life, oppressed by sex:

> Their spirits beat upon mine
> Like a thousand butterflies
> . . . . . .
> I closed my eyes, yet I knew . . .
> . . . when their garments clung to them,
> Or fell from them in exquisite draperies.

There was Minerva Jones, the village poetess, whom "Butch" Weldy captured and whom he left to her fate with Doctor Meyers,—"good-hearted, easy,"—who tried to help her out; but she died. And we hear from Mrs. Meyers that, though her husband protested all his life long that the newspapers lied about him villainously, and he was not at fault for Minerva's fall, but only tried to help her, she held him to be nought but a poor soul sunk in sin. We turn a few pages, and out of his earthly cell speaks Frank Drummer, the village fool, who tried to memorize the *Encyclopedia Britannica;* and we observe with admiration that Mr. Masters is the first poet who has dared to put, not only the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* but Henry George, Free Silver, the Peerless One, and Prohibition, into serious verse, as you will see by turning to the life history of poor George Trimble,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

politician, who was hectored by his wife, and died a disappointed and futile being:

> For the radicals grew suspicious of me,
> And the conservatives were never sure of me.

—the eternal tragedy of the trimmer!

There was Harold Arnett—wretched, sick-souled failure, who, weak from the noon-day heat, heard the cry of a baby,

> Then the violent voice of my wife:
> "Watch out, the potatoes are burning!"
> I smelled them . . . then there was irresistible disgust.
> I pulled the trigger . . .
> . . . thus I came here.

And for a companion piece, consider Margaret Fuller Slade, who "would have been as great as George Eliot but for an untoward fate." She married John Slade, the rich druggist, thinking thus to secure leisure for her novel; but she bore eight children, and had no time to write, and ran a needle in her hand while washing the baby's things, and died from lock-jaw—"an ironical death."

What Mr. Masters has accomplished is the cinematographing of narrative-verse. He has reversed the practice of the moving-picture people,—who give us stories in picture-form,—and offers us a kind of moving-picture in the form of fictional verse. The *Spoon River Anthology* is a series of vivid, concentrated, rapidly shifting visualizations, related and interwoven, and employing that favorite device of the screen-play: a single event exhibited from different dramatic angles. You get, for example, Aner Clute's story of how she happened to "lead the life": well, it was a silk dress, and a promise of marriage from a rich man (Lucius Atherton); and because they gave her the name for it, why, that made her what she was. You get, then, Lucius Atherton's picture flashed on the screen: the former town dandy,—"an excellent knave of hearts who took many a trick,"—now old and shabby, living at the village restaurant; "a gray, untidy, toothless, discarded, rural Don Juan." But this is not all: Homer Clapp is put before you, begging of Aner Clute a parting kiss at the gate—a kiss that she refused, "saying we should be engaged before that"; but no sooner had he gone (so he learned afterward) than Lucius Atherton stole in at her window. So he died cursing himself for one of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life's fools, " whom only death would treat as the equal of other men."

Just what relation Mr. Masters' cinematographic verse bears to poetry it is not easy to declare with confidence. We have said somewhat of the substance of his book, nothing of its form. Here is a fair sample of it at its most characteristic—it is Deacon Taylor speaking:

> I belonged to the church,
> And to the party of prohibition;
> And the villagers thought I had died of eating water-melon.
> In truth I had cirrhosis of the liver,
> For every noon for thirty years,
> I slipped behind the prescription partition
> In Trainor's drug store
> And poured a generous drink
> From the bottle marked
> " *Spiritus frumenti.*"

Clearly this is as remote from poetry—the poetry of Whitman no less than the poetry of Swinburne—as the music of young Mr. Leo Ornstein is remote from the music of Chopin. It is perfectly easy to conclude that it is not poetry at all. To call it " free verse " is as idle as it would be to call it blank verse, or a sonnet. Nine-tenths of the *Spoon River Anthology* is, as verse, equally bald, flat, and uncouth. Occasionally it attains a measure of grave eloquence, an exaltation of speech that is seen at its best in the picture of Isaiah Beethoven, with but three months to live, brooding in the darkness by the mill-stream, where

> The flame of the moon ran under my eyes
> Amid a forest stillness broken
> By a flute in a hut on the hill.

But there is little in the book that is of this fibre. Most of it is of a piece with the " Deacon Taylor " passage. So, reading about the trial of Dr. Duval for the murder of Zora Clemens, we come back to the question that disturbs us throughout most of the *Anthology:* If this is poetry:

> Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
> Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

what, then, is this?——

> It was clear he had got her in a family way;
> And to let the child be born
> Would not do.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When, in Whitman, we weary of reading that

> The President holding a cabinet council is surrounded
> by the great Secretaries,

we can turn a few pages and find this:

> I am he that walks with the tender and growing night.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Smile, O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!
> Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!

There are no such compensations in Mr. Masters' verse. You will seek there in vain for what Stevenson called the "unexcelled imaginative justness of language" that is in Whitman. The *Spoon River Anthology* prevails—seizes you, engrosses you, haunts you—not because of its verse, but in spite of it. It is often as rank and as candid as the records of a police-court; but it is ineluctably detaining, at times extraordinarily moving. It is a miracle of veracious characterization; fiction of an unexampled kind; a new thing under the sun. But why drag in poetry?

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE CHURCH. By John Huss. Translated, with notes and an introduction, by David S. Schaff. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

Through his scholarly translation of the Treatise upon the Church written in 1413 by John Huss, the Bohemian reformer and martyr, Dr. Schaff has placed a work of the first importance in the history of religious belief—and hence in the history of thought and of civilization—within the reach of readers who have hitherto known it chiefly by its renown. Huss's treatise is, as Dr. Schaff remarks, "the best known work upon the subject issued from Augustine to the Reformation period." Huss himself was a true precursor of Luther, though a determining influence over the latter cannot be claimed for him. Historically speaking, his trial, upon charges drawn from this *magnum opus* and *apologia pro vita sua* of his, is "the most famous formal trial of a single individual in the history of the Christian Church," not forgetting those of Abelard and Savonarola. So far, at least, as the written word is concerned, the influence of Huss has been greater than that of his predecessor and acknowledged master, Wyclif; for Wyclif's Treatise upon the Church was hidden away in manuscript until a generation ago, and the power over men's minds which his views continued to exercise long after his death was due rather to tradition and to his version of the Bible than to any original writing of his; while the effect upon the development of the idea of the Church produced by the treatise of Huss has been permanent and plainly marked. In a sense, Huss suffered martyrdom in Wyclif's stead, and through his death and his treatise, he kept open a subject of the utmost consequence to mankind.

Born in 1373, Huss was a student at the University of Prague during the period of its greatest influence and celebrity. In 1403 he was made rector of the University, holding the position for six months, and he was again rector in 1409 for the term of a year. Appointed, in 1403, preacher of Bethlehem Chapel, which had been founded ten years earlier to afford preaching in the native Czech tongue, Huss at once commanded attention by the fervency of his eloquence and the fearlessness of his attacks upon the abuses of the clergy. He made the Chapel the center of a new religious force and of a national movement

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as well. His first conflict with the authorities came through his refusal to acquiesce in a ruling of the University making it an offense to teach or read the writings of Wyclif, which had been carried to Bohemia soon after the Englishman's death in 1384 and had made as deep an impression there as in the land of their origin. At the instance of the clergy hostile to Huss, an appeal was made to Rome, the archbishop of Prague was instructed by the Pope to take measures against the Wyclifite heresy; chapels such as Huss preached in were ordered closed; and in 1410 the archbishop made a bonfire of Wyclif's writings in the dooryard of his palace. Huss, moreover, raised up for himself bitter and powerful enemies through the leading part he took in bringing about a change in the charter of the University—a change by which the native Czech element was given three votes, while the foreign nations were reduced from three to one. A third cause of trouble for the reformer was his attack in 1412 upon the sale of indulgences authorized by John XXIII to enable him to carry on a crusade against Ladislaus, King of Naples. Huss spoke out as boldly as did Luther a hundred years later. Deserted by most of his friends, he voiced his own firm belief against a practically universal conviction and an all-powerful church, with a degree of moral courage for which in these days it would be difficult to find a parallel. To read without adequate historical sense or background the Treatise on the Church, with its passages of somewhat thorny dialectic, might well prove an unrewarding task; but to read it in a proper light and spirit—as Dr. Schaff (so far as the limited space of his introduction permits) enables one to do—is to realize afresh the preciousness of that union of intellect with conscience which makes character—and history. Huss's unyielding resistance to the papal power led to the almost inevitable consequences. He was excommunicated, and, this proving insufficient, the city of Prague was put under the interdict. In 1414, Huss went to undergo trial before the œcumenical council at Constance, and on July 6, 1415, the council, after charging him with thirty errors, handed him over to the civil authorities to be burned as a heretic.

Huss sought primarily to base his argument firmly upon the Scriptures, and secondarily to reconcile it with the canon law. This latter task, especially, required a full use of that logic, at once ingenious and childish—as it seems to a scientifically trained and free-thinking modern—which comes into play when truths having their real basis in conscience and common sense have to be proved by words and texts. There are difficult scholastic passages in Huss's treatise—passages curiously contrasting with others in which the author speaks as humanly and forthrightly as one of Wyclif's "poor priests." Even in the more recondite parts of his treatise one may pay tribute to the passionate earnestness of the man, recognizing him as no mere logician, but rather as a laborer in the cause of clearness of thought, obliged to cut his way as best he could through preconceptions, precedents, verbal difficulties. Great as his debt to Wyclif admittedly is, he is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plainly no servile imitator, for his discourse differs from that of his predecessor in just those matters of detail, of figure, of illustration and citation, in which one would expect a vain and feeble borrower to show least originality.

Huss begins his treatise with a subtle and carefully guarded definition of the church—a definition meant to be scripturally sound and metaphysically clear. This definition sets at naught the ideas prevailing at the time—that the Pope and the Cardinals constitute the church; or that the church is confined to those over whom the apostolic see has jurisdiction. "The Roman Church," said Huss, "is not the Catholic Apostolic Church, for no partial church can be the Holy Catholic Church. However, among the militant churches the Roman Church is the principal one." The Roman pontiff, he next contended, is not the head of the church on earth. Christ is the head. And the rock upon which the church is built is Christ and not Peter. Moreover, Huss sought to show that the power of the Keys, or of remitting sins and retaining them, was in reality conferred not upon Peter alone but through him upon the church; and further that this power is merely declaratory—that neither Pope nor priest can absolve from sin except where God has before absolved. The scriptures, Huss held, supply the supreme rule of life and conduct. Finally, one hundred years before Luther's famous protest against the burning of heretics, Huss, appealing to the example of Christ and the purpose of the Gospel, denied the right of the Church to kill or torture misbelievers.

The copious notes, and the exact references to the works quoted or used by Huss which Dr. Schaff has provided, are adequate and reliable helps to the student of church history. The editor's interest in his task is, however, not merely that of the narrow specialist; he leads his readers to see the significance of Huss's work in the largest view. "When the two principles emphasized in this treatise," he writes, "are given proper recognition—personal devotion to Christ and a daily life conformed to his teachings and example—the practise of Christian tolerance and all human tolerance will be advanced..... This treatise will have a mission to-day, if its pages promote the idea that devotion to Christ is the condition and surety of Christian fellowship."

AMERICA AND HER PROBLEMS. By Paul H. B. D'Estournelles de Constant. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

No book about the United States by a foreign observer is more suave in manner, more acceptably cordial in spirit, than this of Baron D'Estournelles de Constant. The author writes from a point of view determined by a lifetime of observation, study, and travel in distant lands. His journeyings in this country extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Mexico to Canada; they gave opportunity for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

something more than hit-or-miss observation; they brought the writer into close touch with many significant personalities and (as a lecturer) with audiences of varying composition and sectional temper. The first part of his book, *America and Her Problems,* is crowded with observations and with candid appreciations of men and things, of cities and scenery, intermingled with comment of a sort seeming casual but often really profound. The second part of the volume deals more deliberately with specific problems.

The point of view of the book is not so much foreign as international, not so much French as humane. That smartness of observation, that superior rehandling of our problems, which makes some foreign books about the United States oddly illuminating and sometimes piquantly amusing, the author seems deliberately to eschew. His emphasis is laid upon likeness rather than difference; his attitude is that of one who seeks for grounds of sympathy and coöperation rather than for opportunities to contrast impressions. His book is accordingly sympathetic and complimentary in its tone, elevated and general in its view. But the reader soon discovers that there is much more in Baron de Constant's discourse than the facile flattery of a friend of America and a lover of humanity. The author has, indeed, a genuine gift for catching the very spirit of sections, cities, universities, political parties, and for describing sympathetically the conditions and problems of a country about which it is so easy to make mistakes as our own. It is strange to see our actual America built up before our eyes in this book written by a Frenchman, absolutely as we know it—and, to say truth, a good deal better than we know it. For the view revealed is quite free from the exaggeration, the prejudice, the journalistic over-emphasis or self-conscious caution, which so often enter into any knowledge of ourselves. To each descriptive passage the author joins an analysis or suggestion bearing upon his fundamental idea—and this fundamental idea is peace. The generality, the elevation and unity, of the author's point of view and purpose are not favorable to boldly striking comment—a fact that seems at first to detract somewhat from the effect of the book. But the reader soon finds that in these very characteristics the value of the work really consists. Its cumulative effect is very great, and the lesson it unobtrusively yet forcefully impresses is that peace is the organization of all other useful forms of organization.

From baseball to politics and religion, Baron D'Estournelles de Constant sees everything American with sympathy for its special peculiarities and in the light of the greatest of all practical ideals, the ideal of peace. Baseball he describes accurately, and he tactfully expresses a desire to see it introduced into France. An incorrigible peace advocate, he finds even in the national game proof of the possibility of the arbitration of bitter disputes. Are not the players, after all, wonderfully obedient to the umpire? His analysis of the position of political parties in the United States affords a broader view

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than we, inevitably attached as we are to party names and catchwords, are likely to take. As in all parliamentary countries, he says, the old parties are "compelled to come closer, not to absorb one another, but to unite so as to make the greatest or smallest number of concessions to popular claims, but the maximum is never more than a beginning. They represent the unpopular status quo, and for the time being defend it whether they like it or not. They constitute a natural center of resistance much more than of action—a center of moderation and opportunism with whose slow progress impatient humanity must put up. It is in short a center—a word that sums up the whole situation." On either side of this center are the discontented rich and the discontented poor. This is the true situation, irrespective of party lines. The discontented rich, the author tersely declares to be the same everywhere — jingoes, plebiscitaires, pronunciamentists, partizans of personal power, what you please:—their influence is towards war rather than peace. The socialists in this country, the author rather acutely remarks, are not so well organized as the women, who have brought their efforts to bear upon certain definite points, such as the drink traffic, education, the protection of children, hygiene. The aims of the socialists are relatively indefinite and merely express the aspirations and unselfish ideals which are more or less common to all countries. As for religion, Baron D'Estournelles de Constant, instead of criticizing us for our lack of personal faith or for the bumptiousness with which we are in the habit of announcing that we are coöperating with God, prophesies that the religion of America—that religion of doing and serving which is so broadly human that it scarcely requires a name—will become the religion of the future. Despite his passionate attachment to the peace cause one recognizes no mere rhetoric but rather sincerity and an eye for what is essential in the remark about American efficiency: "The Americans do not know it, but without being militarized, they are drilled and a hundred times readier than they were a hundred years ago to take up arms and conquer if attacked. They have been so well educated by discipline, sobriety, and muscular development that they are superior to any armies they might try to form on the spur of the moment."

In conclusion, Baron D'Estournelles de Constant eloquently expresses his conviction of the importance to the world of America's destiny, and points out what he conceives to be the greatest danger—a danger symbolized by the distance of the national capital from the center of the country and its nearness to Europe. The people, he thinks, have kept their ideals up to the high level of the founders of the republic: the government on the other hand has tended to ape European ways and to acquire the puerile pride of imperialism. *America and Her Problems* is neither a rhetorical plea for peace nor an essay characterized by carefully sought brilliancies; it is an extremely friendly and informing book, with a note of special appeal to the young. In presenting a great ideal concretely, it gives

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americans an illuminating view of what unsuspected idealists—and those who without being conscious idealists are practically helping to organize ideals—are doing and thinking in all parts of the country.

THE STORY OF NAPOLEON'S DEATH MASK. By G. L. de St. M. Watson. New York: John Lane Company, 1915.

A book not of recondite and technical interest alone, but of a singular and almost uncanny fascination, is this which G. L. de St. M. Watson has written—after years of profound study of the life of Napoleon and of absorption in its details and spirit—about the singular problem of the Napoleonic death masks. Few writers can equal Mr. Watson in the art of combining conciseness and the extreme scrupulosity of a trained scholar with a suggestiveness and power of intriguing interest which produce almost the effect of discursiveness or of leisurely charm. The author is plainly an enthusiast for Napoleon—a fervent admirer, not merely a zealous specialist—but his enthusiasm is well restrained. It bursts out only in one or two passages forceful and fitting. It manifests itself chiefly in an intensification of the interest pertaining to every phase of the subject—in that superior clearness, compactness, and point, which is begotten of zeal and intellectual curiosity. The book establishes truth, it seems, beyond peradventure of reasonable doubt; it is incidentally a remarkable study of the strange ways of the human mind and of the singular process by which a lie may impose itself upon generations of men.

The author first traces the progress of what he calls "the Antommarchi fiction." Dr. Antommarchi is said to have taken a death mask of Napoleon shortly after the great man's death at St. Helena. The original cast he carried with him to Europe, and many years later he issued an edition of copies—the "souscription Antommarchi"—which were widely sold. The issue of the casts created something of a sensation, in which the general tone was that of surprise and disappointment: the conformation of Napoleon's head and features as shown by the plaster was so different from the conventional idea of what they should be that the genuineness of the mask was doubted. The question was warmly debated between phrenologists and physicians with endless sophistries. But the authorship of the mask was hardly doubted. In newspaper paragraphs, in magazine articles, finally in books of sober history down to the present day, Antommarchi has been given the credit of the achievement he claimed for himself, with little protest. Slowly, conservatively, by unconscious touches and reservations, the legend has been built up. It has given rise to sub-legends more strange than the original, and these, too, have obtained recognition. There is the tale to the effect that Drs. Mitchell and Burton attempted to take an impression of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the head, but failed. There is the preposterous story that a cast was taken of Napoleon's face at the time of his exhumation in 1840. There is the fiction of the outrageous "wax mask," a forgery, repulsively hydrocephalous. The author shows the lineage of all these legends and maps their course. He also marks out the slow and tentative stages through which the truth has at last made itself unmistakably clear. There is not a particle of evidence emanating from St. Helena to show that Antommarchi did what he claimed to have done. On the other hand there is abundant testimony to show that the mask of Napoleon's face was formed by the English physician, Dr. Francis Burton, after Antommarchi had declined to make the attempt. The original cast which Burton took from the waste-mould was purloined during his absence by Count and Countess Bertrand, and subsequently passed into the possession of Antommarchi. The facts in the case Mr. Watson makes out in detail and with extraordinary clearness, reconciling minute discrepancies of time in varying accounts and explaining every incident and corollary. The most dubious, though not the least interesting, part of his reconstruction of the events immediately following Napoleon's death has to do with the so-called Sankey cast. This, thinks Mr. Watson, must have been made from an impression in wax hastily taken by the artist Rubidge from Burton's first cast—that is, the one remaining after the waste-mould had been destroyed. This is the more probable because the Sankey cast corresponds with that made by Burton in the smallest details of measurement and of expression—a thing that would be scarcely possible if two different moulds had been taken of Napoleon's face, since the yielding flesh is not likely to make precisely the same impression upon the plaster in two different trials. Briefly summed up the facts seem to be somewhat as follows: All death masks of Napoleon are derived from one and the same original mould—that made by Dr. Burton on May 6, 1821. This waste-mould was necessarily destroyed in freeing the first cast—also made by Burton and now in the possession of Prince Victor Napoleon at Brussels. From this cast, on May 7, Joseph William Rubidge took a secondary non-plaster impression. From this cast also Antommarchi in the summer of 1822 took a secondary plaster piece-mould. From his secondary mould Rubidge before leaving St. Helena took the plaster-cast now in Dr. Sankey's possession. The ancestry of all death masks of Napoleon of known antiquity now found in museums and private collections may be traced back, through the "subscription issue" of 1833-4, to a cast made by Antommarchi in 1822 from his secondary mould.

Seldom has any one conducted an investigation into a curious and interesting problem to better purpose than has Mr. Watson. Rarely does a work of meticulous truth-seeking possess so many-sided and romantic an interest as does his story of Napoleon's death mask. Not the least interesting passages of Mr. Watson's work are those in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which he studies and describes Napoleon's physiognomy and those wherein he shows the manner in which the conventional head of the medallions and later portraits gained acceptance.

THE LITTLE MAN AND OTHER SATIRES. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

A certain meagerness of outline, an apparent lack of story-telling charm, may at first offend the reader of Mr. Galsworthy's fine and penetrating studies of human character; yet no one who begins the book will fail to finish it, and no one who has read it can possibly forget it. So finely and sharply etched are these quiet delineations that their impression remains long after one has put them out of mind—or rather into the mind, as the psychologists now say. It would be unfair to hint that the effect of Mr. Galsworthy's book is altogether discomforting; on the contrary it is amusing and sympathetic. Yet the sketches have the power of awakening an uneasy desire for greater sincerity and self-knowledge. In analysis of an accuracy so unsparing and of a subtlety so penetrating, every sentence is a suspected challenge to the reader's cherished opinions and his fixed belief in his own complete freedom from self-deception. Mr. Galsworthy through his persuasive art betrays us into the pain of thinking—which is said to be the greatest pain of all. His particular merit and achievement is that—not in the narrow sense, in which the trick is relatively easy, but in the larger sense, in which it is inordinately hard—he has drawn types. The portrayals of people in his narratives, accurately and personally executed as they are, have a general and very deep significance. That is why they are so unforgettable. They fit, not a person, but categories of human nature. And this manner of writing, which might so readily become stiff and academic, is, as Mr. Galsworthy uses it, full of a subtle human warmth. One may smile over the sketches in *The Little Man* if one feels sufficiently superior and sure of oneself to do so; there is laughter for the gods in the book. In any case the reaction will be one of enjoyment.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

THE ENGLISH VIEW

(*From the London Standard*)

"BECAUSE Great Britain refused to permit the United States to supply the German army with foodstuffs Germany officially assassinated more than a hundred American citizens. That is the naked fact, from which escape is impossible." Thus the scholarly editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, perhaps the most serious of Transatlantic periodicals, sums up the facts of the sinking of the *Lusitania*. No Englishman will quarrel with this proposition, though he may not altogether follow Mr. George Harvey's deductions from the facts. For Mr. Harvey, who may be taken as the type of all that is cultured in the United States, clearly states that America is "confronted by no necessity of inflicting punishment on Germany." He uses many excellent phrases in condemnation of the German reversion to barbarism, but—and this is the point most important to Englishmen—he insists that America's duty is to keep out of trouble unless trouble is actually forced upon her. In point of fact, the only serious arguments in the article are against Great Britain. The writer goes so far as to suggest that we are guilty of exactly the same kind of conduct we denounce in Germany as wholly evil. For "the British Government practically concedes that it has committed infringements upon American commercial rights, but promises to make atonement in the form of indemnities at the end of the war." Is not that, asks the editor, precisely analogous to the conduct of Germany towards Belgium? Germany demanded of Belgium that she should acquiesce in the violation of her neutrality by the passage of German troops, promising in return to make a satisfactory cash indemnity at the close of the war. "It is difficult to see any material difference between that and the violation of American mercantile neutrality under a like promise."

Surely this argument is based on a fallacy. Great Britain for a long period strictly regarded what she considered to be the letter and spirit of international law; but in view of the attitude of the United States Government she agreed to compromises which have militated heavily against the Allies, simply because she considered bad relations with America a greater disadvantage even than the deplorable waste of sea power involved in these concessions. President Wilson did not then talk, it must be remembered in justice to our Government, about being "too proud to fight." Afterwards, when Germany flatly disregarded (with the tacit acquiescence of the United States) every international obligation, and carried her "humane and enlightened attitude" so far as to commit wholesale murder on the high seas, our Government modified somewhat a timorous policy which had been of incalculable advantage to the enemy, though even now extraordinary indulgence is given to American cotton and other articles which should obviously be made abso-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lute contraband. Those we know to be the facts. Our fault, if fault there be, has been a greater care for American trade convenience than for the military interests of the Quadruple Alliance, and it does seem rather hard that, after months of this compliant attitude, we should be accused of a violation of American commercial neutrality "precisely analogous" to the crime of Germany in Belgium.

Needless to say, however, we do not complain. We are grateful for such moral support as we have had from America, and no reasonable man has ever expected more than moral support. It is for the United States Government and the American people alone to determine whether they should deal with Germany in polite platitudes or in sharp words and sharper deeds. Intelligent Englishmen do not need, either, this learned editor's reminder that if America fights—that is, if war is absolutely thrust on her, for she will not fight otherwise—she will battle, not for us or for humanity, but for herself, or, as he phrases it, "only for the inalienable right of peace-loving peoples to live their own good lives in their own better way." It is just as well that excitable people in this country, who are ready to believe that every successive Note from Washington brings an extension of the war nearer, should realize that there is very little disposition on the American continent to quarrel with Germany over incidents like the *Lusitania*. There is enough of popular horror and indignation, no doubt, but not of that kind that forces the hands of a Government which has its own good reasons for moderation. The American people chiefly want peace—peace for themselves first, peace for the world next. They would prefer, on general principles, that Germany was beaten, though not too badly beaten. But if Germany is not going to be beaten quickly, they still want peace, even if it is at the expense of the Allies, as it must be in present circumstances. Of this craving for peace, it may be expected, German diplomacy may take adroit advantage during the next few weeks or months, and there are signs already, of which this article is one, that American opinion is being diverted from the *Lusitania* and kindred topics to Great Britain's supposed naval sins. Of course, if official Germany insists on war with the United States, war must come sooner or later. There is a limit beyond which forbearance implies serious loss of self-respect. But official Germany can hardly commit so grave a blunder. She has tested the United States by an experiment which in other times might have been disastrous, and has found that the "ancient friendship" between the two countries is proof against the greatest imaginable shock. America, she finds, does not want war, will avoid war at any sacrifice short of actual loss of honor. The next step is obviously to see whether this pacific mood cannot be turned to account in other directions. Therefore the British nation must be prepared for the possibility of a very strong movement in the United States—Mr. Bryan is already engineering it—to bring pressure to bear on the Allies in order to put an end to the war, or, at least, to abolish all restraint on American trade. That seems to be the tendency of American opinion, and the appearance of the article noticed above is highly symptomatic.

MR. WATTERSON ON BRYAN

(*From the Louisville Courier-Journal*)

By way perhaps of final leave-taking—not to say after the manner of a parting shot—the *Courier-Journal* in this issue devotes what may be thought

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an excess of space to the recent Secretary of State. As a corollary to the luminous and convincing paper by George Harvey, reproduced from the July number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, it ventures to recall and reprint some observations of its own with which more than two years ago it regaled alike its readers and its prophetic soul. No apology shall be offered for this exploitation of itself, whilst Col. Harvey's essay needs none. Leaving little, if anything, to be said, it will repay perusal.

Whether Mr. Bryan means to take the field directly against Mr. Wilson, and contest the nomination with him, or, using the one-term plank as a pretext, contemplates a rumpus and a bolt, the future will disclose.

He has shown himself capable of any folly, not to say treachery. The circumstances of his resignation, if there were nothing else, sufficiently attest the disingenuous in his character. It is known that he had been grinding his teeth with rage for months because he was no longer considered or consulted as Secretary of State. Doubtless his *amour propre* was justly offended. The President has a winning way of making himself disagreeable when he has no further use for a servant. A Webster, or a Clay, a Calhoun, or a Hay, would, with the first sign of slight, have folded his cloak about him and scornfully withdrawn.

Not so with the faker of Nebraska. He is nothing if not a showman. He must make commotion. He must have his exploitation. Dignity is nothing beside gate-money. So, with an equal lack of self-respect and fidelity, and the ill-judgment marking all his proceedings, he eats his leek and bides his time, till the trumpets blare and the big drums beat, and the occasion insures the spectacular.

Mr. Bryan's relation to parties, and what he may do or may not do to Wilson and the Administration, is of small account. We have our political ups and downs. We whack one another around the ring. But, between elections, we eat, drink and are merry, bearing not malice one toward another, good Americans all, the ship's crew of us ready to make common cause against the world outside, or any part of it, that ventures to come against us.

Mr. Bryan is the first public man of reputation who has violated this rule, making his break upon an issue of foreign affairs, and for revenge, or revenue, aligning himself with the enemies of his country.

That was a shameful meeting at Madison Square Garden in New York. Immediately succeeding the resignation of the Secretary of State, it gave notice to Germany that we are not only a divided people, but that the pro-German end of the division is led by no less a person than a Prime Minister who has thrown down his commission to raise the standard of revolt. We had already been warned by the pro-German leaders and organs that war with Germany would mean civil war. At the Madison Square meeting Mr. Bryan confirmed this warning to the degree that in the event of war with Germany he will not be able to escape the character of a suspect. He would at once become a kind of twin to Huerta—a lineal descendant of Vallandingham—and, if not exiled like the famous Buckeye Copperhead, yet held with his pro-German colleagues of Madison Square in a camp of detention.

If the German-Americans had been at the outset let alone—or if, in despite of the organized pro-German propaganda, they had possessed the wisdom to draw the line between Imperialism—Autocracy—Absolutism, and the Fatherland—between the Hohenzollerns and the German people—consulting their naturalization papers, which commit them to Republicanism

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in renunciation of Kaiserism, all had been well. Those of them who made the Kaiser's fight their fight went back on their oaths of allegiance. If war should come between the United States and Germany, they will have put upon themselves as American citizens a fatal disability. After what has happened, their professions of loyalty would go for nought. No Government could afford to trust them. No commander would dare lead them to battle. Their attitude at the Madison Square meeting was that of a German colony in America. The attitude of Mr. Bryan was that of a demagogue seeking profit from their treason by fomenting it. This should consign him to everlasting execration and disgrace.

CAN GERMANY BE BEATEN?

(*From the New York Herald*)

Colonel Harvey in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW takes rather a gloomy view of the war situation in an article headed "Can Germany Be Beaten?"

"It is still," he remarks, "as we said ten months ago, inconceivable that Germany shall triumph, but it is no less certain from the standpoint of the Allies that the prospect is laden with gloom and foreboding and that the end is far off."

Only a few weeks ago there was a strong feeling in America that July would see the end of the struggle. This was prompted by the moral certainty that Italy would enter the great arena on the side of the Allies and that the preparations for a supreme effort on the part of England and France for driving the invaders out of France and Belgium were likely to bear fruit in May and June.

Italy is in, BUT the effort in the western theater of war has thus far had no decisive results, while on the eastern front Russia has suffered a considerable reverse which time will be consumed in offsetting. On the Dardanelles the situation is a desperate one for the attackers as well as the attacked, and another British battleship was destroyed on Wednesday.

Germany fights doggedly on and on, while it is undeniable that the Allies will steadily gain in strength. Yet the impressions gained from each day's events lead to the conclusion that no living man can make a reasonable guess as to the duration of the war either in months or years.

(*From the Greensboro News*)

We dove eagerly into Col. George Harvey's piece under this title in the current NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW; but presently, and not to keep the reader in suspense, skipped over to the conclusion, wherefrom it appears that the sapient colonel finds himself about where he, and millions of other people, were ten months ago.

He points out that millions of lives have been sacrificed and billions of money have been squandered, but no invading foe has placed foot on the German soil and no reversal of arms has served to temper the German spirit. Few would seriously undertake to contest the second any more than the first assertion. "The anticipated disaffection of Socialists and peace-seekers," says Colonel Harvey, "has failed to materialize. The mighty machine guns seems only to have hardened into a yet greater efficiency. Prussia still dominates the empire, and the certainty of a quick triumph which at first pos-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sessed the minds of her people has been supplanted by a determination never to be beaten which is even more formidable." Germany has both plenty of money and plenty of munitions. She is building more submarines, building them faster than her enemies. Food is plentiful, the harvest promises well. "Briefly, the possibility of conquering Germany is more remote to-day than it was at the beginning of the war. To feign the contrary is to ignore the facts."

Over against this, as a matter of interest and information, let us put the ideas of Theodore H. Price, as set forth in his *Commerce and Finance,* and which are intended to be more cheerful. "The Impermanence of the Abnormal" is his theme. "At the height of a storm, men despair of fine weather, and at the end of a drought they cease to look for rain." Millions of men have been killed and billions of treasure have been spent in the war already; it is therefore argued that it will be prolonged. The German casualty lists show that 2,108,000 out of a possible total of 6,000,000 trained soldiers have been killed or disabled thus far, and an equal or greater number have been lost by the Allies. "The world is now leagued in moral if not military opposition to Germany. Despite Lord Kitchener, these are facts which make for the ending and not the prolongation of the war." We know not how or why the summer's crop will ripen or be gathered, but everything we do and every plan we make assumes that any variation will be but temporary; by the same analogy, thinks Mr. Price, "we must believe that peace cannot much longer be delayed unless we admit that nature herself has become an anarchist."

We are more than willing to listen to anybody who argues to us that all this horror is soon to be abated; but we find Colonel Harvey the more convincing.

MR. GARRISON ON PREPAREDNESS

(*From the Buffalo Express*)

In an article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW Secretary Garrison with two or three sharp questions shows the utter absurdity of the argument that war may be avoided by avoiding preparation for war. In the physical sphere, he asks, where and when have feebleness, flabbiness and weakness acted as a shield and buckler? Where in the history of nations do we find the strong staying its hand because of the feebleness of its rival? "The pages of history literally abound with instances to the contrary," he answers. "Civilizations which in their day reached the highest pinnacles of mental, spiritual and physical life have disappeared from the face of the earth and their names are almost forgotten by men because they became feeble and flabby and were toppled over by the strong. But if it is held that a strong nation is more likely to go to war than a weak, then the obvious question is this: How can you justify your trust that other nations that are strong will refrain from misusing their strength against us if you fear that we, if strong, would misuse our strength against other nations?"

The wonder is that with a man in the cabinet who could present the case so unanswerably the policy of the administration has hitherto clung tenaciously to the idea that any material increase in the army and navy is unnecessary. The lessons of history are as strongly against the theory that unpreparedness makes for peace as are the lessons of current events. The United States never has been prepared for war. Yet we have had wars in every

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

generation since our national existence began. Whether better preparation would have enabled us to avoid any of them or not, the lack of preparation certainly has had no other effect than to increase their cost both in blood and money.

It is hoped that the President and Congress will be better disposed to listen to Secretary Garrison hereafter. There is every indication that this European war must last for several years. The Allies so far have been offered no alternative between war and the concession of whatever conquests and indemnities Germany may choose to demand, and they have gained no successes of a character which could enable them even to think of imposing terms on Germany. If Germany succeeds in expelling the Russians from Galicia, as now appears likely, it is not improbable that peace propositions will be made from Berlin on the basis of the existing territorial status quo—that is, that Germany shall retain Belgium, Northern France and so much of Poland and the Russian Baltic provinces as her troops are occupying. It looks very much as if the German campaigns had been planned with the idea of offering some such peace terms. But peace on such a basis could at best be only a truce while the nations reorganized their strength for another struggle. If such a truce is not arranged, then the war must continue until one side or the other is completely exhausted and virtually subjugated. No one can estimate how many years that would take—not less than two or three, at the least, and they might run to twenty.

The United States, therefore, must contemplate the continuance of a state of either active or passive hostility in Europe for an indefinite time—perhaps for more years than many persons now living will see. The only security for our nation in such conditions is to be fully prepared to defend ourselves and our rights. We cannot begin too soon or act too energetically.

THE "REVIEW" IN 1915

The attainment by THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of its centenary is an event which will unite all sections of the English-speaking world in congratulations to its spirited editor. Colonel George Harvey has splendidly mantained the fine traditions of a notable line of editors, and the May number represents a high-water mark of interest which speaks for the virility of this living link between thinkers of the Grand Republic of Letters. The reading of the articles reviewed below is recommended as a cure for insular myopy.—*Review of Reviews* (*London*).

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has scored its hundred this year and blossoms like the century plant with its admirable contributions, excellent poetry, and piquant editorials.—*Lady's Pictorial* (*London*).

In May, 1815, the first number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was published. The centennial number of the REVIEW, just published, is quite worthy of its long line of predecessors. George Harvey ranks high among the world's great editors.—*Watchman-Examiner.*

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will be all right if the improvement continues another hundred years.—*Publisher-Retailer.*

George Harvey of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is one of the most mercilessly sarcastic writers in America. His monthly articles on the follies and foibles of the mighty, the political, the self-advertisers, are masterly expressions of thought, arrayed in all the varied grandiloquence of a literary mind. Sometimes we grow uneasy, he goes so far. But George Harvey

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself is far from being an uneasy soul, and evidently has no place in his mercy for those who are timid. He is not a "hammer-and-tongs" man, but resembles Pope, who drove home his tiny rapier of sarcasm or irony and then twisted it about, with a lopsided smile of satisfaction on his face. Harvey's like Pope. Though he's sometimes too harsh, we confess to a monthly delight in conning his pages.—*Catholic Universe.*

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is filled with articles by men who write thoughtfully and convincingly.—*Savannah Press.*

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is more vigorous than ever in its hundred-and-first year.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

As a foreword to the centennial number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW a few months ago, Colonel Harvey wrote a special editorial address and dedicated it to his successor who shall occupy his influential place at the second centennial. It was a very pretty thought, gracefully executed—that salute across the decades from the editor regnant to the editor yet unborn. Men come and go, but principles remain. The individual lives out his little span, toils through his little day and disappears, but the life force that throbs through the universe provides ever a new generation for the new day that dawns—and for the new problems there arise new men to cope with them. That, at any rate, is the confident belief of that optimism which compels us to believe that the world is getting better, that "there is never one lost good," and that every triumph of democracy brings ultimate victory one stage nearer attainment.—*Charlotte Observer.*

The department of editorial comment of the REVIEW continues to be most helpful in its selection and discussion of topics of the hour, even when, and sometimes because, one does not agree with the conclusions reached.
—*Washington Herald.*

The May NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is the centennial number, and it is wonderfully well written. Colonel Harvey himself is the king of editorial writers.—*Troy Times.*

POLITICAL NOTES

Editor George Harvey of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW opens the July number with a consideration of Bryan's retirement that is well worth reading by every citizen of this country. It is in the author's most picturesque and effective style, and in that he has no superior. He felicitates all concerned—"Mr. Bryan himself, the President, the Democratic party, the country and the world at large" on the resignation. They parted with handshaking, but the manner of departure is its worst feature, and savors even, in Mr. Harvey's opinion, of something like treason. "Mr. Bryan's official career is ended." Having disposed of Bryan, Mr. Harvey turns to President Wilson, and we doubt if that gentleman will enjoy reading the article much more than Bryan will. He'll have the joy of reading the Bryan part first, but it will be a pleasure of notable brevity. If our guess is not wrong, Champ Clark will enjoy reading this tribute to the two men who beat him as much as anybody will. Moreover, recalling that Editor Harvey invented Professor Wilson as a Presidential candidate and then was asked to drop him since such support was more harm than good, we can easily imagine that the article itself was rather satisfactory to its author. He can read it over in type and feel a sweet consciousness that his powers are still with him.
—*Hartford Courant.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Col. George Harvey seems to think that Mr. Bryan will organize a new party to oppose Mr. Wilson for re-election and that the new party will base itself upon the "one term" plank of the Baltimore platform. Mr. Wilson has been discreet, to say the least, in commenting upon that particular bit of lumber in the bridge that carried him over.

A great many people said a great deal about a "third cup of coffee" in the campaign of 1912, but the election returns did not indicate that their talk kept many votes away from the Progressive candidate.

There is nothing in the history of the country to indicate that the people are afraid of giving a good man a second term, and there are those who still would not shy at even a third term for the right man.

If Mr. Bryan's efforts to scuttle the Wilson ship are to be confined to this one line it will not be Woodrow Wilson, to mix the metaphor and borrow a phrase, who will be knocked into a cocked hat.—*Washington Times.*

Colonel Harvey predicts that Colonel Bryan will torpedo the Democratic party just as Colonel Roosevelt torpedoed the Republican party at Chicago. Let us trust that if he does the Democratic party will produce no Barnes to revivify him after he has shot his last bolt.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Colonel Harvey is out with a bitter attack on ex-Secretary Bryan, whom he accuses of trying to "torpedo the Democratic party." Yet Mr. Bryan claims to be the greatest living exponent of peace.—*Troy Times.*

Colonel Harvey is convinced that Bryan is a submarine prepared to torpedo the Democratic party. Oh, no; no fellow can be an aeroplane for twenty years and change to a submersible boat in a few weeks. Bryan is a Taube without bombs and not dangerous.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Col. George Harvey presents for President, Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania. Colonel Harvey evidently aspires to Warwickian fame, and if he can put this deal over he is entitled to everything he seeks in this line.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

Colonel Harvey chose for the text of an inimitable article on Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan a few months ago a Spanish proverb: "When two men ride on an ass, one must ride behind." Mr. Bryan has concluded to walk.—*Glamenda Times.*

Colonel Harvey has selected Senator Borah as the next Presidential candidate on the Republican ticket. He says—what everybody knows—that the Republicans have the best chance of winning next year.—*Manchester Mirror.*

Colonel Harvey's fear that Bryan will torpedo the next Democratic convention is groundless. The effective force of a torpedo is in its head.—*New York American.*

Colonel Harvey has proposed Penrose for President and is now smilingly awaiting the returns.—*Sioux City Journal.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MRS. AUSTIN'S LIFE OF JESUS

SIR,—My attention has been called to an editorial in a recent issue of the *Baptist World* of Louisville, Ky., in which that publication comments adversely upon my Life of Jesus now running serially in the REVIEW. Under the title, "Traditional Modernism," the *Baptist World* holds forth as follows:

This phrase ["Traditional Modernism"] occurs to us in reading "The Man Jesus," by Mrs. Mary Austin, in the June NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. It is the first of a series of articles that have been extensively heralded as the great modern life of Jesus Christ. There is no reason *per se* why a woman should not be able to write a great life of Jesus. It is a task that calls for a combination of qualities not easily found. Mrs. Austin has distinction of style, force, imagination, insight. But the total effect of the two opening chapters is not happy. The writer has read widely in modern criticism and in the history of the first century, but her tread is not always secure and her vision is often faulty. She frankly takes the position that Jesus is the son of Joseph and considers the birth-stories in Matthew and Luke as legends, "God-tales," as she calls them, without historical value. She plays fast and loose with the gospels, uses what she likes, rejects the rest with no rhyme or reason of historical criticism. Take this sentence about John the Baptist as a specimen: "This John—called The Baptist—must have been a Galilean, an inhabitant of that portion of the Bridge which reached from the roots of Lebanon past Naphtali, past Tabor and Hermon, past the plain of Esdraelon, stretching to the narrow Phoenician coast, down the Rift of Jordan to the dead, desert sea." We pass by the curious topography whereby the Dead Sea is placed on the edge of Galilee. For the notion that John the Baptist is a Galilean, in the face of Luke's express statement that he was born in the Hill Country of Judea, Mrs. Austin gives this evidence: "For this assumption we have the natural temper of his mind, and the fact that he was amenable to the civil authority of Herod, Tetrarch of Galilee." But Machaerus was in Perea, not Galilee. We know that John crossed over into Perea from Judea to Bethany beyond Jordan. It was probably while in Perea that John fell into the hands of Herod, that Fox, who was used by the Pharisees as a "scarecrow" for Jesus when in this same region. But the most striking instance of whimsical traditionalism in the midst of rampant modernism is in this sentence: "Then there was this interesting new ritual of the sprinkling of water—it was a poor Jew, indeed, who could not make room in his life for one more ceremonial."

With charming naïveté Mrs. Austin has a blind-eye for modern scholarship and planks down the medieval development of sprinkling for baptism

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as the undoubted rite of John the Baptist. There is never a doubt or a qualm of conscience for Mrs. Austin. She knows her mind about everything, cuts out what does not suit her theories like the most approved modern critic, falls back upon her traditional prejudices when she pleases, and has her own sweet will at every turn. The facts? Why bother about the facts? That is tiresome. Read this, for instance: "A Young Jew, something under thirty, of the better class of working-men, by name Joshua Ben Joseph, receiving the rite of baptism from a wild Anchorite on the mud-banks of a muddy river." *It is all so picturesque, so realistic, so cock-sure, so full* of detail that it seems a pity to challenge this charming novelist who essays to tell us all that is left by modern knowledge in the story of Jesus of Nazareth. The tone is confident, and the style is piquant, and the result a wholly whimsical Christ. The pity of it all is that such a series of chapters appears in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW as the last word in scholarly research. It suits far better one of the popular monthlies of romance. Take this picture of Jesus: "One thinks of him going about, tall and personable —a figure, at least, of which none ever complained of any lack—free striding, and a Jew, mind you; a high-nosed Jew with an eye at once piercing and veiled, long-haired and bearded." If one demur at the word "long-haired," in view of Paul's condemnation of long hair as a custom for men, Mrs. Austin has this to say in reply: "The hair and the beard have become so fixed in tradition that, whether or no, we must accept them." Thus we have a frank medley of tradition and modernism. The Roman Catholic artists have so familiarized the world with the picture of a long-haired Christ that Mrs. Austin does not dare to put it otherwise. The atmosphere in which she moves is so used to sprinkling as baptism that she dares to say "sprinkling" of John's baptism in utter disregard of the meaning of the Greek word. In spite of the fact that Jesus was baptized in the River Jordan and came up out of the water, Mrs. Austin blandly informs us that he was sprinkled on the muddy banks of the muddy river. Perhaps her articles may secure an audience for the story of Jesus in quarters that pay little attention to the Man of Nazareth. If so, some good may be done. But it is a great pity that, having taken what trouble she did to learn, she did not take more pains and learn more.

I have read this attack with interest, also with some amusement and a little sadness. Naturally I was prepared to be assailed touching the doctrines of modern sectarianism, and find it highly characteristic that more should be made of a point concerning the rite of baptism than of my rejection of the Gospel story of the birth of Jesus.

In writing this Life the problem of authenticating my choice among the varying concepts of scholars on certain points, gave me much concern, and was finally resolved by my conviction that what the modern reader wants is an unprejudiced picture of Jesus re-vitalized from the history and humanity of his time, rather than by scholarly disquisition.

I was not unaware that to give the quality called "style" to a work of this character is always to impeach its scholarship in some quarters. But I reflected that with the spread of University education, the processes of erudition have become too familiar to need to be continually brought into court.

I therefore addressed my work to this demand rather than to those to whom, unfamiliar with modern methods, my conclusions will seem, as they do to the Editor of the *Baptist World,* "without rhyme or reason of historic criticism."

And if I offer no particular items of scholarship in support of my point of view, it is only fair to add, neither does the Editor of the *Baptist World.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moreover, he is even guilty of what seems a deliberate misreading of my text, since I do not say that Galilee extended to the Dead Sea, but only that John was an "inhabitant of the portion of the Bridge which reached .....down the Rift of Jordan to the dead, desert sea." Also one sees a certain bias come out in the offense taken at my description of the pilgrim camps and the preaching and baptizing as taking place on the "banks of a muddy river."

I should have been glad to accommodate this prejudice by a picture of John and his audience up to their necks in the Jordan, but candor obliges me to confess that at the season indicated by the accepted chronology, this would have been an exceedingly difficult proceeding. However, I have no wish to disturb any Christian sect on a point of doctrine. My reason for speaking as I do of John's baptizing was owing largely to my being unable to find a warrant for believing that Jesus himself attached any importance to the method of the rite. We know only by inference that any of his disciples were baptized, and he himself is said not to have baptized anyone.

As to the citizenship of John, having rejected Luke's story of his birth and relationship to Jesus, I saw no reason for assigning him to Judea, even though he might have been born there. The temper of his mind was Galilean, and he certainly came under the jurisdiction of Herod. Luke also says that Jesus was born in Judea, but he was always accounted a citizen of Galilee.

In nothing does my critic illustrate the shallowness of modern sectarianism so much as in his attitude toward my description of the personal appearance of Jesus. "Why bother about the facts?" he says. "Facts are tiresome"; and proceeds to prove it by anathematizing my picture, without any basis of fact at all, as "Roman Catholic." Unfortunately, his suggestion that St. Paul condemned long hair for men works the other way, for Saint Paul denied for the early church many Hebraic practices which were undoubtedly followed by Jesus. Indeed, it is not unlikely that his itemizing of long hair might have grown out of some sporadic attempt to follow a fashion known to have been used by Jesus, for among the Jews it was customary for those who felt themselves especially called of God to cut neither the hair nor the beard.

But long before there was any distinction of Catholic or non-Catholic, before even the church was particularly Romanized, the tradition of Jesus as a man with long hair and a beard had become fixed in Christian art. Naturally one of the first questions asked of the Apostolic Missionaries would have been as to the bodily appearance of the Beloved Master. Portraiture was common, and though the Jews made no images, there is no reason why Gentile converts may not have made them, even while there were living men by whose memory such representations could have been corrected.

I have examined every claim to authenticity in the graphic presentations of Jesus, from the inscriptions on the Catacombs to the Holy Coat of Trèves, and while it is impossible to lend one's self to all the legendary inferences, I could only come to the conclusion that long hair and a beard were actual items of his appearance.

Since the Editor of the *Baptist World* gives me a warrant for it in his amiable regret that, having learned so much of Jesus, I "did not take the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trouble to learn more," let me express the wish that all sectaries might take the trouble to learn a little more of Jesus' real attitude toward those who offered "a cup of cold water in my name," and his condemnation of just such strictures as have been pronounced against me and my work.

MARY AUSTIN.

NEW YORK CITY.

SIR,—At last I have to abandon the commonplace, "I never read serials," for I have begun one—the first in many years, my interest having been aroused by the announcement of Mrs. Austin's "The Man Jesus."

I read avidly not the Testament tale of a Saviour, not disputatious theology, but a human history, the story of a man, his time and his people. When the second instalment came I read it with no less interest, and I anticipate the pleasure of the remainder with equal eagerness.

It is a narrative that fits this day and is certain to evoke a warm response, irrespective of readers' religious beliefs.

NEW YORK CITY. B. W. HUEBSCH.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S "ENGLAND"

SIR,—Houston Stewart Chamberlain should make his permanent residence Berlin; his conceptions of "political liberty" are of the Wilhelmstrasse variety. Too sad for poor Houston that he is annoyed by the fable of "political liberty" as he finds it in Britain!

Speaking as an American citizen, born in Scotland, you may tell Houston that when I forswore my allegiance to the late Queen Victoria, at the same time swearing allegiance to the United States, I *gained nothing* in a purely political sense, my gain being *economic*.

Chamberlain's article is just so much pro-German fol-de-rol, prejudiced, biased, and altogether unfair, as well as untruthful. His attempt to compare "modern Athens" (Edinburgh) with ancient Athens is absurd; his analogy will not span; even an humble hotel-keeper knows better.

Edinburgh is my native city; we can therefore consider it as good an example as any. Gladstone was member of Parliament for the county of Edinburgh; he certainly cannot be accused of belonging to any branch of British nobility, nor did any of the members representing Edinburgh City get their seats in the House of Commons as a consequence of being "younger" or "eldest" sons of British noblemen.

The writer is surprised to find in such a splendid review as the NORTH AMERICAN such a mess of vicious untruths. By the way, didn't Houston marry a German brewer's daughter, or something of this sort, who gave lavishly of his wealth, "made in America," to the "All Highest"? The writer's wife is also a native of Germany, but in spite of the fact that she has her eldest brother, Herr Doktor Professor Reinhardt, and his two sons, splendid men the three of them, wearing the "Kaiser's Coat," she *couldn't* sympathize with the gang of murderers who have so ably, up to this writing, deluded the German people that they are fighting for the "Fatherland"—not for all the millions of the aforesaid brewer father-in-law of Houston.

Scotsmen, at least, do not require to go anywhere so far as "political liberty" is concerned, least of all to Germany or any of her mercenary propagandists. Chamberlain is wilfully lying, and if he has enjoyed the privilege of living at any time within the confines of the British Isles, he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knows better than to give to the intelligent readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW blinding, hateful, warped falsehoods.

JOHN MCF. HOWIE.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

[Houston Stewart Chamberlain married a daughter of Richard Wagner, who, though not a brewer, contributed handsomely to one of the two best of Germany's products—her music and her beer.

—EDITOR.]

SIR,—I dare say you like to hear from your readers. The present July number is an excellent one. I find five very interesting articles therein in addition to the introductory editorial, namely, (1) "The Impassable Chasm"; (2) "Selling Arms to the Allies"; (3) "The Dangers of Pacifism"; (4) "The New English Cabinet"; and (5) "Mr. Wilson's Cabinet."

May I ask why you admitted Mr. Chamberlain's article, "England"? It seems to me to be entirely superficial and rubbishy. In places it is childish. The question, "Who has not heard of Warren Hastings?" (p. 49) sounds like an expression from a school boy's declamation. It is certainly amusing to be told by the writer (pp. 42-43) that his ideas concerning English liberty are founded on his experience when a youth, in an election row in a country town. From this rumpus he learned more than "through all my subsequent studies of the works of Hallam and Gneist." He dignifies this shindy by the name "phenomenon," and traces it back to the Norman invasion of 1066, an event which he says destroyed the fine civilization of the period in England, and finally resulted—horrible thought—in the thumping of Mr. Chamberlain eight hundred years afterward. The article is a nasty, abusive, slanderous and ridiculous production from which nothing of value can be learned by any one.

In hopes that a reader's protest against the publication of such rubbish may have some value, I send you this.

Yours sincerely,

ALFRED B. CRUIKSHANK.

SIR,—I have always thought very highly of your magazine. It is one of the best we have. But the article on "England" by Mr. Chamberlain was more fit to be published in one of the Hearst papers than in such a high-class publication as yours. Your readers cannot gain anything by the perusal of such stuff, and your excellent periodical loses much in prestige by publishing it. Couldn't you put your hands upon some real scholar to write on the subject?

H. MICHAELYAN.

FAR ROCKAWAY, N. Y.

[THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is a forum. Mr. Chamberlain's well-earned position as an historian entitled him to a hearing. If he was as unconvincing as our correspondents imply, is it not probable that the effect of his dissertation was the reverse of that striven for?

—EDITOR.]

AN ENGLISH CHAMPION OF GERMANY

SIR,—I picked up a copy of the REVIEW the other day, after an abstinence of some months, and I see you have not yet perceived the error of your ways.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perhaps my mental development is not up to the high standard of pro-British sympathizers, but I confess I cannot understand the line of reasoning which you permit to hold sway in your magazine, viz:

Before August, 1914, Germany was looked to as a leader in science, art, music, drama, philosophy, medicine, education, pedagogy, municipal government, national government, mining and metallurgy—Berlin was freely admitted to be the choice city of the world for residence, the ne plus ultra of civilization.

Since August, 1914, we are informed that Germany is ignorant, low, mean, cruel, insane, diseased, uncivilized, crazy, mad, deluded, maniacal, selfish, *and* (oh, the humor of it!) that "she never did lead the world in the arts of civilization, anyhow."

How comes it that these weaknesses of Germany have just come to light?

I hold it as a self-evident truth that the intelligence, the sanity, the philosophy, the brilliance and the kindness of the great German heart remains the same to-day in spite of the efforts of British pens. The nation is not a criminal, in my eyes, because it has pulled John Bull's whiskers.

One thing more: I dislike to see you intimate so frequently that this country is pro-British in sympathy. This country is *pro-German—pro-German* spite of "women and children" sobsters, spite of British pens—spite of the *British gold* invested in our industries. If you do not believe it, step on a street car to-night, and, without intimating your own strong bias, start up a talk on the war with the common man on your bench. You will find him *against* the British!

One more point: The sympathizers with Germany are not confined to "those of German descent," as you intimate. I'm English.

And another—this country was not a "unit in wrath" at the sinking of the *Lusitania*. About half of us (myself, too), while regretting the occurrence, thought *the Kaiser did right*. One man (English name) said, "If my own mother had gone down on that boat I still would have said, 'They had a right to do it.'"

ALBERT S. HORN.

SWISSVALE, PA.

[Although we have never used the words attributed to us by Mr. Horn, we readily concede that a mighty change in the opinion of the civilized world respecting Germany has been wrought by her barbarous conduct since July of last year. But we cannot argue with one who insists that "the Kaiser did right" when he deliberately assassinated hundreds of unoffending and helpless men, women and children whose right to be where they were was absolute. Nor do we care to comment upon the filial attitude of the person quoted.

—EDITOR.]

TYPHOID IN THE BRITISH ARMY

SIR,—I was very much interested in your paragraph on "Health." I think you will be interested in the following three statements as to typhoid fever in armies:

In the Boer War, in an army averaging 208,326 men, there were 57,884 cases of typhoid with 8022 deaths. The Boers only killed 7791.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

During the Spanish-American War, typhoid fever caused 85% of all the deaths from disease, the majority of these deaths being in camps in this country.

In the ten years ending December 31, 1910, the average number of cases of typhoid in the United States Army was 314 a year. Anti-typhoid vaccination was recommended in 1910, and was made compulsory on June 9, 1911. In the whole year, 1911, there were 57 cases with 8 deaths; in 1912, 24 cases with 4 deaths; in 1913 only 4 cases and no deaths; meantime the Army had been increased by 25%.

Contrast the conditions in the Boer War and the Spanish-American War with conditions in the British Army during the present war. It is impossible, of course, to state the size of the present British Army, but it is certainly many hundreds of thousands. The British War Office on March 4th (*British Medical Journal*, March 13, 1915, p. 485) gave out the following official table of cases of typhoid fever and the resulting deaths in the British forces in the field as follows:

	Cases		Deaths		Mortality %
Uninoculated	359		48		13.4
Partially protected (1 dose)	136	247	1	2	0.8
Fully inoculated within two years (2 doses)	111		1		

My figures for the American Army were furnished me by the Surgeon General of the Army.

H. L. C.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"DOWN WITH KITCHENER!"

SIR,—Would it be out of place for you to turn your trenchant and constructive pen upon the English conduct of the present war? A fertile field, tilled and harrowed again and again and laid by awaiting the seed from the hand of the Master who cometh not! Again must it be harrowed, and again and yet again until he comes!

Kitchener has always been my *bête noir*—the most overrated man on earth, in my judgment: one-sided, dense, dumb, phlegmatic, impenetrable, without fear or sympathy, or understanding of others, how could he arouse enthusiasm or fervor in one single human being—much less in a whole nation, inclined always to be supercilious and self-satisfied?

He is a buffer, not a balloon! An excellent keeper of an insane asylum or penitentiary—not a leader of either a moral or intellectual crusade.

Down with him to where he belongs, along with any other efficient machinery and automatons, and put a little pure intellect into the conduct of affairs!

Without help it will probably take another year for our English cousins to appreciate the limitations of their war lord; but until they do they will accomplish little against the intellectual devils whom they must out-think as well as out-fight.

One must feel deeply disappointed at the lack of progress in the war; but even more so that, as yet, no commanding intellectual personage has appeared upon the side of the Allies. Surely time enough has elapsed for a really great leader to make himself known.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One must still have implicit faith that the outcome will be on the side of what we believe to be true intellectual and moral progress and human freedom; but the cost will be beyond all human comprehension, and the cause of all this chastening must be some serious moral cancer that the world has hitherto failed to understand and to eradicate.

FRANCIS G. TRACY.

CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO.

WE ARE BRAZEN, THOUGH BRILLIANT

SIR,—The editorial, "The Revolt of Bryan," is unworthy of a place in a magazine as great as is THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. You describe one who has been before the public for more than twenty years, and in whose integrity more than six million people have confidence, as a liar, a hypocrite, and a malignant person. Here is the sentence to which I refer, taken from your editorial: "When he assigned a false reason for his performance, he declared his hypocrisy and evidenced his malevolence." And once more, Mr. Editor: "He can never again be tolerated by American citizens who are not wholly devoid either of intelligence or of patriotism." So Mr. Editor, you make yourself bold, brazen, or impudent, which is it?—and find no patriotism and intelligence except in yourself and in those who think as you do. Well, I must say that you have outdone "Our Colonel" completely. Your egotism and your knowledge of the hidden motives of others is truly wonderful! It is a pity that you put so much brilliant humor in the midst of so many unfair statements. I enjoyed the humor, but the maligning of a really great man is unlike you. It was a relief to read the good things you had to say about the President. Nobody will ever be able to say too many good things about our President. Sorry that you had to intimate that Wilson was not sincere in his praise of Bryan. Mr. Bryan may have "muddled" some of his statements, as you say, but if your editorial is not a muddled affair, I would hate to try to read one that *was* muddled.

JESSE F. BENTON.

McDOWELL, W. Va.

THE PRESIDENT'S LITTLE JOKE

SIR,—I have just read what you have had to say about the Honorable Josephus Daniels. I was not a little surprised that one of your acumen should so utterly fail to grasp the true situation. Mr. Daniels may be "temperamentally and mentally unfitted" to perform the part you would assign to him, and yet be admirably fitted for the part for which the President has cast him. If you are right as to the part he is expected to play in the national drama, then the President and not Mr. Daniels should come in for your criticism, for I do not think the President or anyone else would have the temerity to claim that he is fitted to perform the duties of the office as you seem to see them. I, however, take it that Mr. Daniels is conducting the affairs of the office just as the President intended he should.

It seems to me it would have been more commendable in you if you had tried to find out the President's viewpoint before starting in to lambast his Secretary. I was at first considerably puzzled at Mr. Daniels' appointment, but as time went on and Mr. Daniels went on and I had time to analyze the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

matter, the puzzle seemed quite easy of solution. Mr. Wilson is an economist. He also has a keen sense of humor (although his humor seems at times so subtle that even a Harvey could not discover its circulation). As an economist, he knew the people were fond of getting the most for their money. As a humorist, he knew how fond the people were of fun and amusement. The salary of the Secretary of the Navy is not large, and it seems plain to me that the President must have figured it out that he could furnish the people more fun and amusement for their money by appointing Mr. Daniels Secretary of the Navy, than in any other way.

E. A. BENSON.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

A LADY UNANSWERED

SIR,—I regret to inform you that your periodical is no longer a representative American magazine.

The sympathies of this country, at first pro-British, have become pro-German. A party of friends returning from the San Francisco Exposition and a tour through the West advise me that everywhere they found nothing but German sympathy. A gentleman from Boston advises me that, while New England was strongly for the English at the beginning of the war, its sympathy has veered strongly to Germany. A newspaper man from Chicago, who gets around a good deal, told an acquaintance that several months ago the *Literary Digest* had polled the country on this subject and gotten a majority of the straw votes for the English, but that if this poll were to be repeated to-day it would show the opposite results.

I myself no longer find any one, practically speaking, in favor of the Allies except those born in England or its colonies.

Is it possible you have been misled by some New York papers that are English owned? Is it possible that you have, in this case, failed to analyze the public pulse correctly? Would the REVIEW itself care to take a poll on this matter? It is of importance to such a periodical. Only last night a lady picked up a recent copy of your magazine, read a few words, and threw it down saying, "Why, I won't read that. He's for the English!" She was not German either, but American born, half English, half German. Please answer in your valued review.

H. P. MEESE.

SWISSVALE, PA.

[Why should we make answer to a lady who refuses to read what we say?
—EDITOR.]

MAC VEAGH'S "WONDERFUL ANALYSIS"

SIR,—Last week I took the July REVIEW with me on the trip from Chicago to Mackinac Island via Green Bay.

The first article I read—after the masterly editorial on Bryan, of course—was the remarkable contribution by Wayne Mac Veagh. Some passengers overheard me reading it and stopped to listen to the very end. They passed the word around and before we reached our destination every passenger on the ship had either read or heard read the wonderful analysis of the situation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Since returning home it occurs to me that I ought to give my readers the same pleasure and satisfaction I received from the repeated perusal of the article, and I therefore write to enquire if you would kindly give me permission to reproduce the contribution in the *Michigan Tradesman*, with full credit and, in addition, editorial commendation and acknowledgment?

E. A. STOWE,
Editor, *Michigan Tradesman*.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

A CONSTANT FRIEND

SIR,—I am in receipt of yours of the 7th inst., notifying me of the expiration of my subscription to your most excellent magazine. I have renewed the subscription through a local agency.

I have read your magazine more or less for many years, and greatly to my satisfaction; and, in fact, have on file in my library many special numbers reaching back for thirty years or more. In justice to Mr. Harvey's keen insight in touching the right chords of harmony and logic on any question which he discusses, I am moved to say that for the last two years the REVIEW filled a want in my literary reading which no other magazine, foreign or domestic, can supply.

J. M. COMSTOCK.

SPOKANE, WASH.

GERMANY AND THE BLACK HAND

SIR,—Having read with deep interest your article, in the May issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in reply to Colonel Roosevelt's statements in the *Metropolitan*, I desire to take the opportunity of inquiring whether or not, in your opinion, Germany—having duly warned the country through the German embassy at Washington of their intentions to torpedo the *Lusitania* and other transatlantic liners,—acted within the rules of naval warfare prescribed by the Hague Conventions?

W. WARD SMITH.

NEW YORK CITY.

[Assuredly *not*. If the German warning can be held to have justified assassination, so can a Black Hand notification.

—EDITOR.]

COMMENDATION FROM MICHIGAN

SIR,—I published some comment on your article on Bryan, and have so many requests from subscribers that I ask your permission to publish it complete in the *Gazette*, giving proper credit to you and to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Personally, I enjoyed it, every word of it, and I am sure that my enjoyment was not founded entirely upon an opinion of Bryan relatively similar to yours, but rather upon the complete and thorough manner in which you handled him.

I believe your article should be made a part of high-school work—first, for the class in English composition, and second, for the oratorical opportunity it offers.

HOMER A. GUCK,
Vice-president and Editor, The *Mining Gazette* Co.

HOUGHTON, MICH.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PROPHECY RECALLED

SIR,—Is it not fitting at this time in our national history to recall your words in THE REVIEW of August, 1910?:

"Meanwhile, please God, as ever hitherto in a crisis of the Republic, a man will emerge from comparative political obscurity capable of holding high the torch of personal liberty, that all the people may see the clear light and revert gladly to the pristine standard of individual and industrial progress which despite temporary retrogression continues to be the glory of the nation."

JAY N. SWIFT.

BENTON HARBOR, MICH.

CORRECTION BY COLONEL CHURCH

SIR,—I read five or six of the articles in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for June, and noticed two of them in the *Army & Navy Journal*, but on returning to this number I find that I overlooked "Mark Twain's War Map," on page 827. You are mistaken in saying that this map was published in the Buffalo *Express*. It appeared in one of a series of twelve (monthly) humorous articles which Clemens furnished to the *Galaxy Magazine*, published by my brother, F. P. Church, and myself, and for which we paid him the price he asked, whatever it was. We held the copyright of his articles at that time.

WM. CONANT CHURCH.

NEW YORK CITY.

PRAISE FROM CONNECTICUT

SIR,—Permit me to send my personal compliments on the perfectly delightful article in the NORTH AMERICAN just received in discussion of the exodus of Mr. Bryan.

CHARLES HOPKINS CLARK.

Office of *The Courant*, Hartford, Conn.

A WORD FROM TACOMA

SIR,—Please accept my thanks for the delightful morsel—"Our Colonel at His Best."

CHARLES RICHARDSON.

TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MAN JESUS

BY MARY AUSTIN

CHAPTER V

Of what happened to the twelve on their tour, who heard and who reviled them, there is not so much as a tradition. They went forth to do as they saw Jesus doing, to teach, to heal and to cast out devils; at no point was the business of the disciple distinguished from that of the Master. It was evident from the instruction they received that they were not to go far nor to remain long; they came again and told all that they had done.

Of what happened to Jesus in the interim, even less is known—unless we place in this period some incidents not otherwise located except by the logic of circumstance. Of these, the most significant was the supper at the house of a Pharisee. It seems more probable that after his return from the mountain, rid of his immediate following—men of no very great refinement of manner, if the truth must be told—certain of the Pharisees, who had been attracted by his doctrine but repelled by his want of conformity, would again attempt to put themselves in sympathy with the prophet.

One did so attempt by inviting him to his house for a meal; and while it was in progress, possibly in the open court, for it was now full summer, the guests reclining in the Roman manner, there came a woman into the room and stood behind the Master. She stood there weeping in the dusk; her tears fell upon his feet and she wiped them with her hair. They could see her in the flare of the tall lamps, wiping his feet and kissing them, and presently the air of the place began to be filled with perfume, delicate and costly. Then the Pharisee said in his heart, for he knew her, "This man, if he were a prophet"—for he was by no means sure—"would have known . . . what manner of woman this is . . . for she is a sinner." But though it was his own house, he dared not be the first to speak of it.

He watched for some movement of withdrawal on the part of his guest from the defiling presence, but instead he found himself addressed:

"Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee."

"Master, say on."

Said Jesus: "There was a certain creditor which had two debt-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most?"

"I suppose that he to whom he forgave most." Simon was ready enough with the answer, but he saw not where the question tended.

In the beginning he had omitted those attentions which were due an honored guest, fearing, perhaps, to commit himself too much. The man *might* be a prophet, in which case it were well to have entertained him, but still—— And now his guest was pointing out to him that it was the woman who had supplied the missing hospitality, the ceremonial washing, the kiss of welcome, the anointing.

"Wherefore," said the Master, "her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little." And to the woman he said, "Thy sins are forgiven. Go in peace." This was the way he took to turn the very despisings of his adversaries to advantage in the spread of his doctrine. It was also one of the things that was remembered against him.

How else he spent the time of his disciples' absence cannot be so much as guessed, unless he spent a part of it in his mother's house at Nazareth. The last we hear of his family was on the occasion of their visit to him at Capernaum, when, if he received them at all, it was not until after they had been made to feel that their claim upon him was less than that of more ardent believers. And the next we hear is that Mary, his mother, and possibly a brother, are in the group that followed him up to Jerusalem. James was martyred for his sake, and the grandsons of Jude confessed him as Christ before the Emperor Domitian.

There must have intervened between these some occasion on which his family had leisure to hear and be converted by him, and this is the only unaccounted-for interval of his ministry.

It would probably have been during this period of retirement that the news reached him of how the daughter of Herodias had danced the head of John the Baptist off his shoulders and on to a silver charger, otherwise there would have been some public question raised by it. And if he were not where I suppose him, then he was more than likely where we read that he was often to be found, apart in the hills and desert places at prayer.

It is not because the soul of man is less importunate, but only because it is immensely more fluent than the physical habit, that his religious practices take their cast from his daily living. Ordinarily, the spirit accommodates itself to trifles of custom and expedient as a stream to the pebbles in its bed, flowing over and around them; it is only in freshets that they are carried utterly away. The essential teachings of the man Joshua ben Joseph cut a wide, free channel for the spiritual aspirations of the time; but his private religious observances were largely shaped by contemporaneous Hebrew practice.

The pagan carried his gods with him. Every place in which he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

elected to set up his altars became sacred, fit for worship or expiation; but to the Jew there was but one holy place, even the mount of Jerusalem. Only between the horns of the great altar could sacrifice be acceptably made. But ever since the Captivity of Babylon there had been, in whatever place Jews of the dispersion were congregated, meeting houses where the books of the Law were kept and where matters pertaining to their religion could be discussed. These synagogues in the time of Jesus, when the temple worship was still the dominant feature of Hebraism, had even less of sanctity than attaches to them since the destruction of Jerusalem; they were used only on Sabbaths and commemorative occasions. All the treasures of religious association were still with the grass and the rain, the wild hills and the swelling of Jordan. Wealthy Jews had closets for personal devotions, rooms dedicated to reading and meditation, little kiosks on the housetops, looking toward Jerusalem; but in the crowded warrens of the poor there were no such privacies. Any man among them subject to visitation of the spirit must have turned instinctively toward those places where of old God had visited Abraham, Elijah and Isaiah. It is impossible not to conclude that to the circumstances of great light and space in which he received it, as well as to the compulsory cooperations and interdependence of poverty from which he came, we owe the spacious social character of the teaching of Jesus.

Above the plain of Gennesaret lie the orchards; first the olives with the vines between; above the olives the figs; above the figs the apricots, almonds, walnuts. Beyond the orchards the wild jungle begins: oak and thorn and terebinth; at last the "trees of God," spired fir and fan-spread cedar. Here a charcoal burner's hut would have sheltered him, or one of these low stone sheds used by the shepherds at lambing time. At this latitude the sky retains its blueness until midnight; the stars are not pricked in on one plane, but draw the eye to the barred door of space. A man praying here all night on one of these open hill fronts might think he heard them swinging to their stations; might hear without any fancying the heavy surge of the Mediterranean roll up along the western buttress of the Bridge. At dawn the fishing fleet would break out of the lake towns like doves out of a dove-cote, and caravans, starting early to avoid the heat of the day, begin to crawl along. At hours such as this God flowed into him, filled and over-filled him.

And with all his being so filled and foaming with the new wine of his gospel, he retained the shape he had from the potter.

He was a small-town man, and no world-builder. He preached the Kingdom of God, knowing God for a spirit and having an increasing realization of the Kingdom as a state of being. But he had no program. He followed the inward voice, and followed it instinctively, with the freedom of a river in its natural channel, with no fretting of the flesh. But where the voice left him uninformed he was simply a man from Nazareth; his social outlook was the outlook of a villager.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All the great prophets of Israel had come out of the wilderness; their words were full of the terrible things—thunders, earthquakes, fire on the mountains. But the words of Jesus are all of the small town—the candle and the bushel, the housewife's measure of yeast, the children playing in the street. The rich he knew only as the poor and the oppressed know them; the kings of his parables were the kings of fairy tale and legend; such rulers and potentates as make the stock of the village story-teller. His very way of speaking was a folk-way: the pithy sentence, the pregnant figure. He saw God reflected in every surface of the common life, and taught in parables which are, after all, but a perfected form of the quizzes and riddles dear to the unlettered wit. That is why so many of them are remembered, while his profounder sayings escaped his audience. It is evident from the form of these, blunted as they are by re-translation, that they were many of them cast in the matched and balanced sentences of Hebrew verse, which accounts in part for their easy retention.

He was a man wise in life, but unlearned. He read no books but the scriptures; wrote nothing; took the folk-way of transmitting his teaching from mouth to mouth, and trusted God for the increase; and he had the folk-way in his profoundest speech, of identifying himself with the Power that used him. He dramatized all his relations to the Invisible. And with it all he was a Jew of the circumcision. He grew up beyond Judaism as a stalk of grain grows from its sheath, but never out of it. Always, to his death, it was there about the roots of his life. At Capernaum, when the centurion had come to him, touching the illness of his servant, it had been thought necessary to explain that the soldier had been good to the Jews and had built them a synagogue. In the sending of his disciples he had explicitly directed them not to go into Samaria. His final illumination on this point he took with that extraordinary spiritual efficiency which distinguished him; equally with John the Baptist, he understood that many should come in from strange lands and sit down with the children of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob. But the stalk had not yet overtopped its sheath when the returning twelve met him at the appointed rendezvous, which was probably Capernaum.

From what follows, one judges that the teaching of the disciples must have been attended with a measure of success. From this time on, until he deliberately disappointed it, public expectation ran high. What with the coming and the going, Jesus and the twelve were so beset that they found it necessary to withdraw some little distance out of the city along the lake shore; but the people marked where they went, and, outrunning the boat, gathered about them again as sheep about a shepherd. Here, after he had preached to them, occurred one of those ebullitions of religious excitement which gave rise to the incident known as the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Popular enthusiasm is an excellent medium for miracle tales to ripen in. What probably happened was that the multitude were so fired by hope of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Kingdom that they forgot their hunger, and hung about until Jesus, having first dismissed his disciples toward Bethsaida upon the ship, sent them away. It was the plan, no doubt, to rejoin the twelve after he had refreshed himself on the mountain, as his custom was after any notable effort, by deep draughts of prayer. And along in the fourth watch of the night, his disciples, being on the sea, and the moon shining, saw him come walking on the water as though he would have passed them. But they, thinking him a spirit, cried out in alarm until he spoke to them and came into the ship and comforted them. So Mark sets down what he recalled of what Peter told him. There was an earlier incident still of the crossing of this same lake, on the night before the healing of the demoniac, which led to their being avoided by the cities of Gadara. On that occasion, a storm arose —one of those sudden flaws of wind whirling down from Hermon to be sucked into the Rift of Jordan. They would spring up all in an instant, beating the lake from jade to blue and silver, and then white with spume, and as suddenly die away again. But while the clumsy fishing craft labored in the teeth of it, Jesus slept until the boatmen, at the last gasp of their strength and skill, cried to him, "Lord, save us: we perish." Immediately, when he was awakened, he said, "Peace, be still," which to their troubled sense seemed to be addressed to the wind and the sea, for immediately the wind fell off and the ship righted. All of which can be explained away by anybody who finds himself endowed with the kind of mind which demands it. Did Peter really tell Mark that Jesus walked *on* the water or that he walked *along* it; along the shallow tideless beach so lost in meditation that it was not until they called him from the boat anchored a few feet off shore that he was aware of them? Had he been there all the night walking by the still waters, instead of on the mountain, where they supposed him? Peter should have known; but certainly *if* he knew, it took more than a miracle of walking on the water to keep Peter faithful at the expense of his own comfort. After all, what a miracle needs for its acceptance is demonstration rather than argument. We believe the miracles of healing, because we have known of cures being accomplished in our own day, and we do not believe in walking on the water because it is not done among our acquaintances. Such incidents are told of all prophets, as a symbol of the extension of man's powers over fields felt to be within his province, but as yet beyond his capacity.

What actually did happen was that the ship, instead of making port at Bethsaida, as had been planned, was blown out of its course back to the coast of Gennesaret. Here the very thing that Jesus had sought to avoid at Capernaum awaited him. He was immediately recognized and beset by the sick borne in litters, and by throngs struggling only for the touch of his garments. Many that touched him were made whole by the faith that was in them; but it is notable here that he is not said to have healed anybody purposefully. From this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time forth he showed a tendency deliberately to avoid the work of healing as an impediment to his preaching career.

There is a hint in the gospel narrative that at this juncture, when his popularity in the thickly populated plain of Gennesaret had reached its height, there was a tentative attempt to put him at the head of some sort of organized revolution, an attempt which he evaded. This would account for several things that followed in the interim between the return of the twelve and the journey up to Jerusalem. It accounts for the falling away of the disappointed populace; for the secrecy which was maintained as to his movements afterward. He might have wished to avoid another popular demonstration, so uncomprehending; and his frequent trips across the border of Galilee might easily have been to escape the attention of Herod, who at this time certainly had heard of him and must have begun to wonder if this might not be John the Baptist come to life again to vex him.

About this time we read of Pharisees coming all the way from Jerusalem to see and question. They found for their first item that he and his disciples ate with unwashed hands—that is to say, that they omitted the ceremonial symbol of cleansing before meat. Attempting a rebuke, they found themselves rebuked in turn, and that roundly, convicted of lip service, of hypocrisy, of neglecting the commandments of God in favor of their traditions; making clean the outside of the cup and the platter, but remaining inwardly full of ravening and wickedness. He cried woe unto them for the titheing of mint and cummin and passing over the judgment and the love of God; woe for that they loved the chief seats in the synagogue and greetings in the market. "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are as graves which appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them." So are they who are under the influences of Pharisees defiled by unsuspected corruption.

And one of the lawyers—those whose business it was to draw out of the scriptures interpretations to suit the exigencies of his clients—said: "Master, thus saying, thou reproachest us also." And Jesus, answering, said:

"Woe unto you also, ye lawyers! . . . for ye build the sepulchers of the prophets, and your fathers killed them." With much more in the same strain, to the effect that the blood of all the prophets should be required of their generation. "For," said he—referring to their method of distorting the scriptures to their advantage—"ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves"—into the understanding of God, he meant—"and them that were entering in ye hindered."

Then he called the people to him, and deliberately tore across the whole fabric of levitical cleansing which held the theory and practice of Pharisaism together. Once for all he rid his name-people of the accumulated tradition which reduced the process of daily living to a formula in the effort to avoid defiling or being defiled. "There is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nothing from without a man," taught Jesus, "that entering into him can defile him: but the things which come out of him . . . for out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts . . . thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness . . . all these evil things come from within, and defile the man."

It was a pronouncement which had effects far-reaching in the organization of his followers after his death, and carried them beyond what Jesus himself found necessary; it became, in fact, the door through which the gospel passed to the Gentiles.

But he had struck at a very tender part in the armor of Pharisaical respectability; and from this time on he became the special mark of their animosity, seeking always to provoke him to the point at which the law might take hold of him.

Leaving Bethsaida, he is heard of in parts of Dalmanutha and in the borders of Magadan. He journeyed to Tyre and Sidon. Here he was in a region predominately Gentile, and until his return from Cæsarea-Philippi out of the jurisdiction of Herod. He went unrecognized, for the most part, and undeclared; but a man so marked as Jesus, attended by twelve, who pay him the deepest attention and reverence, cannot always be hid. Near Dalmanutha, Pharisees came forth again, this time demanding a sign. His disciples, being of the masses and distrusting all aristocracies, either of manners or morals, thought they came to tempt him; but Jesus understood them better. His scorn licked them like a flame: "Hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"—which showed that he had been reading them himself to some purpose; but to their wicked and adulterous generation no sign should be given, save the sign of the prophet, Jonas; the sign of their own degeneracy, which called for a signal handling from God. On two or three occasions during this journey compassion broke down his reluctance to heal, though more than ordinary precautions were taken to prevent the cure from being known. It is notable that on these occasions, lacking the flux of a popular belief in him, he sometimes reinforced his method by symbolic touchings and an application to the eyeballs of the blind.

On his journey into Tyre and Sidon, one incident preserved to us shows the gradual widening of his mind to the world outside of Jewry. In one of the cities where he concealed himself he was recognized by a Syrophenician woman, who would have had him cast forth a devil out of her daughter. "But," said Jesus, "let the children first be filled: for it is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it unto the dogs." There spoke the Nazarene and the Hebrew, thinking of the chosen people. "Yea, Lord," the woman answered him in his own figure: "yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." And the answer pleased him; for though, as in the case of the centurion, he had not found such faith in Israel, he honored it when he found it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They would have been a month or two at this business, holding on until late in November, if, as I think, it was the coming of the early rains which turned them east and south from Cæsarea-Philippi. They passed over Ephraim; on the plains of Phoenecia they smelled the sea. Toward Sidon they heard it pounding; saw between the low coast hills its white hands cast up. Hereabout they struck into the great coast road passing between Surrepta and Sidon, followed it as far as the gorge of Litany, perhaps—for it is not stated that they entered into either of the cities—and, climbing the sharp comb of hills between that and the upper Jordan, dropped down to Cæsarea-Philippi. For the most part it was pleasant going, past high, well-watered valleys and woods of maple, oak and bay. In the neighborhood of cities more Roman than Galilee they saw instruments of ignominious execution set up, and those melancholy processions, the criminal bearing his cross whipped forth by the soldiery, and following afar off the rabble, curious and scoffing.

They would put in a while at sequestered villages, preaching, perhaps, to such select few as were able to hear the Word, and then to the road again, where they slept at ancient khans, at shepherds' huts, and many a night all open to the stars. They ate such food as they bought at the wayside: rough, wild figs of the sycamore, and parched grain gleaned in the fields. They would sit, Eastern fashion, on the ground; and each making his little fire of the stalks, and threshing out the scorched ear in the hand, they would wash down the half-cooked grain with wine from a goat-skin bottle, while they talked of things pertaining to the Kingdom. At the end of the long twilight there would come a moment when, with heads bowed and covered, there ran a reverent murmur about the camp—*Hear, O Israel, the Lord the God is one Lord* . . . the immemorial declaration of the Shema.

CHAPTER VI

Art has done too much for Jesus, in painting him forever tried, scourged; forever a-dying. He was not only a man of the small towns, but of the hills, the open road. He is seen at his best here, striding a little ahead of his companions, bronzed, hardy, the turban off to catch the mountain coolness, the long hair blown backward from the rapt countenance; and over him a higher heaven than had yet lifted above man. Of the twelve or fourteen months which scholars allow to his ministry, how much of it was spent out of cover! At the preaching of John in the Rift of Jordan, on the mount of the Wilderness, in the hills back of Gennesaret, on the road to Cæsarea-Philippi; sleeping under the oaks at Gethsemane. Nothing else accounts so readily for his preoccupation with the natural rather than the institutional relations of men.

It was in this fashion that he came to Philip's handsome capital.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Philip the Tetrarch was as much of a Jew as a brother of Herod Antipas could be, and Perea was a district counted to Israel, though its influences were largely Greek. The citadel, from its rocky promontory, overlooked the wheat fields and mulberry orchards of the upper Jordan. Sacred to Pan was the very source and spring of Israel's sacred river, rushing from its basalt cave amid thickets of wild rose and honeysuckle and oleander. Hereabouts he had an altar. It is not recorded that Jesus entered Cæsarea-Philippi, but he remained in the vicinity long enough to be recognized and sought for healing, and long enough for the great change which had been foreshadowed in the character of his ministry to come to full development. It was here that Jesus put to the twelve a question which must have been shaping in his own mind ever since the early summer when John had first put it to him by the mouth of two of his own disciples:

"Whom do men say that I am?"

And they answered him, "Some say that thou art John the Baptist: some, Elias; and others . . . one of the prophets." For it was always in the minds of Israel that the True-Speaking could pass in and out of Life and come again. Jesus held them steadily to the question:

"But whom say ye that I am?" And Peter, the impetuous, burst out with the faith that burned in him:

"Thou art the Christ."

Then said Jesus, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father, which is in heaven."

It must have been here, and by the help of what he accepted as a revelation on the part of his disciples, that Jesus settled for himself much that must have seemed difficult and perplexing in his own experience. He had begun the preaching of the Kingdom of God at hand as a joyous certainty, a common heritage of the time, his only by a short priority of announcement. Feeling his knowledge of these things but a small part of what might be gathered up by any sincere soul who addressed himself to such discovery, he had come, as do all prophets and poets, to see it looked upon with suspicion by the multitude, a strange and singular thing, misunderstood and misrated.

As his revelation increased in him, together with his knowledge of the want of it in others, he saw, even between himself and his chosen intimates, a gulf immeasurable. It is at this point that genius falters. Sometimes, in sheer terror of being alone with its message, it fails altogether, or weakly turns back to seek, in human relations, a surcease of strangeness. But Jesus, finding himself so much in advance of his time that twenty centuries have scarcely caught up with him, found himself unaffrighted because not wholly without direction. Woven out of the faith of his race by a long line of prophets, the mantle of Messiahship waited for him who could fulfill it. It cannot be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said that at any time, until the very last day of his life, Jesus openly assumed it; but from this time forth he went clothed in the certainty of harmony between himself and the expectation of the ages. Though his time rejected him, he became a part of all times, inasmuch as he was a figure of prophecy. The feeling of being prepared for and expected, satisfied, for the Man of Nazareth, that sense of *belonging,* the hunger for which frets great souls to their undoing.

That the incident stood, both in his mind and that of his disciples, for a definitely changed relationship appears at once. When he had charged them that they should make none of these things known, he began to teach them how it was that he should go up to Jerusalem and what things he should suffer there. Certainly he must have carried these things in his mind for some time before he spoke of them, finding no way to reconcile them with his first joyous prevision of the Kingdom until he had accepted himself in the light of a fulfillment of prophecy. That his disciples found them utterly irreconcilable with any conception they had of him appears from Peter's hasty, "Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee." But even Peter, reminded in his turn that he savored the things of men rather than of God, could hardly have understood what followed. For Jesus, calling the people to him, and his disciples also, said: "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it. For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul . . ."

Other things he said which, as they afterward recalled, referred more explicitly to the fate which was even then preparing for him. But it seems hardly possible it could have been clearly indicated or at all understood, for when the blow fell it found them wholly unprepared. In the light of what occurred later they harked back to interpret what he had said. At the time, other things better remembered drove it from their minds.

Some days after Peter's ready declaration, Jesus took him, together with James and John, high and apart on the mountain, for one of those sessions of silent prayer to which he owed his spiritual sustenance. Mount Hermon draws up out of the plain of the upper Jordan as the roots of a great oak lift out of the ground. The land is filled with the sound of running waters; full-born rivers leap from limestone caves and go roaring toward the Rift. The shrub is close-leaved here; at intervals great trees stand up; they reach the borders of perpetual snows.

On this occasion the little company must have climbed up beyond the tree line into the region of the stony waste before Jesus drew aside for his hour of communion. Wearied sooner at their own devotions, humbly his disciples watched him. While he prayed they saw the fashion of his countenance change, grow white and shining, and a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bright cloud overshadowed them. These were very simple souls to whom undreamed of things may happen. While Jesus was wrapt from himself did a white flash of his burning spirit strike across to them? Such things are possible. Or was it the alpine glow, that most transcendent of all the visible manifestations of God, flooding down from Hermon, touching all things with its divine transfiguration? They were fishermen of the low lake region, to whom the stained air, laving the peaks of the mountains, was as strange as splendid. It spoke to them, as all beauty of nature speaks to the devout, of God. Bathed in it, they saw their Messiah, as it became all true Jews to see him, radiant between the Law and the Prophets, in the figures of Moses and Elias.

Coming down from the heights, touched with awe of the celestial wonder, they ventured a timid question. "Why," said they, "do the scribes say that Elias should come first?" For if this was truly the Christ of prophecy there wanted somewhat to the fulfillment.

Said Jesus, "Elias is already come, but they knew him not and did unto him whatsoever they listed." By which they understood him to refer to John the Baptist. More is reported of the same character, but all too much colored by what happened in the interval between the writing and the recording to be veridical. It is enough, however, to define the path by which their thoughts traveled to the idea of Jesus and his teaching which finally possessed them.

There was a longer way still, in which they were to reconcile the person of the crucified carpenter with the glorious figure of the Messiah limned upon the Hebrew consciousness; but from this time forth we see Jesus held to the perfect poise by the knowledge of what God expected of him. He was not the first man nor the last to perish for the Word; but this was unique in him: that he never doubted nor repented. And if he saw in himself the fulfillment of prophecy, the Anointed One of Israel, who shall gainsay him? If he was not the Messiah the Jews expected, he was at least the only one they ever had.

And if not the Messiah of expectation, how then did he succeed in fulfilling the prophecy without satisfying the dream? His message he knew to be Messianic, but that he himself fell short, in some particulars, of the long-cherished ideal seems to be indicated in the last clause of the message he sent to John: "Blessed is he that finds no occasion of stumbling in me." Here we see the man from Nazareth imposing his levitical training on the prophet. Thus and so, the Messiah was to come; and yet here was the saving Word delivered in quite other ways.

The one feature irreconcilable between the inheritance and the revelation of Jesus was the establishment of the Kingdom. This was to be the work of the Messiah; and it is probable that when Jesus began to preach his early coming—before they had gone through the cities of Israel—he was thinking of a person quite apart from himself. The growth of the idea that he himself was the fulfillment of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prophecy was slow in him; it did not reach him much in advance of the certainty that if he were to restore the Kingdom to Israel, it was not to be in his own time and his own flesh. He was to prepare for it by revealing the true nature of the Father and establishing kinship between God and man. He was to reorganize the thoughts and affections of men in the Spirit and in Love. But more and more as he felt on all sides the pressure of Roman empiry, of established governmental and economic systems, he realized the necessity of breaking up the mould of society, of pouring its fluid stuff into lines more in conformity with his revelation of Brotherhood in man. To speak in our own tongue, Jesus accepted the idea of social revolution without any clear notion of how it was to be accomplished. The entrance of the individual into the Kingdom was a matter of personal spiritual regeneration to which Jesus held the key. The setting up of the great commandment as a human institution lay in a region beyond the reach of his most poignant revelation.

But again, this was to be the work of the Messiah, and if Jesus were the Christ, then his work, somehow, in some fashion. And Jesus was to die. Of this he seems to have been certain from Cæsarea-Philippi forward; intimations of his end thickened as the time drew on. Casting about for the solution of these apparently irreconcilable conditions, he fixed upon the common belief in the return of the prophets. How readily Israel could accept such passage in and out of death is seen in their question about John the Baptist. John was Elias and Jesus was John come again. And if Jesus were Christ, why should not a second coming, not in the flesh, but with Power, show forth the wonders that the first had missed? In some such fashion the man from Nazareth worked out his uncompleted revelation.

Something had been accomplished by the temporary withdrawal of Jesus from the cities of Gennesaret. Once for all he had cleared himself from any movement which had for its objective the taking of the Kingdom of Heaven by violence. His work of healing was definitely relegated to a secondary place. Disappointed of this transitory hope, the rabble fell away, but many sincere souls still resorted to him.

One phrase from an incident at Cæsarea-Philippi lights up for us, as by a spark struck from a common experience, the state of mind of the devout of Israel: "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." It was the cry that had burst, with tears, from the father of the dumb demoniac whom the disciple could not heal. Coming down from the mount of transfiguration, he had found a crowd gathered about the remnant of his disciples, and in their midst the man begging relief for his son. It was not until the Master accosted him with the customary formula, "Believest thou that I can do this thing?" that the deep-seated doubt came to the surface in that cry. So Israel, unhealed by all its prophets, voiced its doubt and its desire. Upon this cry the common faith tossed to and fro, rallied, broke and scattered, came to fulfillment at last in martyrdom long after he had passed. There

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were moments when it shook its shadow over the surface of his mood. He was impatient with the incompetence of his disciples: "Faithless generation, how long shall I suffer you!" He pronounced woe on Chorazin and Bethsaida. At times a wistful humanness broke through: "Can it be that a prophet shall perish from Jerusalem!"

Not that there wanted occasions to try the patience of the teacher. No sooner had the disciples been given leave to think of Jesus as the Messiah, than they were found, on the way back from Cæsarea-Philippi, in fact, disputing who should be greatest. A man discovered casting out devils in the name of Jesus was forbid by them because he was not of their following. To both of these, especially to the later instance of the independent spread of his teachings during his life, Jesus made answer and illustration so unequivocal that it is a mystery how his name-people have so long avoided both. "For whosoever shall give you a cup of cold water in my name hath done it unto me," he said, touching the question of unauthorized healing, and left them in no doubt as to the quality of their offense against "one of these lesser ones who believe in me." But the millstone hangs still about the neck of the church because of what it has done to those who take the name of Jesus in some fashion other than their own.

Incidents such as these, showing how far even his chosen twelve were from comprehending him, contributed to the sense of disappointment voiced in his invective against the cities of Galilee . . . "for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Tyre and Sidon they would have repented in sackcloth and ashes." It had its part in the urge which drove him, knowing what awaited him there, to set his face steadily toward Jerusalem.

This would have been two or three months before Passover—nearer, if we accept the incident of the temple tax which was collected in Capernaum. The rains would have been well on, the winter wheat was up, and of his townspeople, as many as were able were making ready for the yearly pilgrimage. Altogether, an excellent time to waken men to the imminence of the Kingdom.

Concerning the manner of this journey, there is little said but much indicated. It was traveled with a considerable company, augmenting as they went; Jesus and the twelve, with some members of their families, and certain women, who ministered to them; Mary of Magdala, out of whom were cast seven devils; and some others. They went afoot, with perhaps a donkey or two for the slender luggage; and every mile they trod was historic holy ground. It was the custom, on approaching a village where Jesus would teach, for two or three of the disciples to go ahead and make such provision as they could for the entertainment of the Master, announcing him, and no doubt appointing a place where he could be heard. But there must have been many occasions between villages, or in those which proved inhospitable, when they camped happily in the fields or in the courtyard of the wayside khans. It appears that a first attempt was made to reach

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jerusalem by the ancient Egyptian road which ran through Samaria, past Sychar and the vale of Shechem; but the Samaritans would not receive them. At the first village, where the inhabitants proved unfriendly, the sons of Zebedee would have called down fire upon them after the manner of Elijah, so hardly had they learned the lesson that the Son of Man was come to save and not to destroy. The Samaritans, always an easy, idol-loving people, closer to Rome under the hand of the Procurator Pontius Pilate, and furthest from the national dream, pushed their indifference to the prophet to the prohibitive point, for we hear no more of Jesus having set foot in the country of Shechem. They returned instead, and approached Jerusalem from the southeast by way of the other side of Jordan.

It was in the bitterness of this rejection, no doubt, that he said to one who would have followed him, "the foxes have holes . . . but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." And to another who made excuse that he must first bury his father: "Let the dead bury their dead," since dead he found them in the spirit. So they passed to the parts of Syria beyond the Bridge, from whence, when the Bridge was broken under the heel of the Roman legionaries, the tide of Islam rolled in upon them.

This is a high, level country, with a wind always in the wheat and great oaks rustling along the ridges. In Gilead there is balm, fields of fragrant herbs, orchards of pomegranate and apricot. Moab is a land of pastures; the roadways are beaten to dust by the flocks; toward Amman herds of camels feeding. A band of pilgrims passing from city to city of the Greek league of the Decapolis would seldom be far from the sound of the shepherds' pipes and the heavy bells of the cattle as they break down the *wadis* to the drinking places. This was the land of Gad and Reuben, and, though strong in Greek influence, was still predominately Hebrew. Scarcely had the apostolic band set foot in it when they were met by Pharisees with the customary levitical quibble.

This time it was an inquiry as to whether it was lawful for a man to put away his wife for every reason. In Jewry, the power of divorce lay in the hands of the husband, requiring scarcely more than the mere form of saying so to make it lawful. It is possible that the party of the Pharisees were honestly opposed to the abuses which had sprung up under Roman laxness; but it is also probable that they were not unwilling to set Jesus at odds with Herod, who, in the thick of his troubles between Herodias and the father of his wife, was sensitive on the subject of divorce. If he had beheaded John for his strictures, what might he not be provoked to undertake against the Man from Nazareth? Jesus, however, with his customary tact, avoided the personal issue and maintained the stand he had earlier taken of inviolable marriage, basing it not upon revelation, but inevitably on the natural mating habit of humankind, "as it was in the beginning." Here, too, is the first recognition of human expedient;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"because of the hardness of your hearts," divorce was allowed by Moses, which did not, however, render less obligatory the single, life-long relation; for, though polygamy was still to be found, it appears nowhere to have crossed his horizon nor to have entered into the problem of early Christianity. In this connection one may speak of the sole other incident which illuminates for us, in the light of the teachings of Jesus, the vexed relations of sex. This is an incident which finds its way into no canonical writing until the early part of the second century, when it was inserted in the document attributed to John, where, in spite of some exegitical difficulties, it makes good its claim to consideration. It is placed in the vicinity of Jerusalem, and, by tradition wholly unsupported but of great antiquity, connected with the person of Mary of Magdala. By those of the priestly party, who hoped to catch him tripping, there was brought to him a woman taken in adultery. But Jesus, making as though he heard them not, stooping, wrote with his finger upon the ground; and when they continued asking what should be done to her, lifted himself at last, inquiring of them the penalty. Whereupon her accusers insisted that it was lawful she should be stoned. Said Jesus, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." In this fashion he went the first mile, which they compelled him. But when at the end of the second he found himself alone with the woman, he left off writing to say: "Hath no man condemned thee?"

Said she: "No man, Lord."

Then said Jesus: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more."

Words and act, they are both of a piece with all that we know of Jesus; for was he not among the prophets and given to symbolic acts charged with more than mere words conveyed? Writing in the dust was it not to say—for we do not know if he had really learned to write at all—even so is this sin of which you accuse her written in the body, which, being dust, perishes? Whether or not the incident occurred as stated, it goes with the answer to the Pharisees to show that, though Jesus constituted chastity a matter of mind as well as body, he made no more of lapses from it than of other sins, and forgave them as readily. He put the desire of the flesh on exactly the same moral footing as the greed of money or the lust of pride, neither condemning more severely, as the church has done, nor more easily excusing, as is the way of the world.

It is doubtful, however, if the twelve grasped anything of the breadth of his comment on the existing law, allowed by Moses because of "the hardness of their hearts," for we find them moving in an orbit as narrow almost as that of his detractors, forbidding the children which were brought to him to be blessed, and still unlessened when he, taking a little child in his arms and setting him in the midst of them, declared that of such was the kingdom of heaven. In a very little while we are confronted by the spectacle of the sons of Zebedee,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the first opportunity asking for the chief seats in heaven.

This takes us back a little to one of the earlier incidents of the Perean pilgrimage, of the young man who had kept all the law and the commandments from his youth up, and was still concerned as to how he might inherit eternal life. Said the teacher: "One thing thou lackest . . . sell whatsoever thou hast . . . take up thy cross, and follow me." But to the disciples, after the young man had gone away grieving, for he had great possessions, Jesus said: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom!"

And, says Mark, the disciples were astonished at his words.

This is more important even than the saying. They were astonished. For eight or nine months they had been with him, preaching preparation for the Kingdom; and this was the first they had heard of personal wealth as constituting a bar to entry; a serious oversight on the part of the Master, if we are to read this comment on the particular case as constituting an essential doctrine. All through the Galilean ministry not a word has been heard of it, though Luke expressly tells us that there were women of substance in his train. Later, in Jerusalem, we find him accepting the use of a room for the Passover, and a garden without the walls from those of his followers whose fortunes permitted of such lendings. It appears, however, not only from circumstances such as these, but from what immediately follows, that it was not the possession of riches which Jesus discredited, but the *attachment* to them; for he goes on to put in the same category brethren and sisters, parent or wife or children. Just as curt had been his rejection of one who would have been his disciple, but wished first to bury his father. The stress upon wealth, as against other distractions to the spirit, is ours, not Jesus'.

Too much has been made of the incident of the rich young man, and of a later parable of Lazarus and Dives, which illustrated a popular notion—pagan as well as Hebrew—that somehow, in its turning, the wheel of life must bring to every soul the full round of experience: to the poor riches, and to the rich poverty, and to those that mourned, rejoicing. Something of this kind must have been in the mind of the disciples, for, though this seems to have been the first time that Jesus' doctrine of self-abnegation came clear to them, it set them off immediately in the direction of the logical compensation. Something of tenderness for the Master's disappointment in the rich young man—for Jesus, beholding him, had loved him—must have been in Peter's "Lo, *we* have left all, and have followed thee". But nothing could have illustrated so completely the gap which, in spite of all this intimate fellowship, lay between Jesus and his disciples, as the way in which James and John turned the promise of spiritual compensation, with which Jesus met the proferred consolation, into a hope of material advancement. It was not long before they found a naïve expression for it.

(*To be continued*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANDREW P. PEABODY

TENTH EDITOR OF THE "REVIEW"

Among the distinguished group of editors of the REVIEW none was more widely known for scholarly attainment, spiritual breadth and the gift of friendship than Andrew P. Peabody, who succeeded his close friend, Francis Bowen, as tenth editor of the REVIEW in 1853. He was born in Beverley, Massachusetts, March 19, 1811.

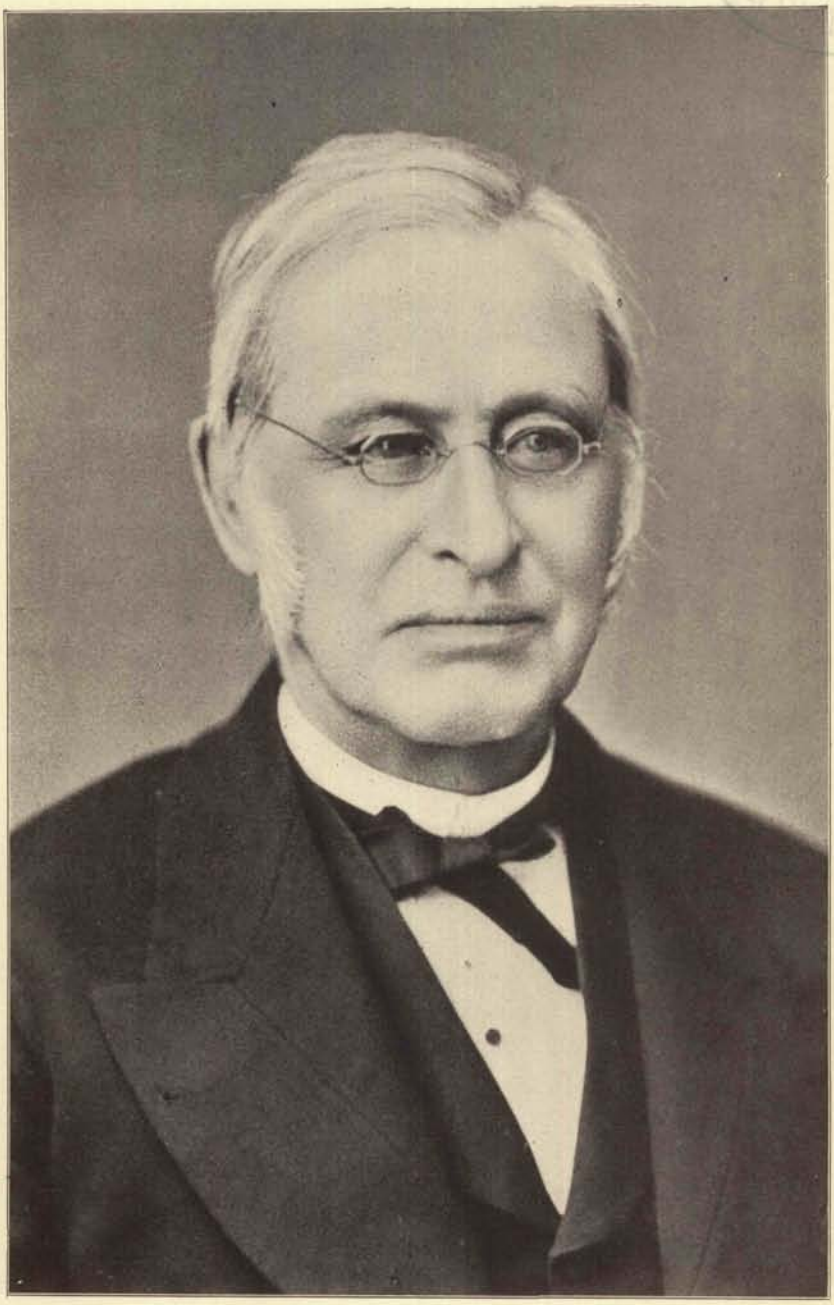
Many anecdotes are told of his amazing memory, which showed itself in his early youth. He was taught to read at the age of three, and because the book from which he learned was, through an inadvertence, handed to him upside down, he mastered his letters in this way, and throughout his life kept the ability. It was an accomplishment, however, about which he was rather sensitive.

Like all his fellow-editors, Dr. Peabody was a graduate of Harvard, in fact, the youngest student, with but one exception, upon whom the University ever conferred a degree. He had a lifelong association with his alma mater, for he was connected with the college for over thirty-nine years in various capacities—as undergraduate, then in the Divinity School; as tutor in mathematics, then as professor for twenty-one years, and twice he was acting-President. Dr. Peabody was ordained in 1833, and succeeded Dr. Parker at Portsmouth, where he remained for many years.

It was partly with the idea to gain a mental stimulus that he undertook editorial work, and this decided him to become proprietor and editor of the REVIEW. This was in 1853, and he continued in this enterprise for ten years, at the same time keeping on with his other duties. During his editorship he contributed a great deal of matter on many topics—there being some sixteen hundred pages to his credit, and nearly all the book notices of that time were his. In the REVIEW for October, 1850, Dr. Peabody wrote one of his most interesting papers on "The Navigation of the Ancients," which in these days of discussion of the freedom of the seas will well repay perusal. In addition to his editorial work, he wrote many volumes on varied subjects.

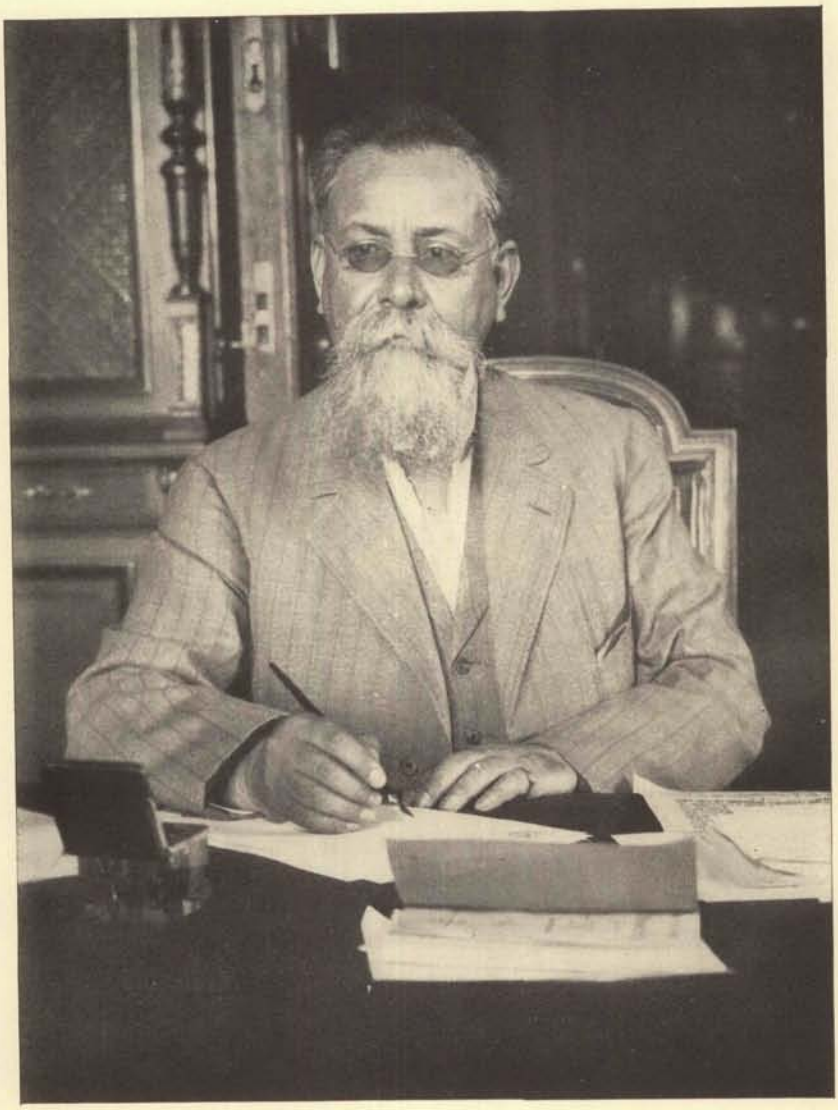
In 1852 Harvard University conferred the degree of D.D. upon Dr. Peabody, and in 1863 the University of Rochester the degree of LL.D. His advocacy of peace was indicated by the fact that for fifty years he was Vice-President of the American Peace Society and supported the efforts of this organization without stint. He died in Boston March 19, 1893.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ANDREW P. PEABODY
THE TENTH EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,
1853–1861.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CARRANZA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRL No. 1
LIBRARY

HUERTA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED